BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1936

1/-

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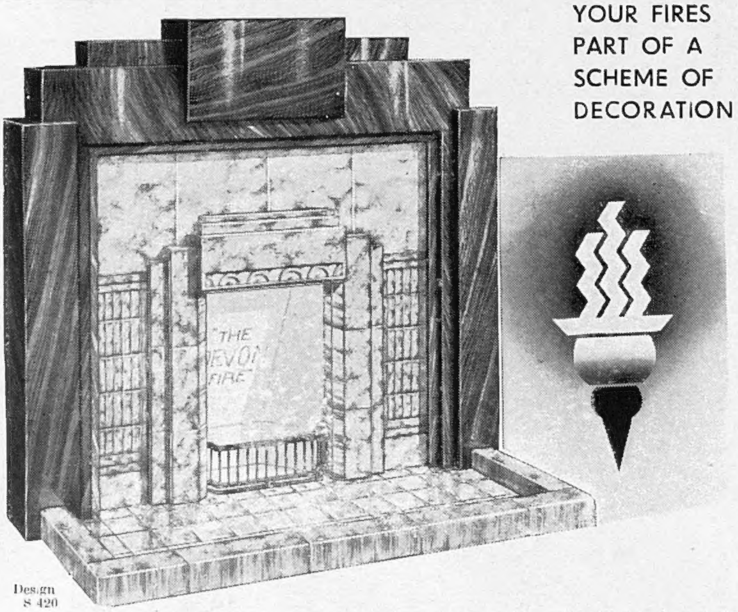

Design
S 420

What governs the arrangement of chairs and couches and tables and suggests the harmonies of carpets and curtains and walls and furnishings generally? The fire! In any well-furnished room the fire gathers up and co-ordinates the loose ends of the scheme of decoration. Which is why we say 'Put a Devon Fire in your living room!' For the Devon Fire is not only the cheerfullest sort of coal-fire you can have—one that cuts the coal-bill 25%—but it is also a beautiful centrepiece, completing and setting in focus all the effect of well-chosen furnishings.

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M. 64.

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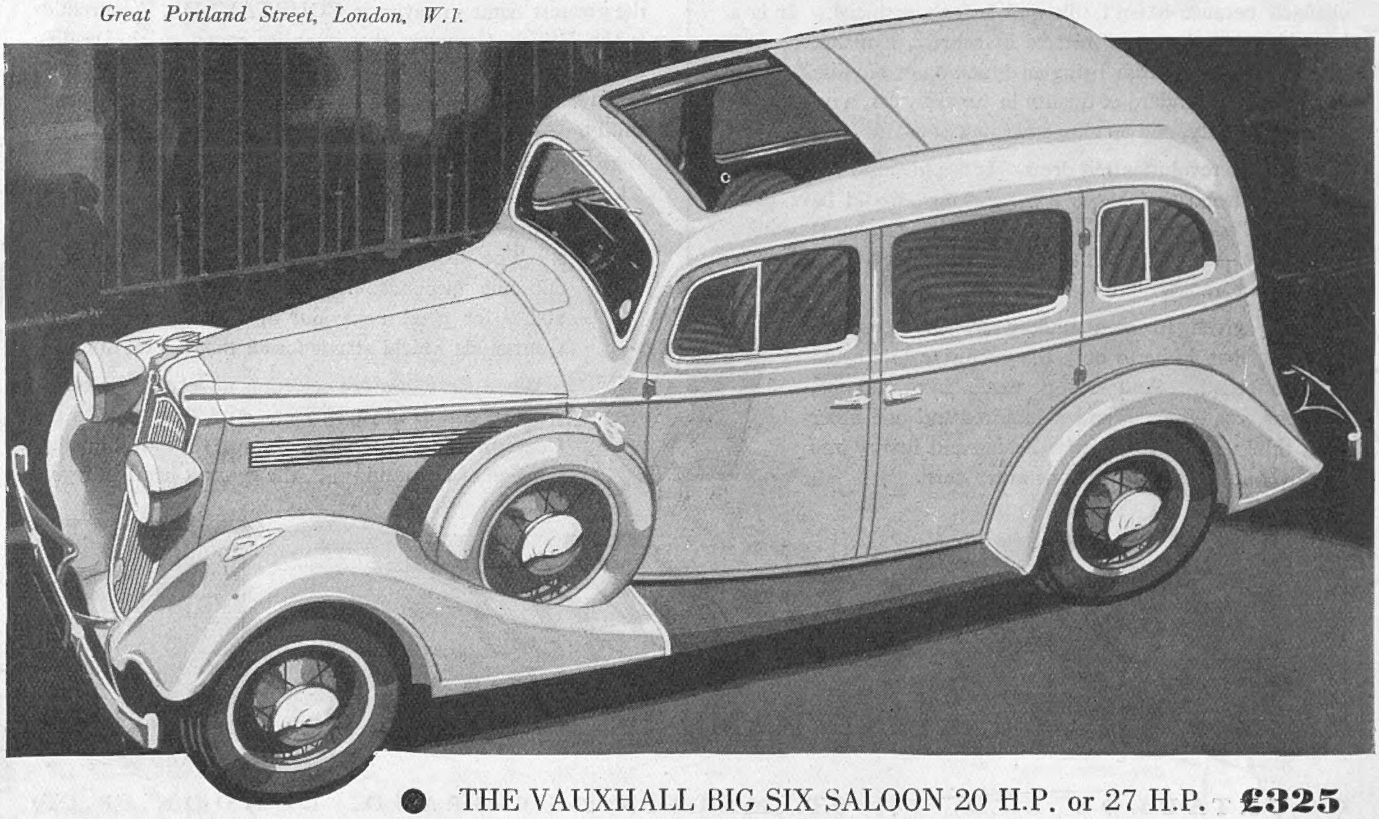

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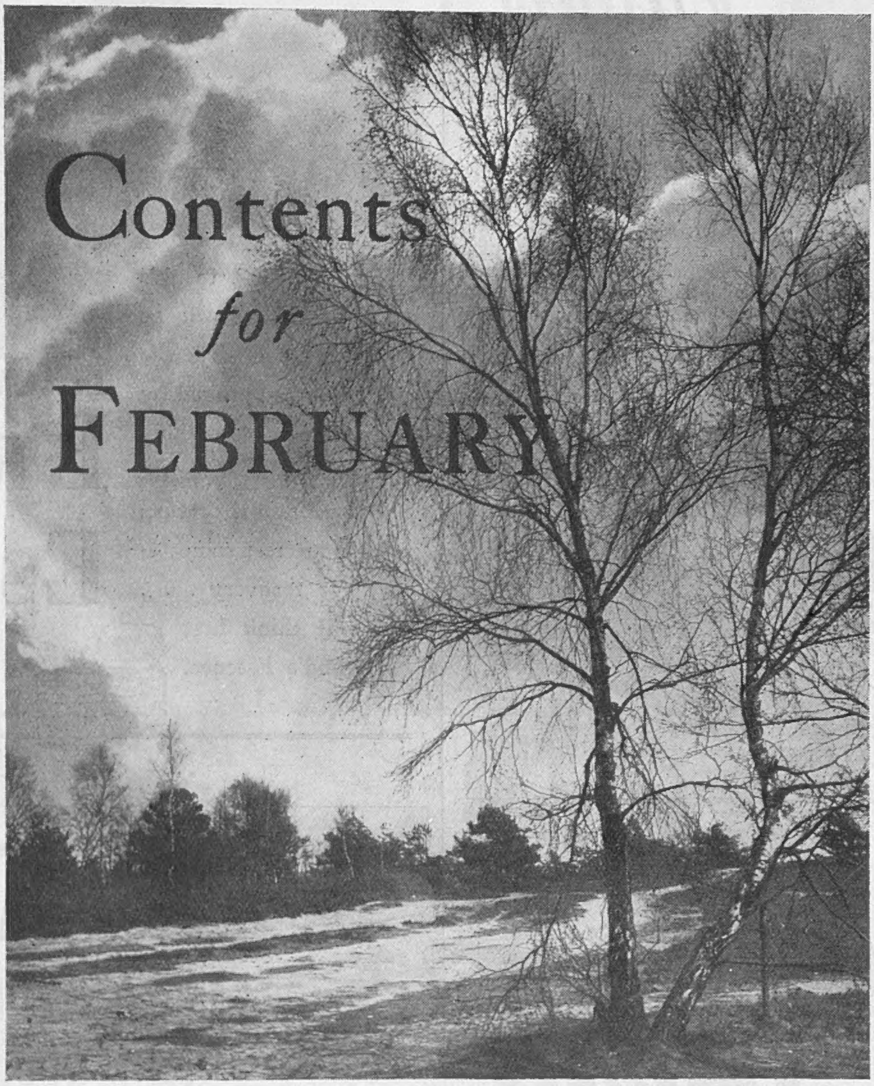
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1936



Contents for FEBRUARY

Cover Design

by *Pat Charles*

Articles

The Return of the Apache: by *George Slocombe* Illustrated by *S. Van Abbé* 8, 9 and 110

Women Behind Famous Men: by *Harold A. Albert* 10, 11 and 92

The Spies' Social Register: by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16, 17 and 98

Hollywood Fortunes — but not from Film Acting: by *Margaret Chute* 22, 23 and 82

Fashion's High Finance: by *C. Patrick Thompson* Decorations by *Eric Fraser* 27, 28 and 113

John Pierpont Morgan: by *Glyn Roberts* 30, 31 and 94

Old Tales Re-Told: Richard Cœur de Lion, Part I Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* . 32-37 and 108

Home Section

I'm on the Move: by *Winifred Lewis* . . . 38, 39

For Each Room a Fabric 40, 41

A Wedding has been Arranged: by *Grace Lovat Fraser* . 46, 47 and 80

Health and Beauty:

Mouth Drill 52

I Discover the Perfect Face Mask 53

Organising the Sick Room: by *Elizabeth Hughes Hallett* 56 and 128

Flower Decorations 57 and 80

Baby on the Bottle: by *Len Chaloner* 64 and 98

I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young* 65

Washing Day 66

What I Have Bought This Month . . 67

Easy-to-Make Knitted Dress 68

Especially for Housewives . 69

Out of the Frying Pan . 70

The Birth of Famous Dishes 71

We Confidently Recommend 72 and 75

Fashions

by *Jean Burnup* 58–63

Stories

Irresistible: by *Margaret Guion Herzog* Illustrated by *Clive Uptton* 12-15 and 123

Faith: by *Walter Duranty* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 18-21 and 84

Expense Account: by *Paul Gallico* Illustrated by *George D. Alexander* 24-27 and 100

The King of Crecq: by *Hilton Brown* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 42-45 and 86

The Secret World: by *W. R. Calvert* Illustrated by *S. Tresilian* 48-51 and 116

General

Under the Stars . . . 7

Books: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* . . . 54, 55 and 90

Motoring Section: Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan*:

Motor Cars are more Comfortable . 77

A Rolls-Royce of Still Greater Refinement 79 and 80

Ranee's Character Delineations from Handwriting . . 115

Photogravure Sections

9-12, 33-36, 57-64

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 130. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

For Face & Hands

Beautiful, well-kept hands and a fresh complexion have a charm which cannot be over-estimated. Those who neglect their skin, allowing it to become coarse, rough and blotchy, can never hope to be beautiful, and will also suffer from the discomforts of smarting and chapping caused by cold winds and weather extremes. Everyone wishing to look well should use Larola regularly on the face, hands and arms to create and preserve a soft, clear, healthy skin. Larola cleanses the skin, soothes it and protects it, giving a feeling of delightful smoothness. Never be without Larola, the Queen of all toilet preparations.

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BEEF IN BRIEF

49/35

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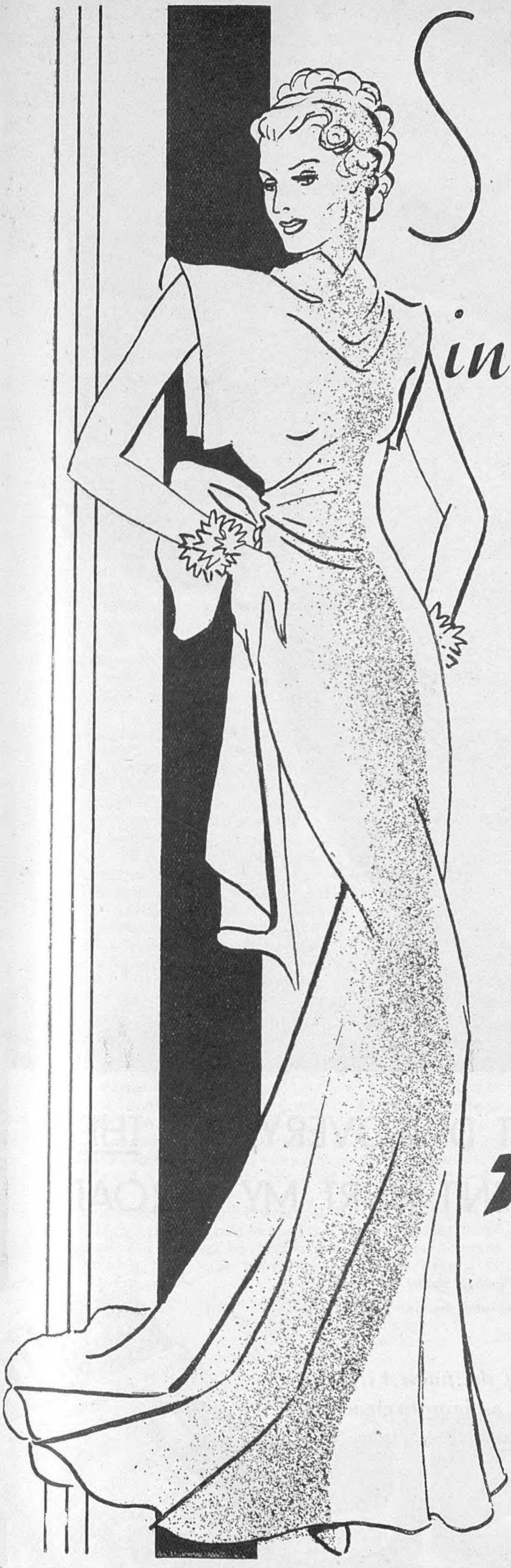

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Good-bye to Obesity !

ADIPOSETTES REDUCE WEIGHT SAFELY AND SURELY

Obesity is a horrid word. . . And it signifies a horrid affliction. People who are overweight deserve profound sympathy, but they more often receive ridicule or an impatient irritation from their friends and relatives.

The woman who is too stout—fat—plump (whichever word one uses it sounds offensive !) finds it costs her much more to dress than her slim sister. Those delectable ready-to-wear models are not for her. Dressmakers put up their charges for her ; and when she has spent a small fortune on her clothes she has the exasperation of knowing that she does not look half so well as a slender sister who has picked up a bargain "off the peg."

No wonder she feels she deserves pity. But her day of a pity-object is done. There is a new slimming treatment so safe and sure that there is no longer any excuse for a woman to carry any unwanted pounds on her figure.

This new treatment is called Adiposettes. It consists of a plant-extract containing iodine-albumin combined with vegetable and synthetic laxatives. And it is entirely free from thyroid extracts and other dangerous drugs.

Adiposettes, however, have been proved by eminent medical men, in tests carried out on thousands of patients, to be quite harmless to the system, while reducing the weight by many pounds in the course of a few short weeks.

Harley Street Specialists are prescribing this treatment to their patients. Ask your doctor—he will recommend it too.

After a course of this treatment a woman can have the joy of wearing the latest fashions and looking well in them ; she can take part in sports that her weight previously debarred her from, while at the same time she will feel miles better and look years younger.

by

Adiposettes

The Safest Slimming Treatment

Obtainable from all High Class Chemists or direct
12/6 post free 13/-

FRANCIS O. RUDLOPH-RIDDELL
Sentinel House, Southampton Row, W.C.1

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Enclosed find P.O./Cheque for 13/- for 250 Adiposettes, sufficient for 28 days' treatment.

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Address ....

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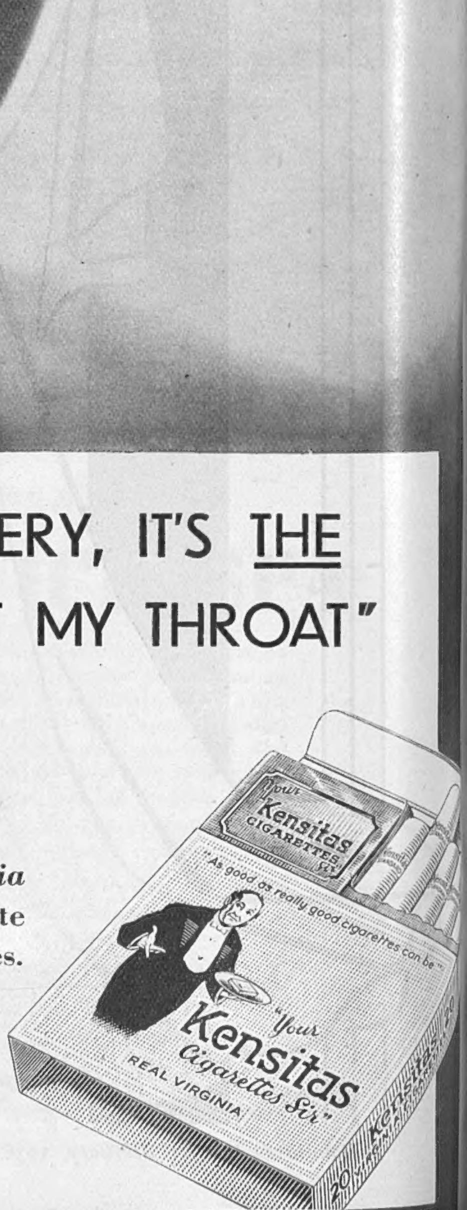
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"As good as really good cigarettes can be"
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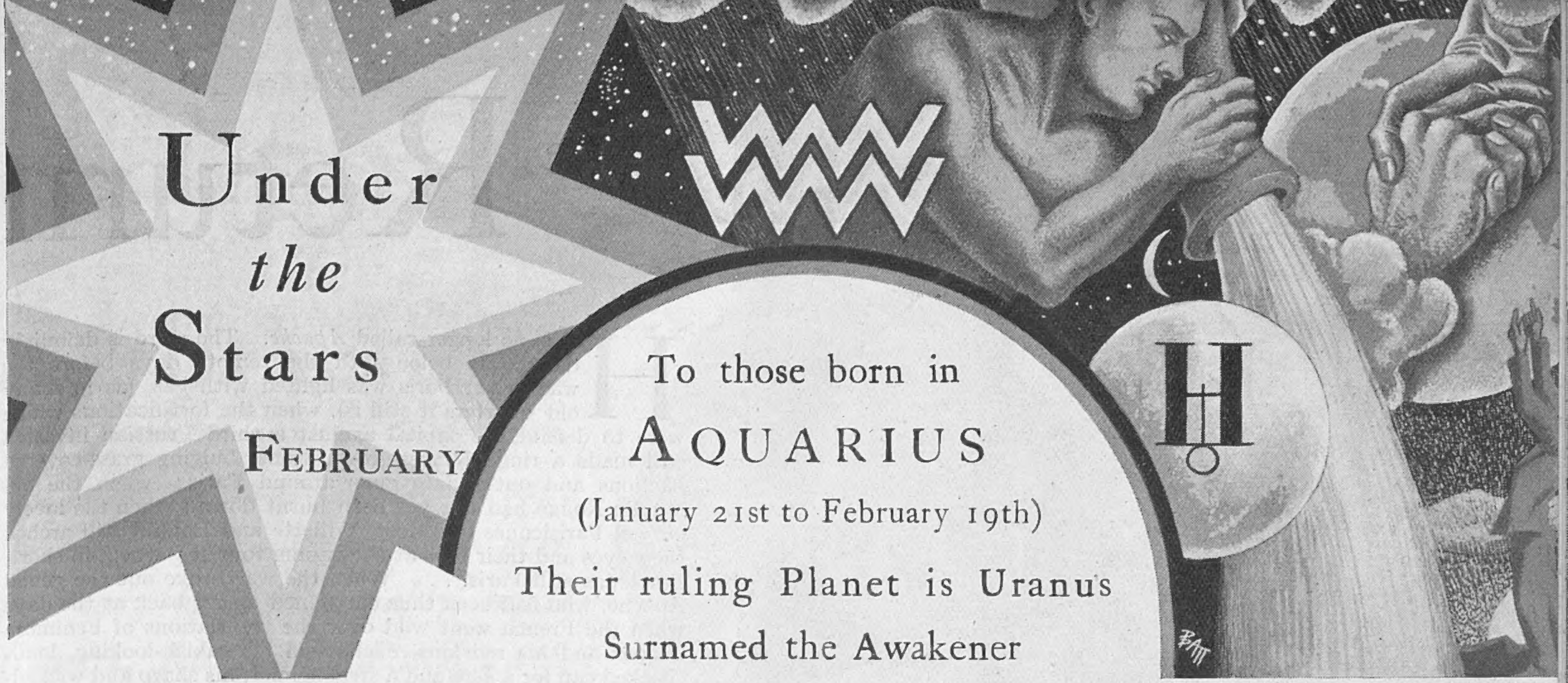


Under the Stars

FEBRUARY

To those born in AQUARIUS

(January 21st to February 19th)

Their ruling Planet is Uranus

Surnamed the Awakener

SELFLESS, brave and unassuming are the Children of Aquarius, always happiest when working for the welfare of others.

Their spirit is best expressed by one of them who cried: "Every man my brother, every woman my sister, the world my country, to do good my religion."

Yet they are obstinate, dreamy and eccentric; will work their own way or not at all; think their own way, not like others; lie fallow for long periods, show themselves to be utterly unpractical and dilatory, till they are "switched on" by one of their own ideas and awaken to some purpose. Then none can equal their clear sight and power of direction.

Most of the great inventors are born in this sign, especially among electricians—Edison—also the great musicians, for it is an Air Sign—Yehudi Menuhin, Kreisler—as well as scientists—Darwin—and sociologists and altruists like St. Jeanne d'Arc.

The Aquarian symbol is a man with a pitcher succouring his brothers with the waters of life, and these people count the world well won if they can sink mind and money in some common cause.

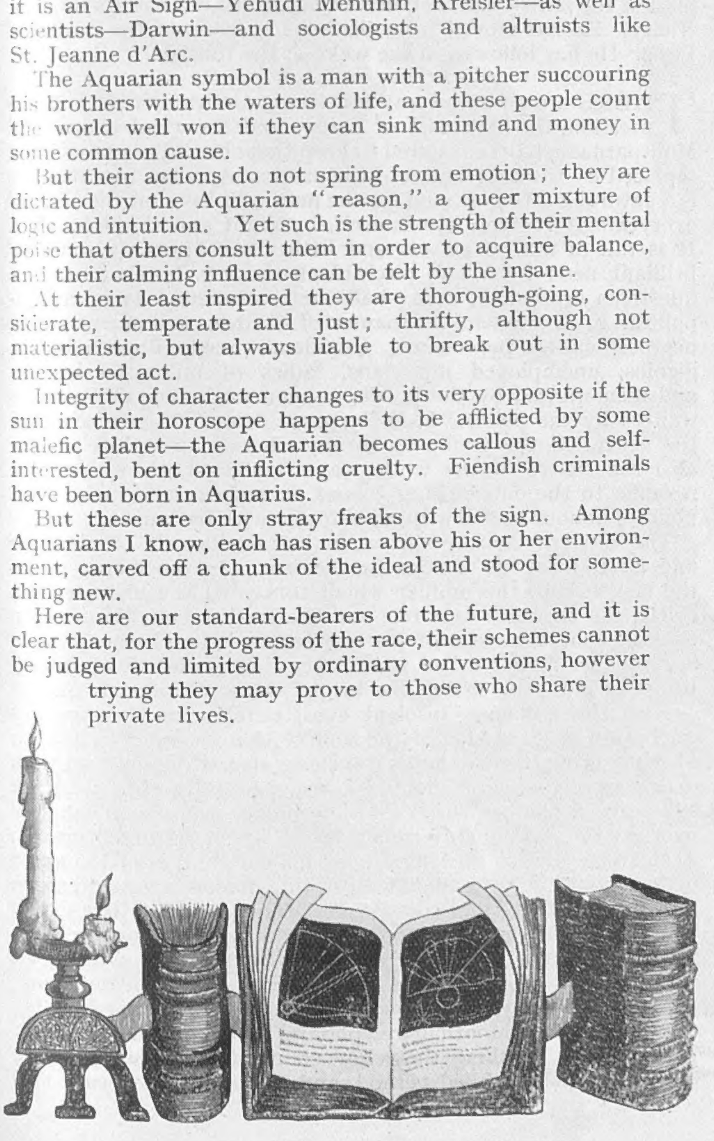
But their actions do not spring from emotion; they are dictated by the Aquarian "reason," a queer mixture of logic and intuition. Yet such is the strength of their mental poise that others consult them in order to acquire balance, and their calming influence can be felt by the insane.

At their least inspired they are thorough-going, considerate, temperate and just; thrifty, although not materialistic, but always liable to break out in some unexpected act.

Integrity of character changes to its very opposite if the sun in their horoscope happens to be afflicted by some malefic planet—the Aquarian becomes callous and self-interested, bent on inflicting cruelty. Fiendish criminals have been born in Aquarius.

But these are only stray freaks of the sign. Among Aquarians I know, each has risen above his or her environment, carved off a chunk of the ideal and stood for something new.

Here are our standard-bearers of the future, and it is clear that, for the progress of the race, their schemes cannot be judged and limited by ordinary conventions, however trying they may prove to those who share their private lives.



SATURDAY
48

LUCKY DAY: SATURDAY.

STONES: SAPPHIRE and JADE.

NUMBERS: FOUR and EIGHT. Eighty-four, forty-eight would be outstanding.

Characteristic: Born originals, their love of freedom is intense. They would not easily forget an injury, as they never consciously inflict one.

HEALTH

Aquarius rules over the calves of the leg, the veins and the nerves.

Beware of incurring fractures above the ankle. See to faulty circulation. Guard against a nervous breakdown.

Aquarians should take a daily rest—alone—or they will suffer from eye and heart strain. They give out so much of their strength in sympathy.

Stimulants at all times are bad. A long solitary walk is their soundest pick-me-up.

MARRIAGE

Platonic friendship is rare between the sexes, but Aquarians know that relationship.

As comradeship is essential to them, they usually marry old friends or childhood playmates. They find their best companions among those born in GEMINI (May 21 to June 21) who have a somewhat similar flair for invention, those born in LIBRA (September 23 to October 23) who are fellow artists, or among other Aquarians.

CAREERS

Each one of these people has a spark of genius somewhere. Impossible to say how, or when, it will light out.

Broadly speaking, they will do well in the following: Aviation, navigation, electrical engineering, the arts, sciences, medicine or diplomacy—any activity that brings them into contact with a variety of people.

The same applies to women, who make fine settlement workers and nurses.

Aquarian successes are not to be judged from a material standpoint.

CHILDREN

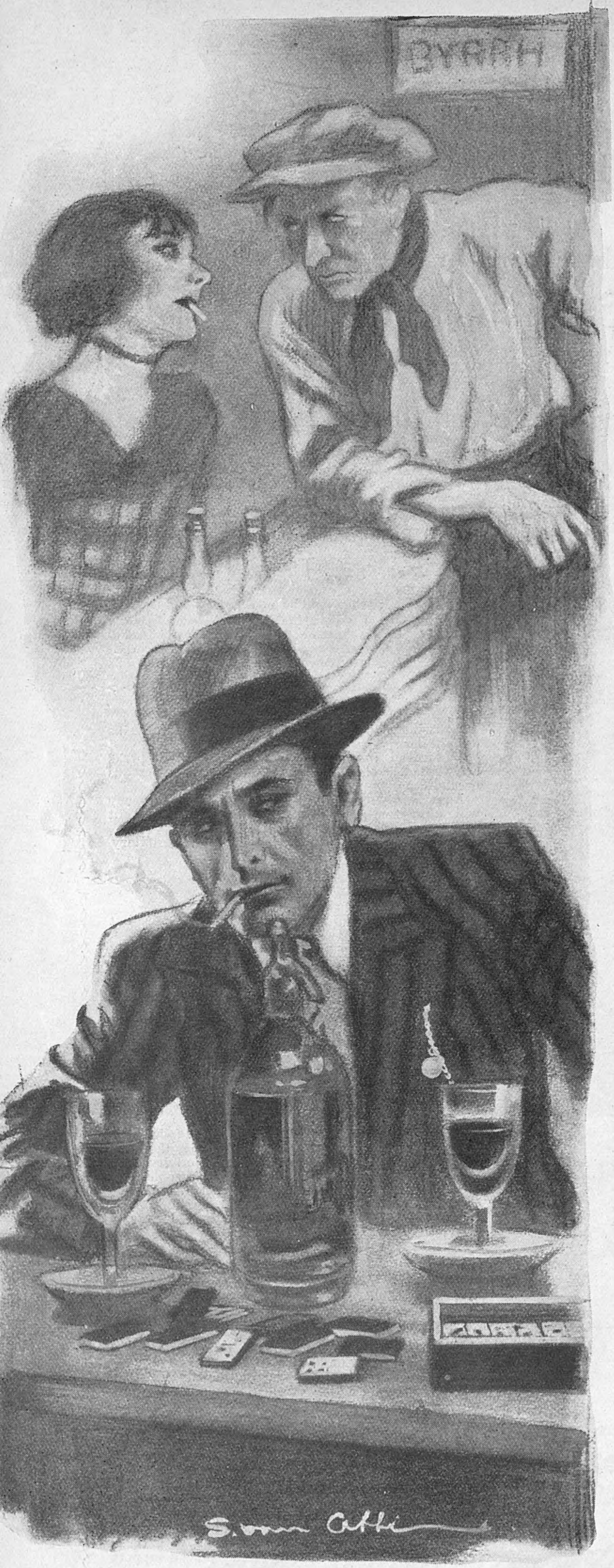
Will be highly strung and require plenty of sleep. Do not allow them to get over-excited. Diet should consist mainly of milk, cereals, fish. Give meat sparingly. The spine and legs should be especially protected against the cold and the eyesight tested frequently between the ages of 4 and 14.

They must be taught to recognise the value of time and, although they have excellent memories, to keep appointments and their word. They will forget both in day-dreaming.

Encourage any talent they show, or it will die down or remain latent.

SPECIAL PREDICTION FOR THIS YEAR

Unfortunate clashes in love affairs and with those in authority, mitigated by moral and financial support from parents and old friends.



HE sits at a table in the corner of a big modern café in Montmartre playing dominoes

The Return

HE is no longer called *Apache*. The word is definitely dated. It belongs to the remote days before the war, when Paris was lighted with gas (as in many old quarters it still is), when the fortifications which were to defend the capital against a third Prussian invasion still made a ring of moss-grown stone, bulging grass-covered bastions and out-of-date guns around Paris; when the old Moulin Rouge had not yet been burnt down; when the lovely curved Parisiennes of Manet, Willette and Boldini still arched their eyes and their hips at the gaping tourist; when, in short, Paris was still Paris. . . . When the war broke out the genial Apache, who had been thus christened as far back as the days when the French went wild over the translations of Fenimore Cooper and his redskins, exchanged his rakish-looking, loud-checked cap for a *képi* and a steel helmet, his sharp and wicked-looking knife for a bayonet, his Browning pistol for a Lebel rifle. When he came back from the war, in the rare cases when he did come back from the war, he was no longer known as an Apache. The slang of Paris had notably changed, become more subtle, more dry and derisive in humour. He had now become "*l'homme du milieu*," which may be translated, if it is at all translatable, as "the man from the bad lands." For the *milieu* is not the middle of anything but the outer edge of everything, the no-man's-land of respectable society, the place where ladies and gentlemen live with one eye on the police and the other on their partner's hip pocket.

It is no longer confined to the narrow, dark streets, the dingy and doubtful hotels, the small and dangerous dance-halls which formerly made the zone of the fortifications a risky place for strangers after dark. The fortifications have been torn down, and in their place have been built wide and well-lighted streets, and big, modern blocks of respectable flats for artisans. The man of the *milieu* has been driven out of his old haunts by electricity. He has moved from the edge of Paris to the centre of Paris. He has followed in the wake of the tourists.

THERE are no longer any tourists in Montmartre. The depression, the high cost of living, and the rival charms of Montparnasse have conspired to keep them out. They have been replaced by the descendant of the pre-war Apache. Montmartre is a natural hunting-ground for the man who lives on the edge of everything. It lives, like himself, by night and sleeps by day. It is full of narrow streets and little bars, alternate zones of brilliant neon light and pitch-black shadow, hotels where no questions are asked, dance-halls and cabarets. It is cosmopolitan in character, the haunt of whites, yellow men and negroes, naïve provincials, confidence men, dope addicts, gigolos, unemployed musicians, ladies of unlimited leisure, and men wanted by the police, or men who some day will be wanted by the police. It is the great drug market of France, the centre of the traffic in cocaine, heroin, morphine; it is also the centre of the white slave traffic—both sources of revenue to the enterprising *homme du milieu*, who makes it a point of honour to live without working with his hands.

The modern Apache differs in certain details of elegance and habit from his famous predecessor. He no longer wears the slouch cap, the muffler which concealed the absence of a collar, the cigarette over one ear, the leather belt, the peg-top trousers, characteristic of his prototype. His chosen partner is no longer distinguished from other Parisiennes by the black fringe of hair, the shawl, the bright smear of carmine on her cheeks, the immense, insolent eyes, familiar in Mistinguett's celebrated stage version of the song "*Mon Homme*." The man of the Montmartre bad lands is a sleek, elegant young man with exaggeratedly square shoulders, exaggeratedly slim waist, a silk scarf, a felt hat tilted (like his predecessor's cap) rakishly over one eye, fashionably wide trousers, and a bright silk cravat. A cigarette droops no longer over his ear, but from the angle of his mouth. A small flat Browning makes an unobtrusive bulge in his right-hand coat pocket. The square outline which breaks the smooth fit of his waistcoat may be a cigarette case, or a thin packet of cocaine heavily adulterated with boric acid. He no longer lounges at the zinc bar of a little *bistrot*. He sits with his companions at a table in the corner of a big modern café in Montmartre, playing dominoes or *manille* or backgammon, drinking the yellow counterfeit of the forbidden absinthe which is called pernod, and

(*Continued on page 110*)

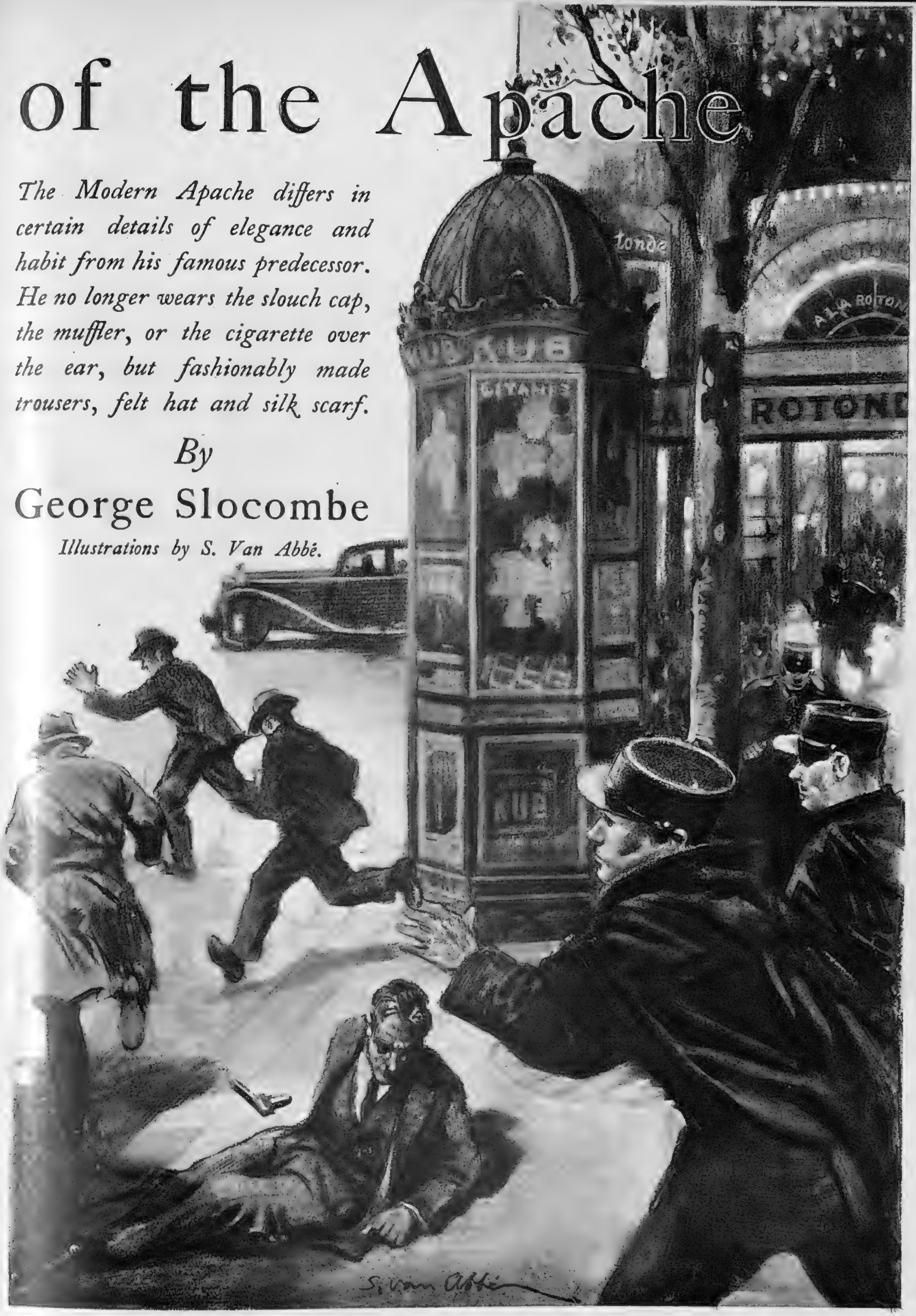
# of the Apache

The Modern Apache differs in certain details of elegance and habit from his famous predecessor. He no longer wears the slouch cap, the muffler, or the cigarette over the ear, but fashionably made trousers, felt hat and silk scarf.

By

George Slocombe

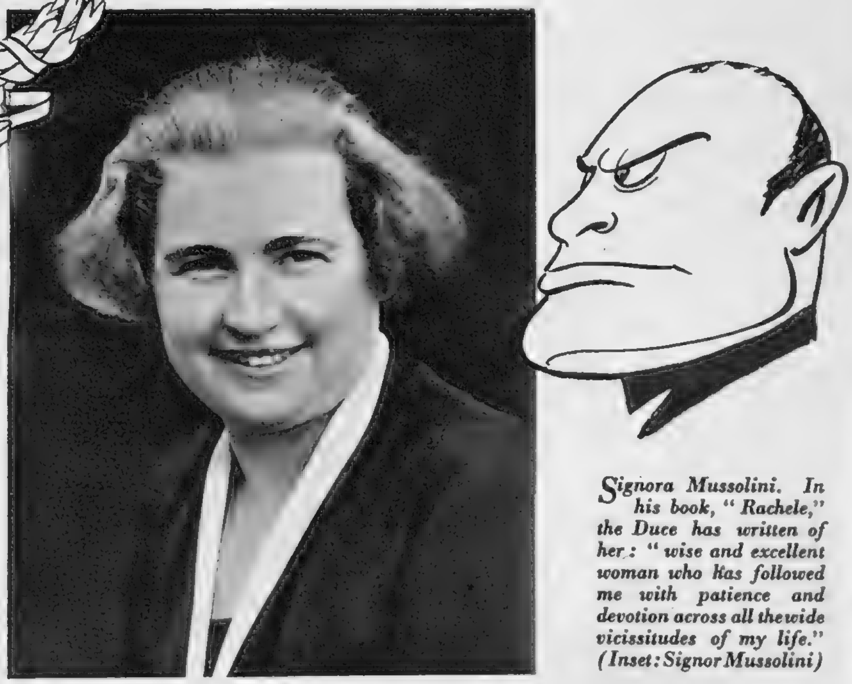
Illustrations by S. Van Abbé.



Both gangs leave the café for the greater safety of the street. There the battle is fought out and the dead are left to be picked up by the police

Women *behind* Famous

Leni Riefenstahl, who was given the task of directing the Nuremberg Congress film. She is admittedly in the Führer's small social circle. (Inset: Herr Hitler)



Signora Mussolini. In his book, "Rachele," the Duce has written of her: "wise and excellent woman who has followed me with patience and devotion across all the wide vicissitudes of my life." (Inset: Signor Mussolini)

Wives, Colleagues, Friends— Dictators, Premiers, Presidents:— Man is not led to Fame—Alone

By Harold A. Albert

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas. Any "Who's Who" of political wives should properly start off with Mrs. J. H. Thomas, one of the most romantic of them all

WHEN she recently gave a series of sixteen 15-minute radio talks, she received $72,000—a sum only $3000 short of her husband's yearly salary—and promptly handed over the cash to charity. When her book, *It's Up to the Women*, varying in subject matter from crèches to Congress, from politics to advice to the sleepless, sold in hundreds of thousands, she used the royalties to found orchestras for impoverished musicians. Whenever she opens a newspaper, it is probably to see her photograph confronting her—stepping into a transcontinental plane, speechifying on cultural development, or perhaps entering the doors of an anti-war conference hall.

She enjoys a Press equal to that of her husband, and a freedom outshining his . . .

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt!

One of the few private wives of public men to have made the most of her opportunities. Unlike the thin, academic Mrs. Hoover or bespectacled Mrs. Harding, refusing to be stage-managed as first lady of the United States. America's committee queen or the world's greatest schoolmarm—*vide* your viewpoint. Tall, fortyish, her teeth prominent, brown hair smoothed over her forehead, not very well dressed—but vital.

Generally out by 9.15, driving her roadster to some country town to look over the slum quarters. Founding girls' clubs, supervising the main details of her furniture factory, meeting deputations—re education grants or extra relief—because a word over the teacups can sometimes prove more effective in Washington than fifty thousand petitioners. Or else travelling overnight by air, because it saves time or because the remoteness of the sky enables her to tap out children's stories on her battered portable typewriter. She once took classes at a girls' school. During her first year at the White House, she edited a magazine with a title eloquent of her limitations, *Babies, Just Babies*. She once managed a furniture shop: speciality—colonial pieces. Between times, carrying out the customary American "charity committee" activities with a Roosevelt flair, she has brought up a family of five and yet contrived to form a background to an occasionally invalid husband.

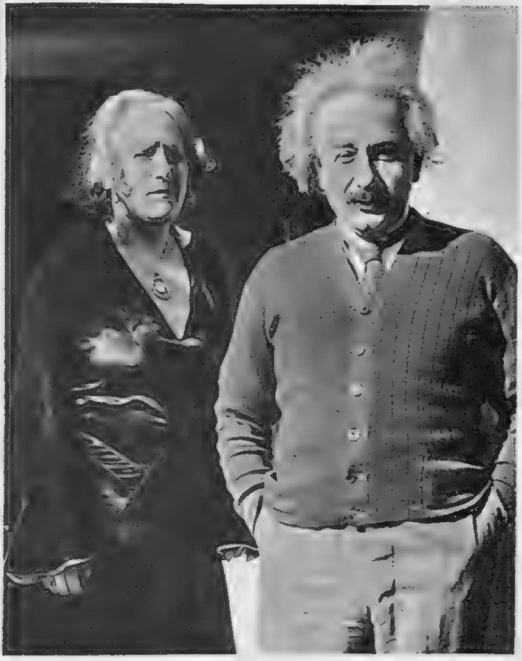
And it may be that she stands alone because, second cousin to her husband, she was born a Roosevelt and thus reared to the American purple. She provides no real exception to the rule that relegates most of the wives of famous men to the rôle of second fiddle.

One of the most obvious stumbling-blocks to all dreams of sex equality, in fact, is that the women of the famous are

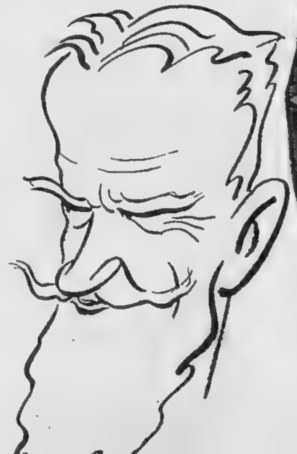
Men

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is famous by her own work and deeds. (Inset: President Roosevelt)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford. But for his wife's objections he might have become the world's first manufacturer of 50-cent watches, and delayed the motor-car by a decade



Mr. and Mrs. Einstein. His second wife, Mrs. Einstein was a friend of his boyhood days



Mrs. Bernard Shaw. Carefully unknown, in direct contrast to her better half, and yet largely responsible for the success of G. B. S. (Inset: George Bernard Shaw)

content to remain in the background of man's lives, forces behind the throne perhaps, but obscure, minor figures, shadowed in their partner's personalities.

ONLY infrequently does life afford them a break in the news columns. Until the Empress Menen quitted her French novels and six children to organise nursing expeditions and Amazonian regiments of Abyssinian women, blindfold rumour had to grope in the dark and ridiculously imagine her a Polish girl whom Haile Selassie had picked up in the Levant.

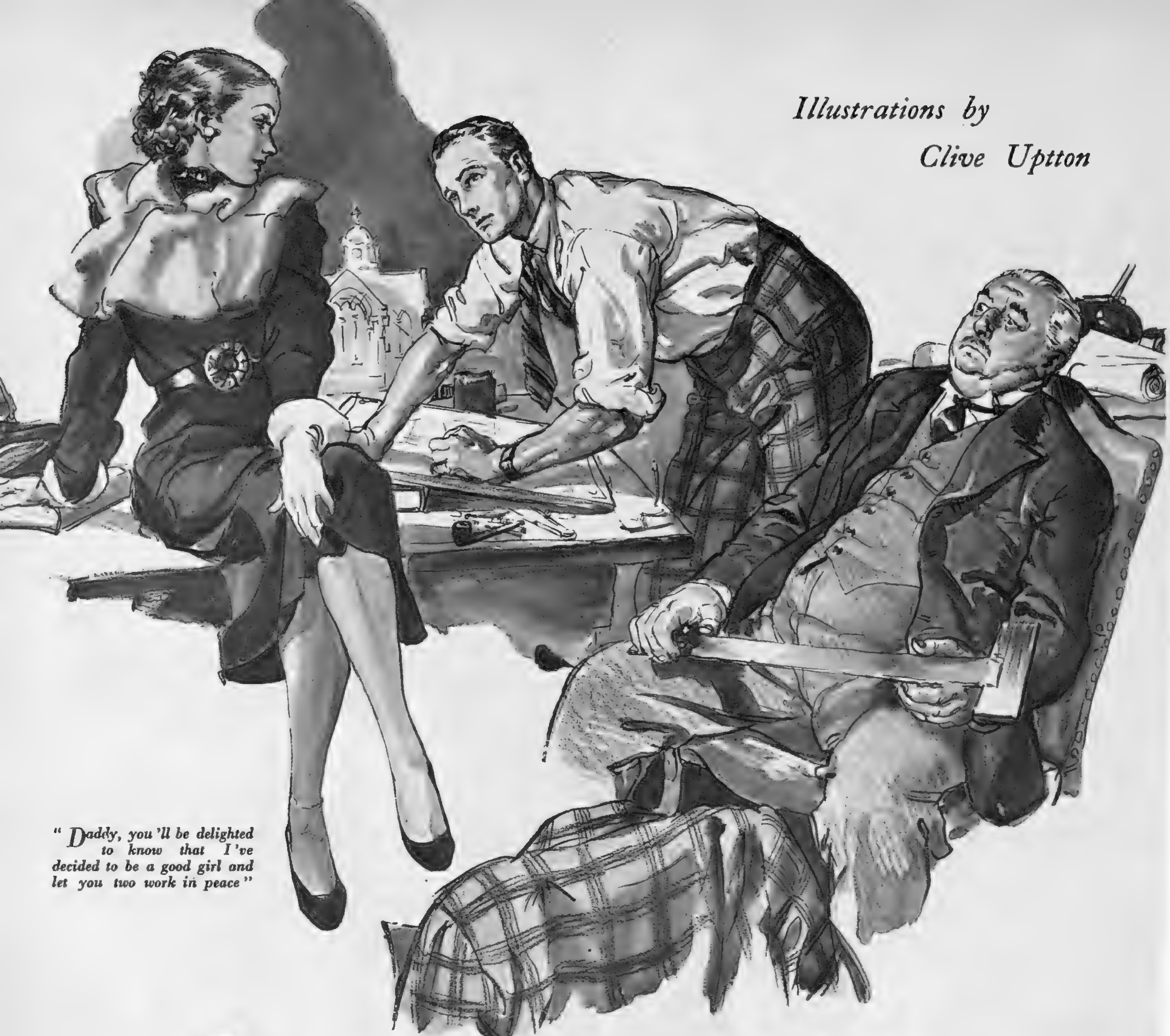
Floodlight fell upon Mrs. Sopwith eighteen months back when she acted as timekeeper to her aviation manufacturer husband racing his yacht *Endeavour* for America's Cup. It fell upon Mme. Venizelos, *née* Helena Schilizzi, last March as she raced her man into exiled safety after his failure with a Grecian revolt. The English-born millionaire merchant's daughter had had her eye on the Greek statesman ever since his wartime dominance. Subscriptions of magnitude to the Venizelos Fund, plus the grandly gestured gift of a dowered Greek Legation to London, had paved the way to a meeting. Helena Schilizzi married her equally middle-aged hero when he was a penniless political refugee. Floodlight fell upon her as her money built him up into a returned power—and saved him in the March fiasco.

But what of the women behind the storm figures of the world—behind such men as Hitler, Henry Ford, Mussolini?

Hitler's name has been linked with that of widowed Frau Siegfried Wagner, and his respect for Teutonic traditions coupled with his love of opera, may be responsible for his regard and interest in this quarter. Gossip whispered when he chose dark-eyed Leni Riefenstahl to direct the Nuremberg Congress film. She is admittedly in the Führer's limited social circle. His sister Agnes, nevertheless, acts as housekeeper in the place where he is most at home—his Alpine chalet at Berchtesgaden. While sister Paula luxuriates in a Viennese villa, after the cramped imprisonment of a bed-sitting-room, it is Agnes who sees Adolf arrive worn out, for a week-end rest, and hears him singing or whistling after recovery. Her real name Frau Raubal, a war widow, the mother of three now nearly adult children, a tall, blue-eyed, strong-faced *Hausfrau*, her

(*Continued on page* 92)

Illustrations by
Clive Upton



" Daddy, you 'll be delighted to know that I 've decided to be a good girl and let you two work in peace "

Irresistible

By Margaret Guion Herzog

FOR the fourth consecutive morning Mr. Harden, Gabrielle's father, limped down to a breakfast of cereal, eggs, toast, milk, and a wilting suitor. Tuesday and Thursday the eggs had been poached and the suitor red-headed. Wednesday and Friday — scrambled and a blond.

With the art of long practice, Parks lifted an eyebrow and managed to look apologetic as he drew out his master's chair.

The blond sprang up.

" Good morning, sir. I hope you don't mind my having asked for a cup of coffee. You see, I thought Gabrielle might be down this morning . . ."

Mr. Harden looked at the place where his coffee cup should have been, and wasn't, with disgust.

" Milk," he muttered. Then, glancing up: " Oh, so it 's *you* again," his manner was not calculated to put the youth at ease. " Well, young man, you might as well realise that Gabrielle never comes down for breakfast. She 's had breakfast in bed every morning of her life."

" I know, sir, she told me, but I thought I 'd take a chance and look in on my way to town." The poor fellow's hand shook a little as he set down his cup. " Mr. Harden, have you ever heard Gabrielle say anything . . . well, antagonistic about me ? I mean, do you think I bore her ? She seems so hard to please lately."

Mr. Harden dropped his spoon with a clatter, and banged both palms down on the breakfast table.

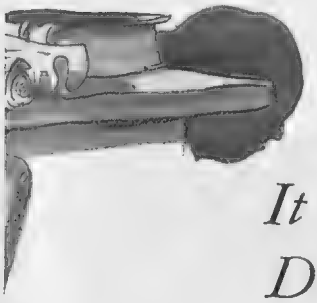
" I don't remember what your name is, but whoever you are I 'll have you know I 'm suffering from gout. Personally, I believe my big toe 's fractured, but they tell me no. No liquor, no meat, no sugar. Look at that tasteless mess ! " He pushed forward his cereal bowl belligerently. " Haven't I got enough to bear without worrying because *you 're* worried whether Gabrielle 's bored with you or not ? . . . Try staying away from her a while ; maybe she won't be."

That was at eight o'clock. At nine, just as Mr. Harden emerged grunting from his car, a young man who had been loitering on the street corner stepped out briskly toward the office building doors.

" Why, hello there, Mr. Harden," he said with studied surprise. " This is lucky. I 've telephoned Gabrielle two or three times, but she was out. I wonder if you 'd ask her to——"

"Gabrielle," snapped her father, "will be at home for dinner, at eight. Call her then."

FRANCIS HARDEN was a mountain of a man. The forward curve from his neck to his hips was of such gargantuan proportions as to be impressive rather than oppressive. His eyes were merely two blue slits in a face that appeared to be made of a series of folds. Perfectly tailored, grey-haired, ruddy complexion, he was the epitome of what the well-dressed gouty gentleman should look like. That he should also be an architect with a vision, a genius for delicacy of detail, seemed incredible to those who saw him for the first time.



His offices on the forty-first floor of a building he had designed himself were vast and faintly cathedral. After telling his secretary that *he* would be the judge of whether it was a nice day or not, advising the telephone operator not to speak as though she had a hot potato in her mouth, and heaping invective upon a member of the firm for pushing the desk against his foot—when in point of fact he himself had hit it, he turned to a middle-aged client who had been kept waiting for some time.

It takes a Cute Father to fool this kind of Daughter—The Story of a Parental Plot and how the Biter got bitten—"and how!"

"We've worked out that terrace proposition pretty cleverly, I think. If you'll step into Clarkson's office, he'll show you the proposed plans."

"Splendid. And how's that little girl of yours, these days?" impered the man, with an expression he should have been ashamed to have on his face—t his age.

"First door to the right," snapped Harden and bent toward the dictograph, "Send in Duryea."

Duryea! The tall young man who came in, presently, was of preposterously handsome mien. Nature, in a moment of fantastic good humour, had put him together with everything where, as, and how it should be, and a little extra thrown in to spare. Six feet two, muscular, dark, with just a hint of impropriety as seasoning—if he had never said a bright word, or a kind one, or even a nice word, maidens would have still continued going all to bits over him.

Entirely out of keeping with this startling exterior, he was an unassuming fellow and an extremely good egg. He spoke of Mr. Harden's gout immediately, and he said the right thing, "I suppose it hurts like the devil."

"Ha! Kenneth, you're the only one around here with any sense. You'd think gout was no worse than a mosquito bite the way these people . . . How do I look?"

Some day Kenneth Duryea would be heard from in the architectural world. In addition to a rather rare ability, he had the knack of divining exactly what people wanted. "You look as though you've been through a hell of a lot," he said sympathetically.

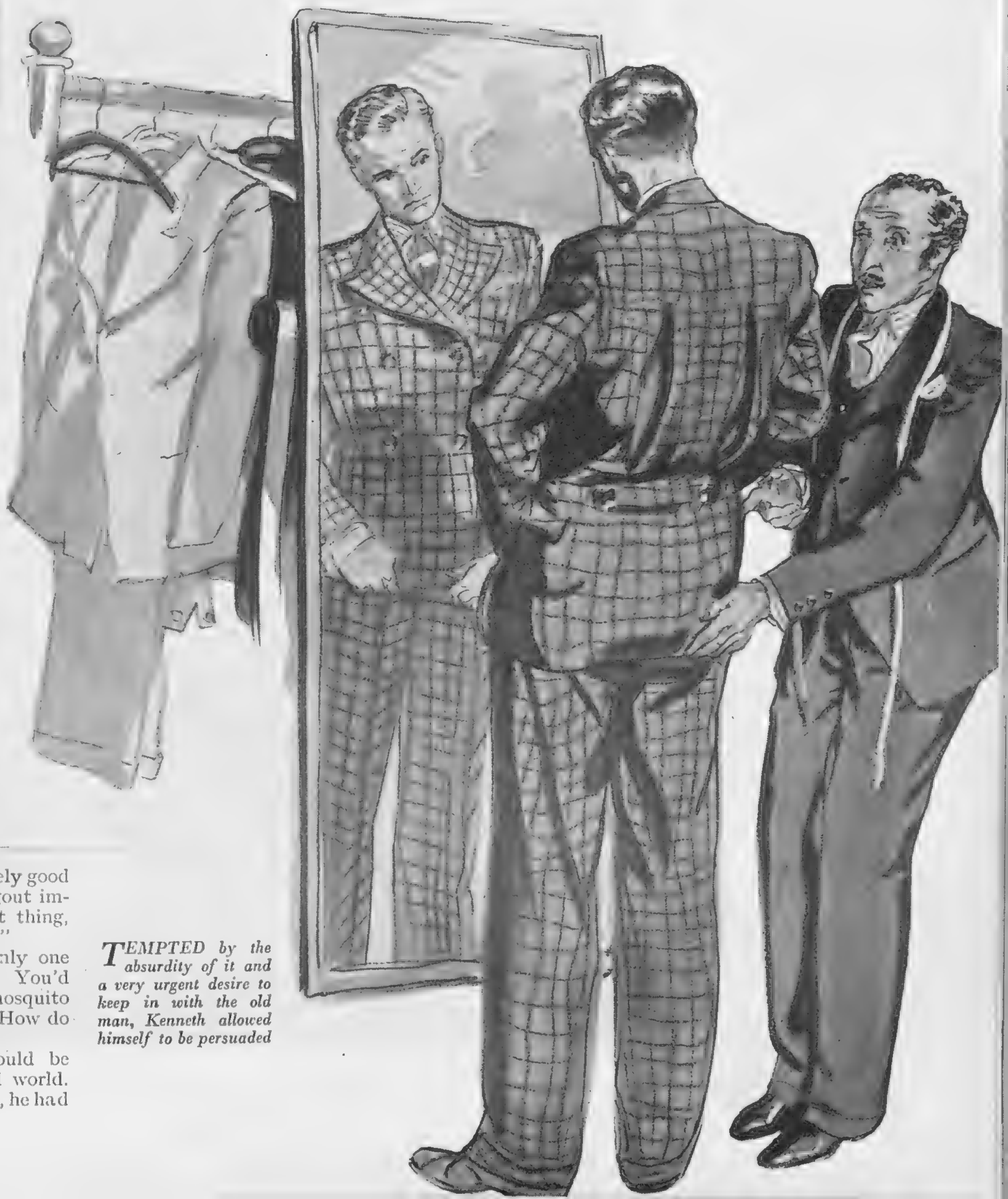
Immediately, the boss felt better.

"I have. Sit down, Kenneth." He shifted his position cautiously. "Now about those competition drawings. They have to be presented in six weeks, don't they? Little enough time, and I'll be hanged if I can make the trip into town another day, with my toe. You know more about my general ideas than anyone else in the office, could you come out to the country for a couple of weeks and put in some concentrated work on the preliminary sketches? . . . That is, of course, if you aren't tied up with anything important in the evening."

"I'd like to do it very much."

"Good. That'd give you a month back here, to supervise the completion of the drawings."

Francis Harden, along with six of his leading confrères, was taking part in a competition being held under the direction of the American Institute of Architects, for a group of University



TEMPTED by the absurdity of it and a very urgent desire to keep in with the old man, Kenneth allowed himself to be persuaded buildings in the Middle West. Dormitories, administration building, recreation hall, chapel.

THOUGH Kenneth was not his head designer, Mr. Harden considered him his best. After completing an architectural course at Cornell, with practical experience garnered during the summers, he spent four years at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and was now a full-fledged diplomé. After a brief apprenticeship as draughtsman in what was known as Mr. Harden's short-haired department, he became a designer and let his hair grow—figuratively.

Old Francis had had his eye on him for some time. Deliberately singling him out to work hand in hand with him on this proposition was a distinct token of confidence in his ability. Kenneth realised it and said: "Holy mackerel!" to himself.

"Well then, come out Sunday evening and we'll get to work in earnest in the morning. Now, my boy . . ." Mr. Harden cleared his throat. He removed the handkerchief from his vest pocket, examined the grey and black monogram, shook it out, picked up the four corners and made a little parachute, then folded it exactly as it had been, and replaced it. "Now, my boy, there's something I feel it rather my embarrassing duty to speak to you about."

Immediately, with some anxiety, Kenneth began casting about in his mind as to what had become of his sketch of old man Harden as a faun.

"The fact of the matter is, I've a very obnoxious daughter."

Kenneth grinned.

"No. It's a fact," the older man reiterated, and then—because he was perfectly willing to poke fun at himself in front of someone he liked: "Or, perhaps, you don't think it's as odd as I do, that my daughter should be obnoxious."

"Is this out of office hours?"

Harden nodded. "Strictly man to man, and damn delicate. You'd probably have a new name for her—I stopped trying to keep up with your modern expressions about fifteen years ago—but to me she's a vamp."

Kenneth, who'd had visions of a hair-lipped two-hundred-pounder, looked relieved. "That's not too terrible. There are a lot on the market."

"Not like Gabrielle." Her father mopped his brow. "Whew—the very thought of what she puts me through opens every pore. If my wife were only living. . . . Do you know that I actually have dejected young men with my *meals?* As though they weren't unappetising enough with this new-fangled diet! Suitors follow me in the streets. Mothers call me up and beg me to make Gabrielle lay off. Why, I want you to know she actually has a black cigarette box with a skull and cross-bones on top that she keeps fraternity pins and gold footballs in."

"A sadist, no less!" said Kenneth laughing.

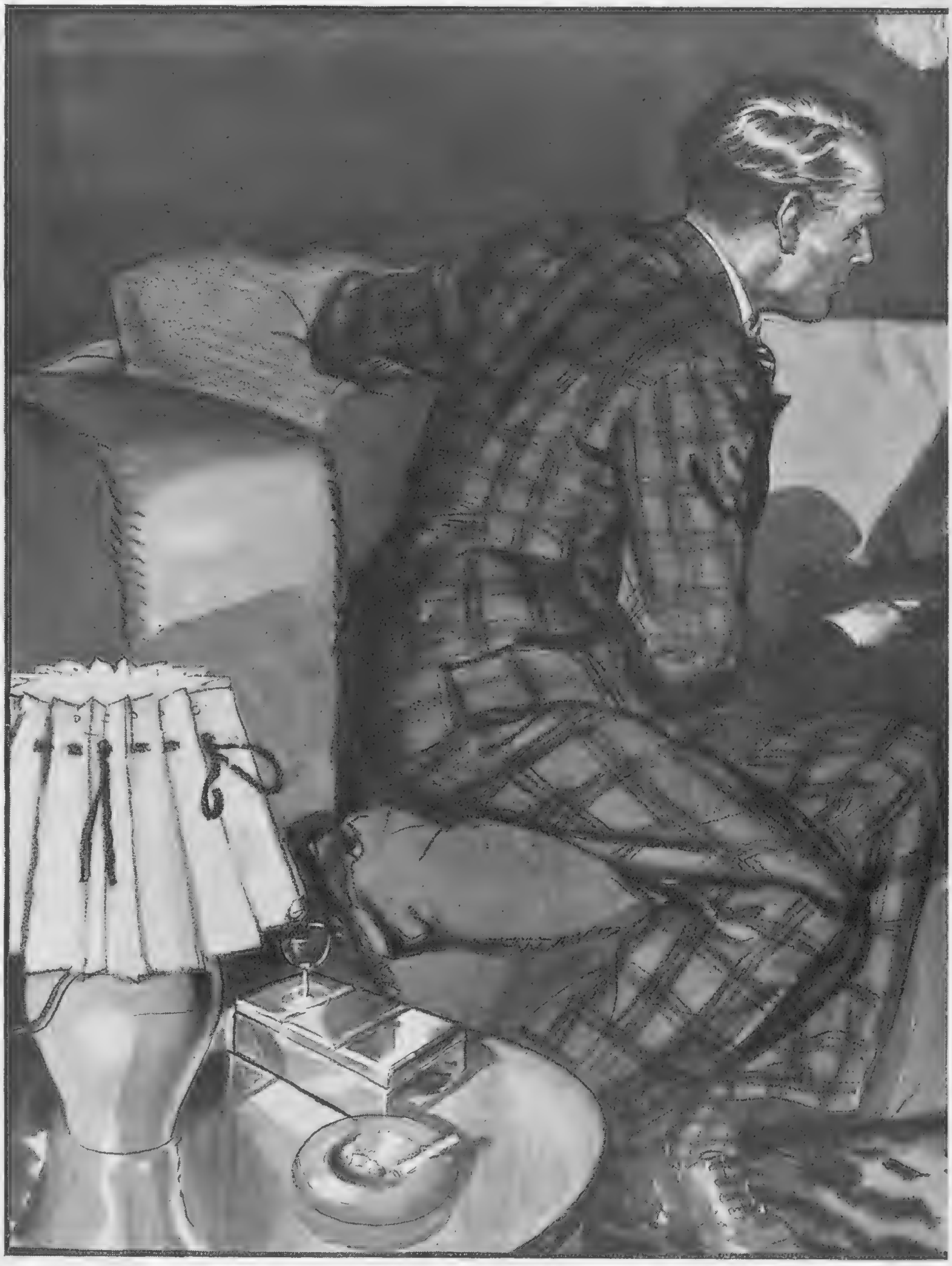
"Anything with trousers. Six or sixty makes no difference. Nobody's safe. *You* won't be safe, my boy, and that's just what I'm driving at."

Kenneth took advantage of a pause. "Me, I like to bring out the Cleopatra in my women. I don't care so much about having it rammed down my throat."

"That's what you think now. But you'll swallow it all right, hook, line and sinker. I'll find Gabrielle's profile all over the dormitories. You'll go back on me and we won't accomplish a thing."

He seemed so perturbed and certain that Kenneth feared he might lose this big chance.

"Look, Mr. Harden, I don't want to be rude, but the type just doesn't interest



GABRIELLE settled back be drawing herself as far me. . . . Rolls off my knife, as it were."

Old Francis paid no attention.

"You're too damn nice-looking—that's another thing. She likes 'em big. Your clothes fit you too well. . . ." He stopped and his eyes ran over Duryea's double-breasted brown sharkskin, the solid colour tie, the custom-made oxfords. "Couldn't you do something to yourself ?"

"I might grow a beard," Kenneth suggested.

"How about a nice navy haircut ? How about . . . I'll tell you, weren't you ever much heavier or much thinner ? Haven't you got an old suit that doesn't fit ?"

"No, but I saw a snappy little plaid number in a window near Times Square, the other evening. . . . Seventeen-fifty, with two pairs of pants."

Instantly, Mr. Harden's problem was solved.

"The very thing !" he ejaculated.

Kenneth leaned forward. "You're not serious."

"I was never more so. I've lost a lot of sleep over that girl, but I'll be hanged if I'll lose a big job and a promising worker. Get that suit and another like it—worse if you can find one, and all the trimmings. And any little *faux pas* you can make at the table will be just so much to the good."

Kenneth had got up and was prowling about uneasily.

"There's been a lot of nice, clean fun and all that sort of thing, Mr. Harden, but I don't think you quite realise what you're asking me to do."

The boss's eyebrows came together menacingly.

"Don't like the idea of making yourself a little less attractive, eh ?"

"Not at all," with some asperity. "I don't like the idea of *assuming* I'm so devilish attractive that something has to be done about it ! It goes against the grain."

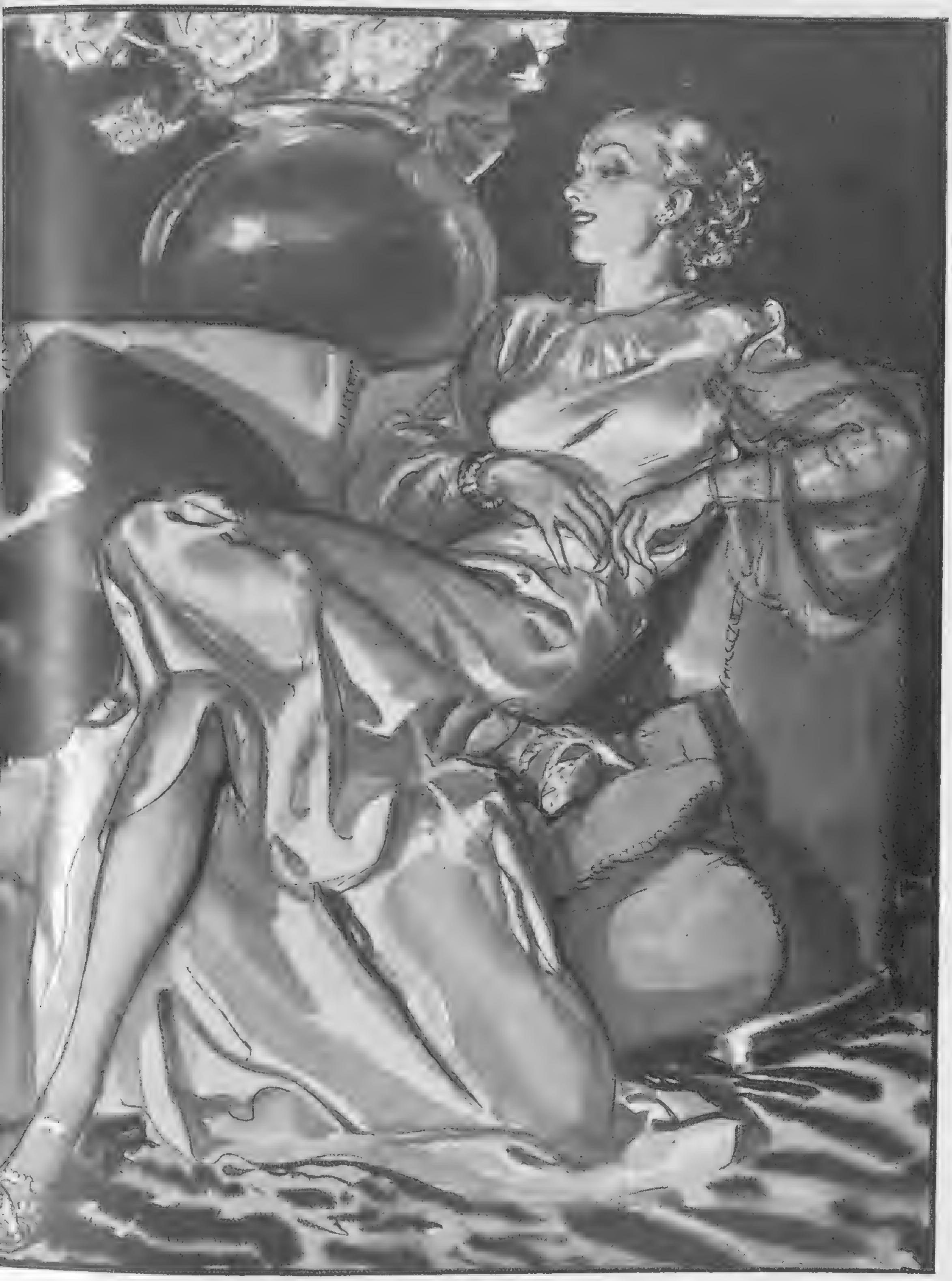
Mr. Harden had never found himself in the position of having to modify his charms, but he could see the younger man's viewpoint, and tried another tack.

"How about if you classify it as a lark ? How about doing it just for the fun of it ?"

"How about if you and I just go to an hotel?"

It took an hour and ten minutes.

Tempted by the absurdity of it and a very urgent desire to keep in with the old man, Kenneth allowed himself to be persuaded—but the haircut was out. Definitely.



in her corner and appeared to
away from him as possible

When Gabrielle walked into the library the following Sunday evening, the Mr. Duryea her father introduced to her was certainly nothing to write home about. He was, however, worthy of a second glance. Milk chocolate brown criss-crossed with robin's egg blue ; patch pockets in profusion and trousers that practically began at the armpits—the little plaid number far exceeded Mr. Harden's wildest hopes. The trimmings were hundred per cent. With them, Mr. Duryea appeared to have taken on a certain gaucherie of manner that suited his employer to a *T*.

Gabrielle's nostrils gave a small, involuntary twitch and a shudder passed through her. But a long line of aristocratic ancestors and finishing schools stood her in good stead.

"How do you do, Mr. Duryea ?" And it really sounded as though she wanted to know how he did.

Mr. Duryea, however, was completely unstrung and showed it.

Gabrielle was one of those arresting individuals who hit you in the middle and throw you off your balance at the first sound of the gong.

(*Continued on page* 123.)

The SPIES' *Social* Register

MLLE. SHISHIRU TAKUDA, who acted as a spy for Japan during the war with China. She repeatedly entered the enemy's lines disguised as a Chinese peasant girl and returned with valuable information

JENNY ANTLILA, a Finnish servant girl who was sentenced at Helsingfors to 15 years' imprisonment for spying on behalf of the Soviet

SOMEWHERE in Whitehall, as the outcome of continuous non-competitive co-operation between the four services interested in secret foreign agents in this country—Admiralty and War Office Intelligence, the C.I.D. Special Branch and the Foreign Office—there hangs a chart that one would give an ear to see: for on it is recorded the latest movements and contacts of every espionage suspect in these isles that the competent authorities might at any time care to interview. That chart breathes the first article of remunerative tracking of foreign agents, which is: never make an arrest in peace time if you can possibly avoid it, but watch your man (or woman) all the time, so that you may get his system, code, his friends in the game, above all, his leader. When a leader or organiser goes phut underlings are apt to wait for instructions. Wait indefinitely. So that: only make your swoop (upon the whole collection) when the appropriate, namely, the critical moment arrives in international relations. Brink or even outbreak of war.

WE have special cause to think of that chart these days. For the first time in 17 years, with the solitary, fantastic exception of "the officer in the Tower," cases involving underground agents at work in this country are getting into the papers again. There was firstly the polite invitation to the boat-train involving Dr. Trost, checker and controller on behalf of the Nazi Government of Germans residing in the London area, especially the refugee element. No charge was preferred, nor was espionage as much as hinted, yet how pivotal a person the good Herr Doktor was can be divined by opening "The Dark Invader" in which Capt. von Rintelen prints a letter from Herr Rosenberg, Hitler's *Go East!* enthusiast and editor of the official Party organ, telling the author to connect up with Trost, in London. Rintelen was, of course, the world's pioneer wartime sabotage agent, firing munitions ships from America by placing cigar-shaped detonators in their holds, or else doing in their rudders with a like contraption.

THEN there leaked out the Devonport sabotage discoveries, pointer to what the principal navies will have to expect and guard against hereinafter, foretaste of what is being prepared off-stage in the shape of critical sabotage in all three elements carried out by secret agents of a new and self-sacrificing type among whom the junior generation, with its mechanical mania,

"THE DARK INVADER." Madame Sabline, played by Athene Seyler, a kindly old lady who has the entrée to the Russian War Department, memorises the disposition of the troops from a wall map. A dramatic spy incident from "Moscow Nights," a film recently shown in London

As the screen depicts it. The spy, who feigns complete deafness, decides to talk as an officer unexpectedly fires off a revolver behind the spy's back. A dramatic episode from "Moscow Nights," a Denham production directed by Anthony Asquith.

"Marie Louise," the central figure in the greatest spy trial in Finnish history. Was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude for espionage on behalf of the Soviet

Intensive rearmament has opened up a wide new field for Espionage

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

and personal daring, should not go unrepresented. In the *Royal Oak* a short circuit led to the failure of the electrical system for three days, when it was found that a sailpin had been driven into the cable connecting the power station with the control tower, thus effectively stopping all gunnery. In order that the cause might remain undetected as long as possible, the top of the pin was filed off, and the lead covering of the cable replaced. This showed the hand of the trained agent, going to work according to instructions at a vital moment, namely, when the Home Fleet was surprisingly ordered to the Mediterranean.

About the same time a commutator was tampered with in the submarine *Oberon*, with kindred electrical results.

A third thing also happened, which seems to have exercised Naval Counter-Espionage almost as much as the sabotage itself. Half the business is keeping these things quiet, once they do befall, and someone spoke at Devonport despite rigid orders. The classic instance of this necessity to mislead by silence was over the *Audacious* when she sank in Lough Swilly. Brilliant efforts were made to keep the total truth from the enemy, for the loss hit Jellicoe severely at the time, but American citizens in the passing *Olympic* had photographed the stricken monster, and within ten days the Germans were certain.

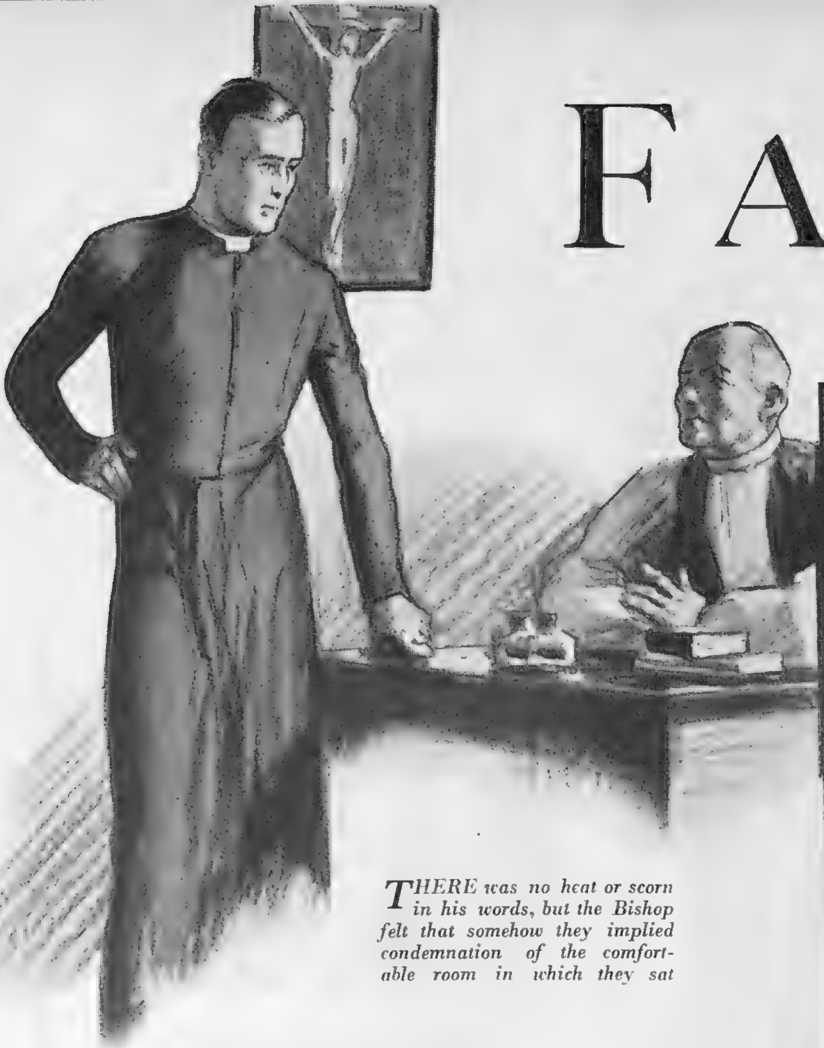
And so back to our chart, because it really is so relevant to what is transpiring round and about—or, rather, underneath us. Up till August 4, 1914, only five German spies were arrested in this country—despite a non-stop spying phobia—out of 30,000 Germans resident here. But not fewer than 221 suspects were marked down, perhaps charted, if a chart existed in those days.

With the declaration of war, orders immediately went out for the apprehension of 21 of these, and only one was to escape, by jumping on a Norwegian vessel at Newcastle. The others were not tried — nothing spectacular — but quietly put away in concentration camps, the sequel being that Berlin remained puzzled and guessing, waiting in vain for information, through vital days and weeks. Note, too, how these agents came to be charted. A German officer of the Imperial circle visits England, and rather oddly visits a German barber's in the Tottenham Court Road. He is fulfilling the fatal German passion for centralisation. He carries a bunch of letters which the barber, Karl Ernst, is to put in the post here, with English stamps on. These letters are found to be addressed to 21 German agents camouflaged in our ports and military and munitions centres. Had individual letters been posted from Germany to each of these agents, probably our Counter Espionage would not have noticed anything. As events develop, the 21 are located and watched ever after, until August 4.

We have reached that stage again to-day, of shadowing, opening, reading, reposting, of watching, watching, and never pouncing. The pre-war picture holds good in its entirety, the activity of secret agents in our midst being in no way mirrored by the most recent lone charge. That the Whitehall chart requires constant attention is indicated if we consider but two aspects: the wide, new field for espionage opened up by intensive rearmament, and the presence of a unique international pool of human spy "potential" either left over from the war or created since by a combination of amorality, recklessness and depression, aided, no doubt, by all the spy publicity on screen and stage and in print.

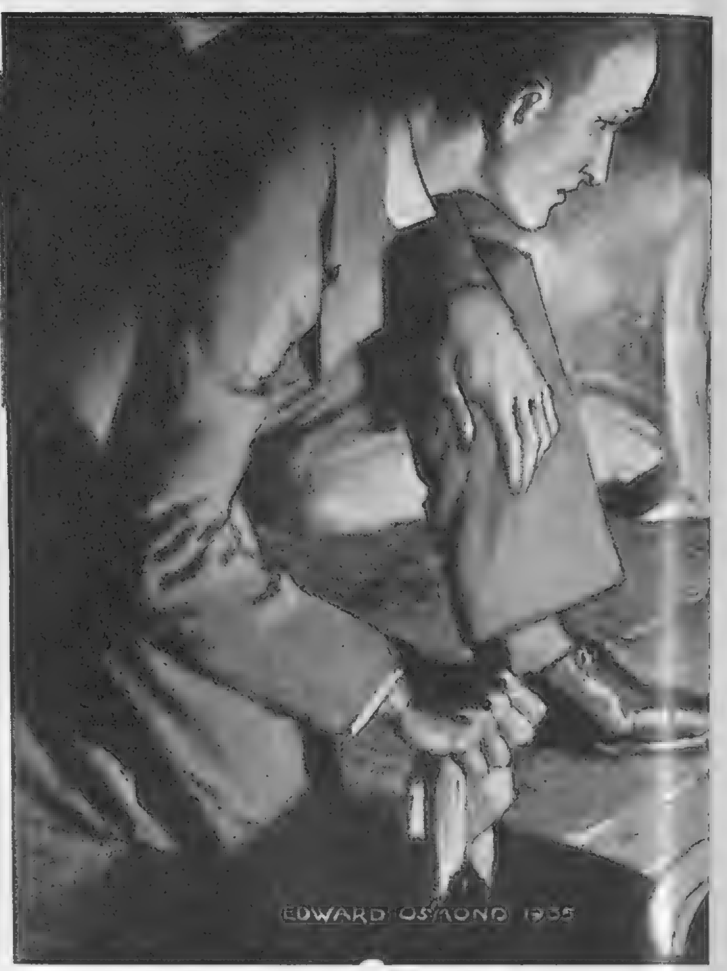
Consider the brand-new military machines that are being created—how often does that happen? Neighbouring eyes are seeking (*Continued on page 98*)

FAITH



THERE *was no heat or scorn in his words, but the Bishop felt that somehow they implied condemnation of the comfortable room in which they sat*

Two Young Men stand true to their Creeds under the Shadow of Death



PUTNAM *dipped his handkerchief in the*

BISHOP HALE put the tips of his fingers together judicially and faced his nephew across the flat-topped desk. How stubborn Youth was, and more stubborn still the single-mindedness that is born of Faith. What valid reasons could he find to deter this youngster from his fatal project? Sechuan of all places. Of course, to be a missionary was splendid and laudable, but why choose Sechuan?

His eyes dropped to the letter from his sister Susan, the boy's mother. "You must dissuade him." The words were heavily underscored. "He's all I have, but he won't listen to me. Your authority—your position in the Church—your love for me and for Philip too—you're my only hope. I have wept and pleaded, but he will not listen."

He looked again at his nephew. "I am speaking to you now, Philip, not as your uncle but as a representative of the Church which we both serve. I too once felt the call to sow the Gospel seed in foreign fields, but my work was here. God had laid my hand to the plough at home in America, and it was not my part to turn aside. Are you quite sure that what you term a call of duty is not rather the temptation of adventure, the romance of strange lands and peoples, the fanciful pursuit of the crock of gold that lies beneath the rainbow's end?"

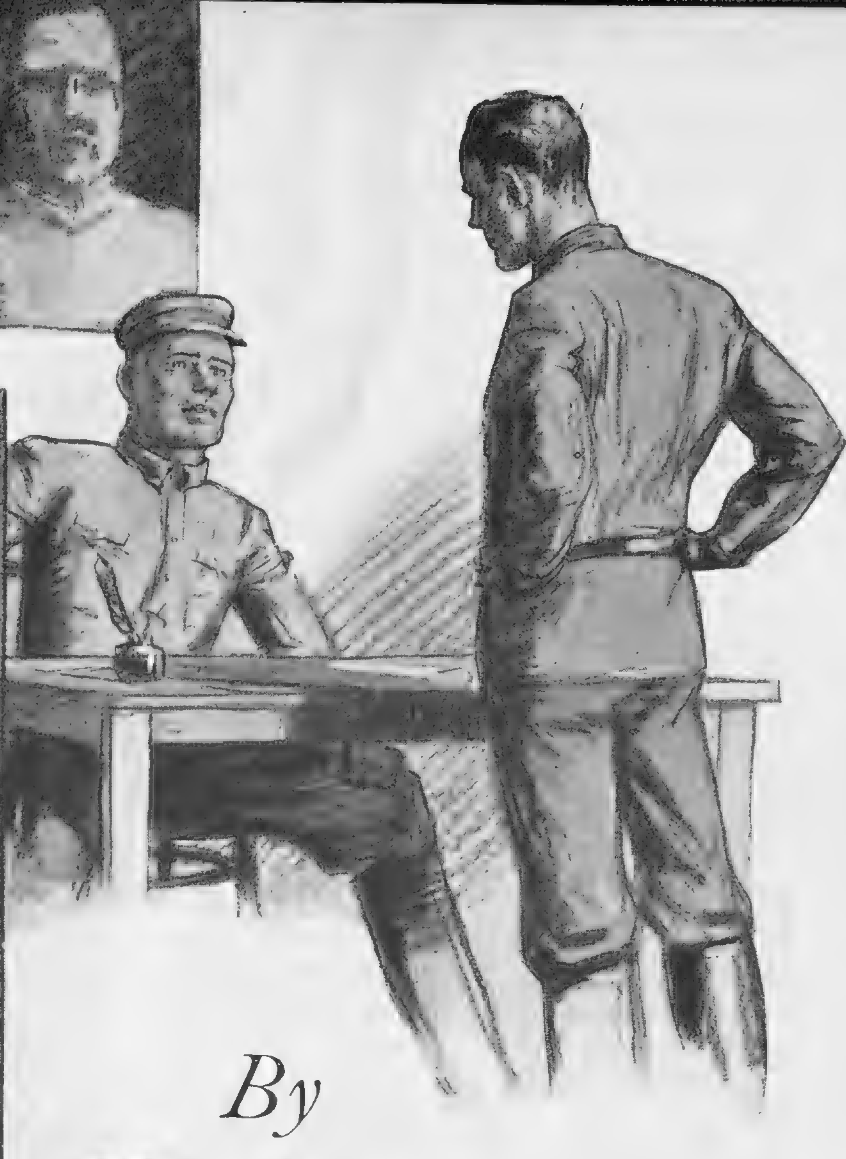
Then Philip answered. "You speak of gold," he said, "but the treasure I seek is in Heaven. There is gold a-plenty in America, and in China nothing save danger and despair, misery and black ignorance and blacker superstition. I know where my duty lies."

There was no heat or scorn in his words, but the Bishop felt that somehow they implied condemnation of the comfortable room in which they sat, with its spacious bookshelves and broad windows overlooking the grounds of the episcopal mansion. Perhaps, too, condemnation of himself, a portly and successful prelate in his smooth, white linen and rich, black broadcloth. He flushed and said sternly, "Do you suppose there is no ignorance or misery in this our homeland, no superstition or souls that wander in darkness awaiting light? You can make sacrifices here and find hardship and suffering, if that is what you seek. God has seen fit to place me in a position of authority. As your ecclesiastical superior, I forbid——"

"Wait," the young man interrupted in the same cold tone as before. "Let me ask you one question as a man, as my uncle, and as my ecclesiastical superior. Do you believe what you are telling me, or do you want only to save my life? I see that letter on your desk; I know how mother feels. But was it not said that he who would save his life must lose it, and was not the order given, 'Go forth to the ends of the earth and preach My gospel?' I have had four years' experience in an American parish, and now this call has come to me. I ask again, is not your chief purpose in this interview to save my body from danger, for mother's sake and because you too are fond of me?"

His voice was cold but his eyes were blazing, and the Bishop could not meet them. He threw his hands apart with a gesture of despair. "You are right," he said. "I have no answer. Each man must serve God as the divine spirit within him ordains. You have chosen the path that seems right and best to you, wherever it may lead. You are right. I cannot forbid you. Go then, in the name of God, Philip Putnam, to the mission in Sechuan, and may God help you and keep you in

Illustrations by
Edward Osmond



THE older man shrugged his shoulders. "'Young cocks crow loudest,' as the peasants say, but I'm not trying to stop you"

water and knelt down to help his fellow sufferer

By Walter Duranty

His care, my boy, and bring you back safe to us who love you." His voice faltered and his eyes were wet as he bent forward and grasped the young man's hand. Worldly wise he might be, and shrewd in dealing with the mammon of unrighteousness, but in him too there was a core of belief which he could not deny.

THE sentry opened the big oak door, took two steps to the right, clicked his heels and saluted. "The citizen Shurof, Comrade Commander," he snapped, then wheeled sharply and withdrew.

The big man at the desk looked up with a smile. "Hello, Sasha," he said, "glad to see you. Sit down here a minute, will you, until I finish signing these papers. It's all paper and no fighting in the Red Army nowadays. I won't be two minutes."

Shurof looked about him. The Military Governor of the Tsar had occupied a palace in Tashkent, but his successor, Comrade Rybenko, was content to wield a far greater authority from a room that was bare as a prison cell save for a big staff map of Central Asia and a life-sized portrait of Voroshilof on the wall above his head.

The general scrawled a thick black signature across the last of the papers and pushed them impatiently aside. "There," he said, rising to his feet, "now let's have a look at you." He stood beside the young man and measured him with hard, grey eyes. "Yes," he said, "you will be as big as your father when you fill out a bit. How old are you now—twenty? Add another inch or two and four more round the chest. But what's all this about—why aren't you in khaki like the rest of us? Your father's son and my namesake! The army's the place for a lad like you. Leave politics to civilians."

Shurof met him without hesitation; this was familiar ground. "I am a soldier," he said firmly, "and you know it. I was fourth on the graduate list of the 'Kursanti' this year, and you have no idea how stiff the course is nowadays—theory and practice for three full years. I've not left the army, not really; I'm detached for special service."

Rybenko grunted. "Civilian service. Why can't you leave that to the others? Hasn't the Comintern men of its own without taking our Kursanti? Your place is the Far Eastern Army. The Japs are waiting to pounce—you know that. Anyway, I thought that was why you took those Oriental languages to begin with."

"It was; but, you see, both the teachers, the Chinese and the Japanese, were Comintern men, exiles naturally, and they told us things. Half the class would have volunteered, but they only took six of us. I tell you it's a privilege, this job of mine."

The other was unconvinced. "But why Sechuan?" he said. "Why not the North—Manchuria?"

Shurof grinned. "The Japs are waiting to pounce," he quoted. "Manchuria is different—that's secret service. But my job is party organiser in Sechuan. Suchow will be a key point one of these days if we can get the party organised there."

"Get yourself sat on a sharp stake more likely. I don't mind a clean death, but . . ."

Shurof shook his head. "That's nothing," he said impatiently, "but look at the map. First of all right here is Sinkiang—I needn't tell you about that. We hold the passes and our extension of

influence is obvious. I know it's not another Outer Mongolia, but peaceful penetration has its uses too. All right. Then further over here in the centre the Chinese Red Armies are moving; in fact they are in Eastern Sechuan already. The place I have selected is here, Suchow right on the Kangsu border. Nowadays one has to look ahead; it's different from the Civil War. Fighting is one thing, but organising is another; and, after all, there'd have never been a Red Army if Lenin and Stalin and the others hadn't done civilian work, as you call it, beforehand. I know the risk all right, but I know my duty too."

The older man shrugged his shoulders. "'Young cocks crow loudest,' as the peasants say, but I'm not trying to stop you, only"—he paused, then continued explosively—"only I wish that Comintern outfit would keep its hands off the Red Army. Anyway, good luck to you, Sasha, and watch out for those Chinese. They're clever devils, but you can't trust them; they've got no backbone. And remember, I want you in one of my regiments when the war does come.

So Alexander Shurof went to Sechuan.

PHILIP PUTNAM pulled himself painfully to a sitting position with his back against the wall. As he did so his left hand touched the ground and a shoot of pain ran like fire up his arm. He felt his wrist gingerly with his other hand. It was already much swollen; yes, there was no doubt that the bone was broken at the base of the thumb. He could feel the ends grinding. The pain was sickening.

He bit his lips and the faintness receded, leaving his brain clear. Thank God the women, Dr. Nelson's wife and her niece who ran the dispensary, had gone. Nelson was right; and, after all, he was wrong. Putnam had said: "If we meet them without fear, they won't molest us. Let us carry on as if nothing was happening. They are men like ourselves; why should any of us run from danger?" But Nelson knew better. "Not this Blue Dwarf outfit," he said. "They are devils, this crowd. Of course you and I will stay here, but the women go now this morning on the Tupan's boat—and, at that if I hadn't saved the life of his number two wife last winter, we couldn't get a place for them. I tell you, boy, this Blue Dwarf's bad medicine. If I had my way, you and I would go too. A change of generals is nothing in China—I've seen scores of them—but when half the city runs away as they are doing now, that means trouble. But you're in charge here, and if you stay, I stay with you. But—you don't know this Blue Dwarf."

Poor Nelson, killed wantonly on the Mission veranda. Putnam shuddered as he could hear again the dull thud of the spear as it met the doctor's chest and the grunt of the soldier who drove it home, and the gasping whisper as he bent over the dying man: "Good-bye—I am lucky; it's quick. Oh, Lucy——"

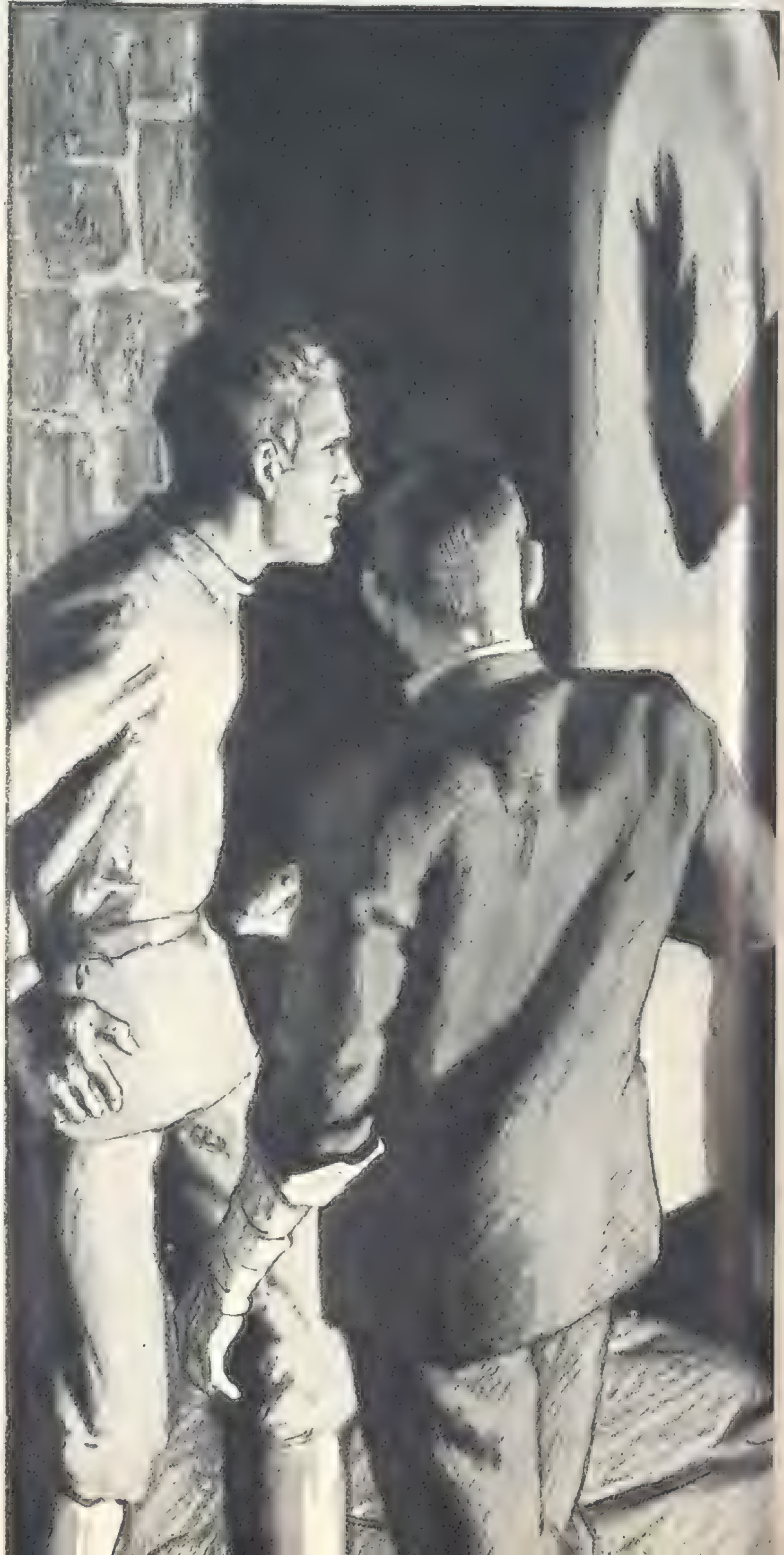
Then a rush and swirl of yellow hands and bodies clutching and beating, and the stinking cloth around his mouth. He had struck back then for all his will to suffer meekly, fighting against suffocation—to get air into his lungs. He never felt the blow that broke his wrist as he lost consciousness. And now where was he in the darkness, waiting . . . for what? He fumbled for the lighter in the inner pocket of his tunic, spun the wheel, and looked round him by the light of the little flame.

He found himself in a low, circular room about fifteen feet in diameter. There was no window, and the floor, ceiling and walls were of stone. Near the broad wooden door, which was reinforced with iron scroll work, was a row of shelves. On the floor, beyond the door, another man lay motionless. Putnam pulled himself to his feet and staggered towards the shelves holding the lighter aloft. Yes, he was right, it was an oil lamp beside the earthenware bowl. Resting his wounded arm on the shelf he clumsily lit the wick. The lamp was full; there would be light for several hours. The bowl beside it contained water. He drank greedily and bathed his forehead. The man on the floor groaned.

Putnam dipped his handkerchief in the water and knelt down to help his fellow-sufferer, then started back, and the wet linen fell from his hand. It was the Bolshevik Shurof, whose bribes and propaganda had robbed the Mission Church of half of its converts and lured away two-thirds of the older pupils from the Mission School. Shurof, the Enemy, the son of Antichrist.

Kneeling, Putnam prayed for guidance, and there came to him the words: "Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you." As he bent again over the Russian and wiped his forehead with the dripping handkerchief, he deliberately put his weight on his injured hand with a pain so sharp that he could hardly keep from screaming. How dare he judge a fellow-man; he deserved this pain.

Shurof opened his eyes, staring blankly like a young child that has not learned to



focus. He raised himself on his elbow and muttered some words in Russian.

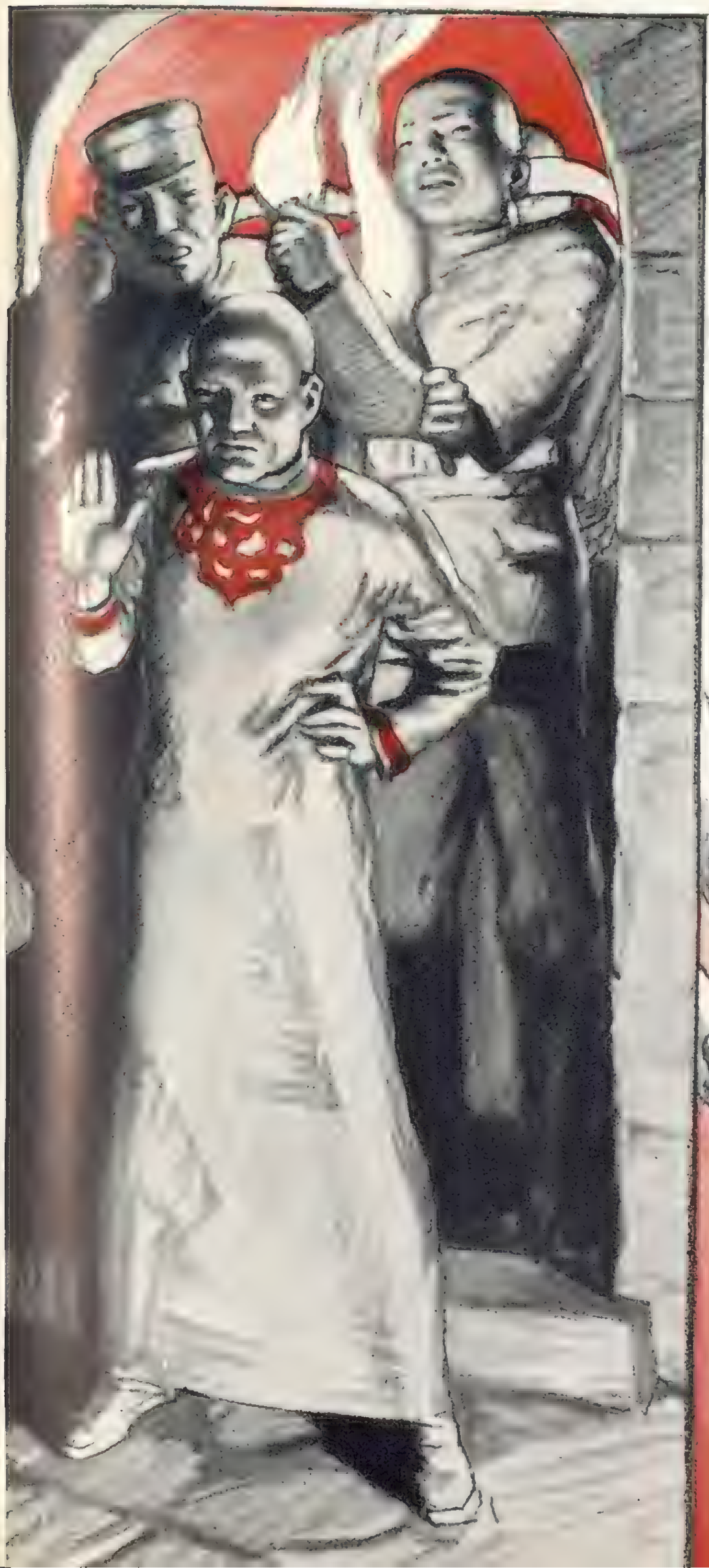
" It's all right," said Putnam in English. " Wait a minute, I'll get you a drink," and brought him the bowl from the shelf.

Shurof drank and smiled. " That's good," he said in Chinese, the only common language between them. " Well, comrade, those god-damned bandits have made a nice mess of us, haven't they ? "

Putnam flinched from the blasphemy, but the other went on without noticing. " I killed seven of them before they got me, then some big ape swung a pole as I was slipping a new charge into my Luger. Chort, how my head aches ! " He passed his hand across the right side of his forehead, where there was a broad blue bruise, then pulled himself up to a sitting position and looked at the American. " I suppose you have no kind of weapon," he said, " and that damned lamp has no glass, or we might use that. Perhaps if we broke this bowl and got a sharp edge, it might do the trick."

" What do you mean ? " said Putnam.

" Happy dispatch. I suppose you know that it's the Blue Dwarf who's caught us, and if you haven't heard what he does to prisoners, I have ; in fact, I saw one or two—afterwards—on my way here from Sinkiang. Not nai-ice," he drawled the words in English.



WITHOUT sound or warning the door swung open and there stood a thick-set man not more than five feet tall. "I am Wu-Ming-Fu," he said courteously, "perhaps better known to you foreigners as the Blue Dwarf"

Putnam felt cold at the back of his neck. That was what Nelson had meant: " I'm lucky—to die quick." Despite himself, he moistened his dry lips with his tongue.

" He likes it, you know, that blue-faced swine. Why in the name of hell didn't the gunpowder kill him instead of spotting his face all blue and green ? Sadism they call it. . . . he gets pleasure from watching torture. My father told me of one of the Whites like that up in Mongolia—Ungarn something his name was—a crazy Baltic baron, who killed all Red prisoners as slowly as he could."

His voice rose on the last words, and Putnam put out his left hand in a soothing gesture, then grimaced at the sudden pain. " You are hurt ? " said the Russian. " Here, let me look at that. I'm no doctor, but they make us take a first-aid course before they send us out on jobs like this. Did you ? "

" Oh, no. We always have a medical assistant in our missions, but they killed him."

" Lucky devil ! Anyway, let me look at your hand. Oh, yes, simple fracture. Where's that handkerchief, and have you anything hard that might help to hold it in place ? "

" I've got this lighter and my fountain pen."

" That'll do. Wait a minute ; this will hurt a bit, I've got to pull on it. There, that's over. Now hold the pen there while I put the other thing here and tie it up with the bandage. I know it hurts, but you'll feel better afterwards."

" Thanks," gasped Putnam.

The Russian jumped to his feet and stretched himself. Putnam's mind flashed back to a Harvard-Yale game when he had taken a message from his mother to a cousin who wore the crimson jersey. The boy had been knocked out and carried off the field. When Putnam reached him in the dressing-room he had recovered from the shock and was standing in the same attitude as this Russian now, with his hands behind his head, stretching out his chest and straining back as the tide of strength flooded back into his veins and muscles.

He felt a sudden contempt for his own narrow shoulders and skinny legs and said abruptly : " Didn't your Communist—er—converts help you either ? "

Shurof shouted with laughter. " Damn it, no ; mine ran away, too. Rice Christians they call yours, but I'll tell you, comrade, mine were rice Communists also. Chort, if I'd had six of our Kursanti boys, I'd have chased this Blue Dwarf back to his mountains. But no, my uncle was right, they're soft, these Chinese, no backbone."

" Did you know he was coming ? " asked Putnam. " The Blue Dwarf, I mean ? "

" Of course I knew . . . ah, you're asking me why I didn't run away. Well, you see, I'm Red Army, really, and the Red Army doesn't run away . . . can't let these people think we're scared." He rubbed his chin with his thumb. I had no definite orders, but I suppose I *ought* to have taken cover. The movement was going nicely, and we might have worked underground to (*Continued on page* 84)

Hollywood Fortunes—but

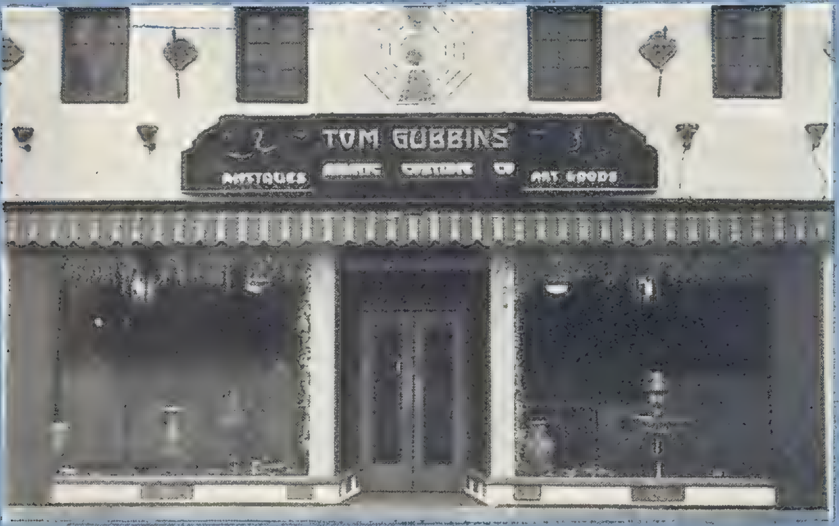
WESTERN AIR EXPRESS

Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, composers of many of Paramount's big song hits. One of their biggest successes was "Please"

HUNDREDS of men and women are important to Hollywood, although they seldom step on the set of any studio and never face a moving-picture camera. Fortunes are being made month after month by people whose names and faces are unknown to film audiences, yet without whom talking films would be in a very sorry plight. It is not only under the studio lights, in the eye of the camera, that Hollywood fortunes are made.

There is a man whose unofficial title is "The White Lord of Chinatown." His real name is Tom Gubbins. He owns a fascinating Chinese curio shop, in the heart of Los Angeles' Chinatown. It is a palace of carved jade, fragile porcelain, exquisitely embroidered robes fit for the shoulders of a mandarin. Inside the narrow door it is only a step into another world; a world of strange, exotic perfumes, of yellow faces and unsmiling brown eyes.

At the door most hours of the long sunny day, Tom Gubbins may be seen standing ready to greet his customers. On his pale face there is a bland, smooth smile; his white plump hands are folded across a spreading paunch. It is a Chinese attitude; and Mr. Gubbins is Oriental in thought, in manner, in speech.



Tom Gubbins's curio shop and Oriental restaurant, in which elaborate Chinese banquets are served to the elect of Filmland. He has another line of business—that of supplying every Oriental extra needed for the films

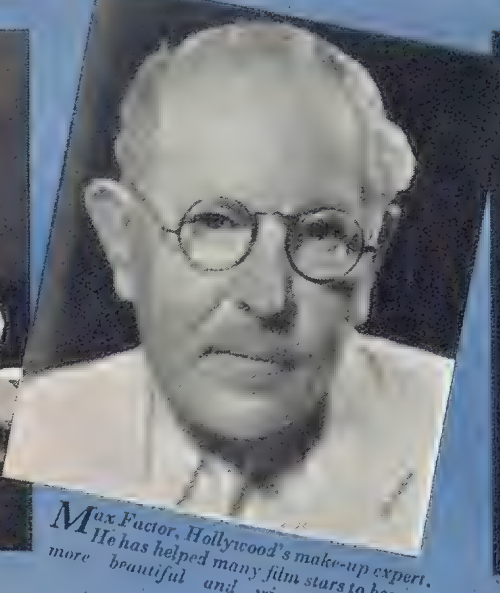
It is whispered through the studios that Tom Gubbins is a millionaire. That is not a fantastic pipe-dream by any means. His shop has been successful for years; above it he has a restaurant in which elaborate Chinese banquets are served to the elect of Filmland, at prices decidedly steep. "Mandarin Dinners" these feasts are named. Marion Davies is a star who likes to take ten or twelve guests to Tom Gubbins's restaurant, there to sit on the floor and enjoy a meal that eludes description in its elaborate ingenuity.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a way of telephoning personally to Mr. Gubbins, who is one of the English comedian's friends; the message says that dinner for six or eight, or even twenty, is to be ready at seven-thirty, and that Mr. Gubbins himself is bidden to the feast. Whenever film stars dine in the brocade-draped restaurant over that amazing curio shop its owner is expected to join them at some stage or other in the proceedings.

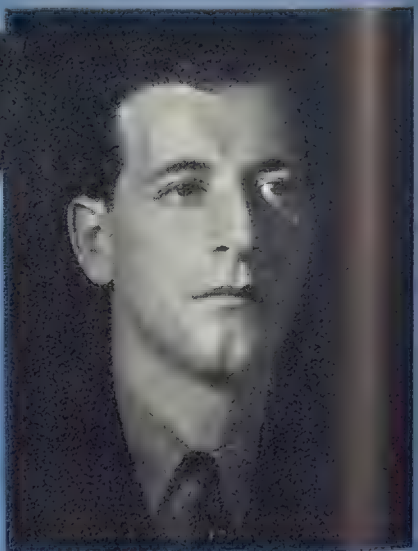
But it is not only through his shop and restaurant that Tom Gubbins has become so rich. He has another line of business, one that is extremely paying. He supplies the studios with every Oriental extra needed for films. Anna May Wong was one of his long list of discoveries. Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, it does not matter. Tom Gubbins can put his round, white finger on every man, woman or child of Oriental birth who is willing to work in a studio.

He receives a lump sum from the studios for the players and extras he supplies; he pays them himself, and this branch of his activities has not made him poor. When you watch a Chinese servant on the screen or look at a busy street scene in some market of the far-off East, assure yourself that every player in

William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones, a highly-paid team of scenarists in Hollywood



Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up expert. He has helped many film stars to become more beautiful and win big contracts



Gilbert Adrian, dress designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He designs all the clothes Greta Garbo wears in the films

not from Film Acting!

There are Other Ways of Earning Fame and Fortune out in California

By Margaret Chute

Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, a song-writing team for Paramount

sight has come into that picture via the little back room behind Tom Gubbins's Curio Shop near the Plaza in Los Angeles.

Fifty years old, Mr. Gubbins speaks Chinese as fluently as his clipped English. Born of English parents in teeming Brooklyn, he was educated in China, and from there landed in San Francisco. From 'Frisco's Chinatown this astonishing man was called to Hollywood to act as technical director to some early film with an Oriental background. Thus his career in Hollywood began. He is the uncrowned emperor of thousands of yellow-faced citizens; more than that, they look on him as a fair, kind judge. Any disputes between Oriental actors, and any other kind of problem affecting the Eastern population of Los Angeles, comes before Tom Gubbins, in the mysterious setting of his little back room, with its perpetual smell of incense and its tiny bowls of tea. When I had a "Mandarin Dinner" above the Curio Shop, as the guest of Warner Baxter and Ronald Colman, I was given shark-fin soup. That was the greatest delicacy Mr. Gubbins had to offer a stranger from overseas. It nearly made me sick!

Apart from acting, many people with brilliant brains make fortunes in Hollywood by writing. After all, film actors need something to act; novels or plays may be grand in their own field, but they need transforming into film-form if the camera is to deal with them successfully. That is where the army of writers inside the studios starts to get very busy indeed.

THE richest woman in Hollywood, in all probability, is Frances Marion, writer of some of the finest original stories turned out as talking films and adapter of many novels and plays. Miss Marion makes so much money that she has to refuse to take on new jobs, simply because of the immensity of her income tax. She came to England not long ago; she had to take a holiday just to stop making money! To Frances Marion must go the credit for turning Marie Dressler into a film star.

It was Miss Marion who brought Marie Dressler back to the centre of film-making after that fine actress had tried her hand at films and failed. The woman who was destined to become the most popular and best-loved screen actress of her generation was facing that sad condition known as almost-down-and-out when Frances Marion, her

(*Continued on page* 82)

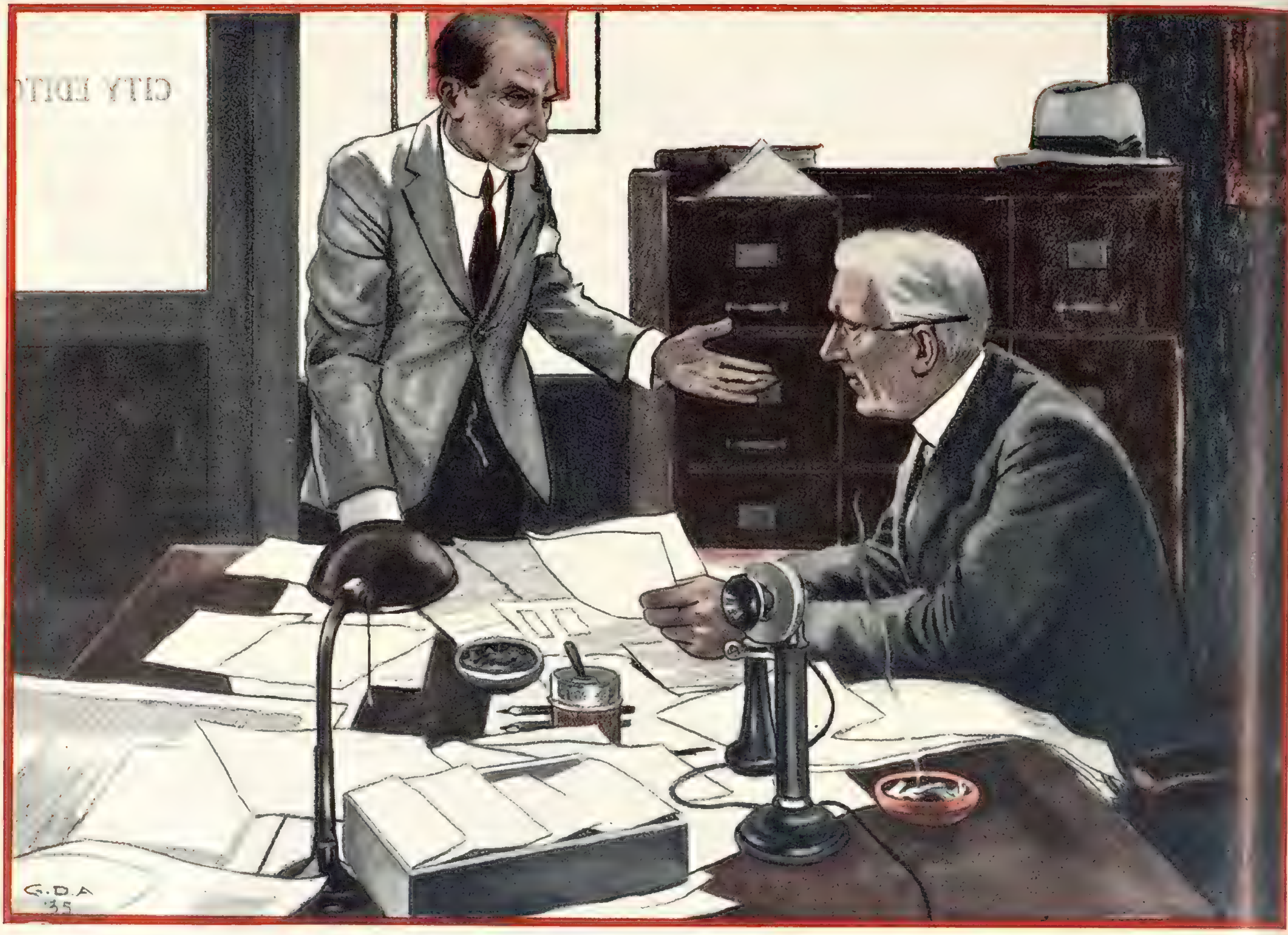
Travis Banton, one of Hollywood's leading dress designers. He works for Paramount and is one of the large army of men and women who have made fortunes in Hollywood by refraining from being an actor

Frances Marion is said to be the richest woman in Hollywood. She is a famous writer of plays and adapter of novels and stories for the screen

Marian Switzer is the first woman in Hollywood to be appointed assistant to a producer for films

Below:

Dorothy Arzner, the woman film director, with two of the extra girls in the film she directed for Paramount recently, called "Working Girls"



"I DO not recall," continued Mr. Dodd, "that our coverage of the 'Columbia' disaster was such a conspicuous success that it might warrant payment of these items as a bonus."

"Expense Account"

And thereby hung a Tale of Pluck and Peril, Death and Disaster, Written and Paid for in Blood

By Paul Gallico

PENRYN DODD, editorial auditor, better known as Ice Box Dodd to the reporter on the floor below, frowned over the sheets on his desk before him, splintered the end of his pencil with his teeth, shook his head testily and even pounded the top of the desk with a small bony fist so that three stenographers and two junior auditors looked up from their typewriters and balance sheets. When he was sure that they were still looking at him, Dodd, his mouth pursed, drew a vicious ring around an item of an expense account he was examining.

He was a small, oldish man, as dry and brittle as a dead leaf. He had the sharp, pointed nose and narrow eyes of the man who can pursue a missing dollar through five years and ten ledgers, and never lose the scent. He made dry, clucking noises with his mouth and set aside the expense account of Perry Brown, reporter for the *Blade*, headed "Assignment—'Columbia' Crackup—Feb. 23," and running through a miscellaneous set of items and ending with his signature to which he had appended "So help me . . ." and the bold countersigned initial "C" over the word "Approved" which was the initial of Wyatt Court, city editor.

A junior auditor nudged a clerk next to him and whispered: "I'll bet that's Perry Brown's."

Dodd slammed the desk again, this time in real anger, pushed the next sheet he had been examining aside petulantly and reached for his telephone. He dialled "333" and said: "I want to speak to Mr. Court. Hello Court? Dodd, auditing. You busy a minute? Be right down." He hung up the receiver. He caught up the expense accounts on his desk, dug into a desk drawer for another handful of papers and moved for the door, his head carried in front of him, his lips tight.

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

The junior auditor nudged the clerk again and said: "Four alarms. Must be two bits involved."

Dodd picked his way through the local room on the floor below with an expression of distaste upon his thin face as though something did not smell good. Without looking up from his typewriter, a reporter tapping away at his machine turned up his coat collar as Dodd went by and shivered quietly. The Brooklyn man said: "Oh oh! This is going to cost somebody dough . . ."

Dodd stopped at the city editor's desk. Wyatt Court was scanning the overnight assignment sheet and didn't look up. Dodd cleared his throat like dry wheat rustled by the wind.

Court looked up. "Well?"

"Ah. . . . These expense accounts on the 'Columbia' crash . . . Mr. Brown, Miss Jones . . . Osgood . . ."

"Well, what about 'em?"

"Ah. . . You okayed them. . . ."

"Certainly I okayed them. Can't you read?"

"Yes," said Dodd sharply, "but you no doubt overlooked several items. It is not the policy of the company to purchase Scotch whisky for its employees or eighteen dollar hats for the female members of the staff. I question these items I have ringed here. . . ."

Court killed a cigarette butt and glanced at the accounts. Between two items, "Share of boat hire, offshore, Atlantic City . . . '70,'" and "Cab, North Atlantic City—Atlantic City, '3.80,'" Perry Brown had typed, "One quart, Scotch (and was it lousy) . . . $6.50."

Jenny Jones's account was a single heet. It was headed: "Flight over Columbia' crackup, March 6," and ontained only one item. It was "One pecial hat please . . . $18.00."

"I do not recall," continued Mr. Dodd, that our coverage of the 'Columbia' disaster was such a conspicuous success that it might warrant payment of these tems as a bonus. I also question whether we are responsible for this bill for dental bridgework to the amount of"—he studied the bill on Court's desk—"a hundred and nineteen dollars for photographer Osgood. We . . . ah . . . have a dental department for employees. . . . Mr. Haley in the business department said to me last week: 'Here is another bill for a new Liskow camera for photographer Joe Osgood. It is the third in a month. He is costing us more than he is worth. . . .' Mr. Haley feels that if a newspaper photographer has, ah . . . not sufficient tact and address to protect his equipment . . . ah . . ." Mr. Dodd faltered. Court was looking up at him with a strange and unfathomable look on his cold, bland face, and his eyes had an unpleasant glitter. But he dropped his head, and examined the expense accounts again. He lit a fresh cigarette, and said:

"Ah . . . you are quite right, Mr. Dodd. Our coverage on the 'Columbia' disaster was . . . ah . . . not a conspicuous success. . . ."

THE cab driver leaned far out of his hack and inspected the grey, rickety two-storey house at the end of the road by Beckett's Cove and then said: "This is it."

Perry Brown climbed out of the car and lent a hand to Al Vogel, the fat photographer with his gear. It was cold, damp and raw. Although it was a quarter to five in the morning there was no sign of any dawn in the east. A single lamp-post cast their shadows on the sandy road and illuminated the unpainted door and the blindless windows.

Vogel turned up the collar of his overcoat and rubbed his hands together and said: "Nice place, ain't it?"

Perry Brown said curtly: "Lovely," and then knocked on the door. "You'd better wait," he told the cab driver, "this may be a washout." And the driver said: "Okeedoke." There was no sign of life from the house. He knocked again. A shrill woman's voice suddenly answered, "Yeah . . . yeah . . . who is it . . .? What do you want?"

"Ah, romance," said Perry Brown to Vogel, who was blowing into his hands, and then aloud: "Is Captain Borrow there?"

The voice, angry, harsh and unpleasant, called out, "Who wants him? What is it?"

"We want to hire his boat," Perry Brown shouted. "Newspaper man. Want to hire his boat. Is he there?"

There was a moment of silence and then the voice, still more strident. "He don't want to hire no boat. He ain't got any boat. Go away. Go away. Don't bother us."

"She says he ain't got a boat," said Vogel.

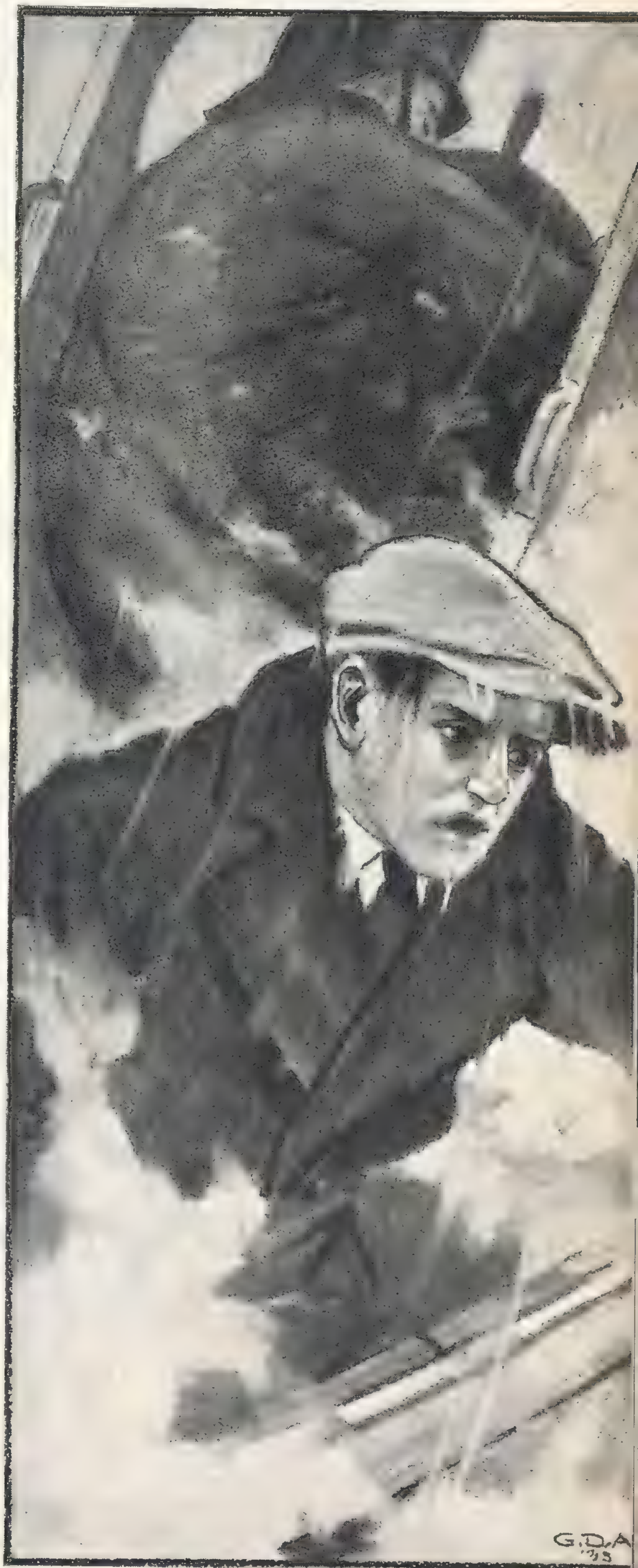
"Wait a minute," Perry said, and then raised his voice again. "Listen," he shouted, "There's been a terrible accident. The airship blew up. Do you hear me?"

There was another moment and then a light gleamed in the second storey. The woman's voice said: "What happened? What's that?"

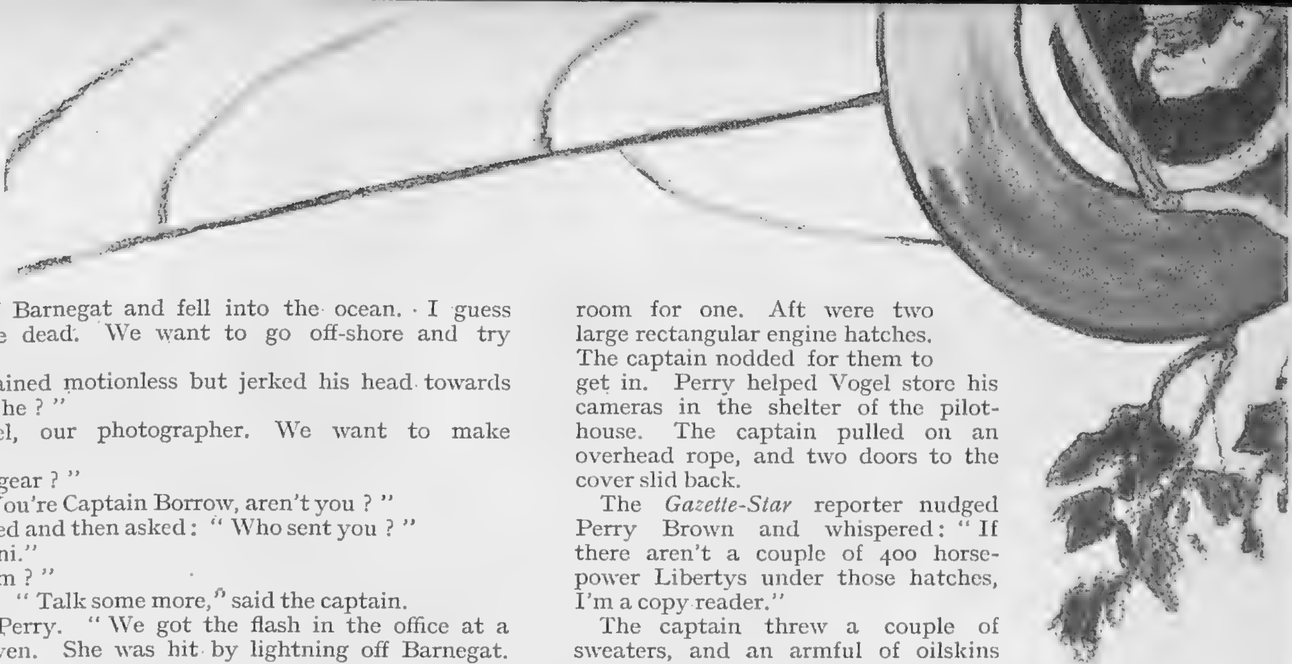
"The 'Columbia' blew up and fell into the ocean," Perry shouted back, "at eleven o'clock last night. The big airship . . ."

There were sounds of footsteps. The door opened. It framed a short, stocky man, hair matted and face thickened with sleep. He was clean shaven, but his face was deeply lined and hard. His feet were bare and he wore a grey flannel shirt, open at the throat and hastily stuffed into dark trousers. In one hand he held a large-calibred automatic pistol. He said: "Well . . ."

"Listen," said Perry Brown, talking rapidly, with one eye on the gun, "I'm Perry Brown of the *Blade* in New York. The 'Columbia,' the big navy airship, blew



PERRY clutched the side of the boat with both hands, yelling again "Hey! Captain, get him. It's one of the officers"



up last night off Barnegat and fell into the ocean. I guess most of 'em are dead. We want to go off-shore and try and find her."

The man remained motionless but jerked his head towards Vogel. " Who's he ? "

" That's Vogel, our photographer. We want to make pictures . . . ."

" What's that gear ? "

" Cameras. You're Captain Borrow, aren't you ? "

The man nodded and then asked : " Who sent you ? "

" Joe Passaleoni."

" You know him ? "

Perry nodded. " Talk some more," said the captain.

" Sure," said Perry. " We got the flash in the office at a quarter past eleven. She was hit by lightning off Barnegat. A tanker saw her go down. We caught the midnight out. When I hit Atlantic City I went over to the Candle Club. I always go there when I'm in town. Joe said you had a boat and to say that it was okay."

The captain reflected a moment, and then flipped his gun, caught it by the muzzle and stowed it in his trouser pocket. " How much ? " he asked. The woman's voice yelled: " Who is it, Bill? What do they want ? " The captain without turning his head called back, " Shut up."

Perry Brown sighed with relief. " Fifty bucks," he said.

" Nothing doing. Hundred and fifty."

" Listen," said Perry Brown, " I've got eighty bucks. That's all I've got."

The captain shook his head. " Wait a minute—" Perry spoke to Vogel : " Al, you got any dough ? " The photographer patted his pockets and said : " I got eight bucks . . . ."

" Nothing doing." The captain glanced up at the black sky which in the east had a faint greyness. " It's going to be dirty out there. If I risk the boat I get paid. Hundred and fifty . . . ." There was the noise of an approaching car and two headlights turned down the lane from the asphalt road. The car stopped. It was another cab. A single individual got out. He was tall and spare and had a thin, bony face and the complexion that goes with pinkish hair. He stepped into the circle of light made by the headlamps of the two cabs, blinked for a moment and then said : " Hi, Perry," in a cheerful sort of way. He showed no surprise at seeing Perry Brown, or Vogel, or the captain or the captain's pistol, except to remark innocently : " Why the cannon ? "

Perry Brown said : " Not exactly calling hours. Hey, you got any dough on you ? "

The stranger said—" Uhuh. About ninety-five bucks."

" Okay," said Perry Brown, " You're in. The captain wants a yard and a half to go off-shore. I haven't got it. Neither have you. Kick in seventy-five and we go."

" Right," said the stranger and dug down into his pocket. He came up with a roll of bills and began to count off tens.

The captain spoke to Perry Brown. " Who is he ? "

" Ed Smallens of the *Gazette-Star* He's okay. Between us we can make up the hundred and fifty. Let's go."

The captain looked puzzled. He said : " Ain't he from a different paper than you ? "

" Sure," Perry replied. " What's the difference ? It can't be helped. He's a good kid and smart or he wouldn't be here. Anyway, he hasn't got a photographer, so that balances. Nobody gets to go alone, so we go together. When can we go ? "

Vogel paid off the cab driver and picked up his cameras. The captain led the way inside and lighted an oil lamp. He said : " That all the clothes you fellas have ? It's still winter out there—and wet." All three men wore overcoats. Vogel's was thinner than the other two. Perry Brown shrugged his shoulders. The captain said, " I got a couple of sweaters, and some oilskins. They won't do much good to keep you warm, but you're welcome to them. Wait here. I'll put some clothes on." He went upstairs and they heard his voice mingling with the woman's in muffled conversation. When he returned, he was thick with clothing. He wore rubber boots and oilskins. He picked up the lamp and said : " Down this way," and led them through a door that opened upon some wooden steps that led down into the cellar below.

It was no cellar, but a boathouse, opening out into Bekett's Cove. In it lay a forty-foot draught, heavy-set, open as a dory except for a small pilot-house screened on three sides and having room for one. Aft were two large rectangular engine hatches. The captain nodded for them to get in. Perry helped Vogel store his cameras in the shelter of the pilot-house. The captain pulled on an overhead rope, and two doors to the cover slid back.

The *Gazette-Star* reporter nudged Perry Brown and whispered : " If there aren't a couple of 400 horse-power Libertys under those hatches, I'm a copy reader."

The captain threw a couple of sweaters, and an armful of oilskins into the bottom of the boat and said : " Sit aft." The three men disposed themselves in the stern of the boat. The captain cast off and then entered the pilot shelter. First one and then the other engine exploded like batteries of three inch field pieces and in the confined boat house the racket was frightful. Smallens winked at Perry and at Vogel. The engines throttled down and there came a coughing and burbling from under the stern. They moved out into the quiet water of the cove, and headed east towards the inlet. All the world was a dark grey now and there was a stinging wind from the north-east.

SPOT REILLY, pilot for the *Daily Blade*, set the hand brake of the *Blade's* little four-place cabin Airwing and jammed the footbrakes with both feet, revving up the engine. He checked the oil pressure, temperature and tachometer. Fred Courvis, the flying photographer, was in the administration office getting weather when the one lung cab snorted through the field gate and discharged Jennie Jones in a new spring hat and the inevitable bag of oranges under her arm. It was six o'clock in the morning and the field, except for Spot and the mechanics from the Slade hangar, was deserted. Reilly pulled back the throttle, letting the motor idle quietly and called out the window : " Hi, Jen, got an orange ? "

Jennie favoured him with a sweet and winning smile and reaching down into the bag, produced one. " Uhuh ! Got 'em in an all-night place on the way out. Good."

Courvis came out of the administration office frowning and said, " H'lo Jen," and accepted an orange. Reilly asked about the weather.

" Plenty of it, and all bad," said Courvis. " Eight hundred at Atlantic City and six hundred at Asbury. Low moving in from the north-east. There'll be another report at eight o'clock."

" Mmmmmm," said Jennie, and licked a finger. " Mr. Court wants us to go *right* away.

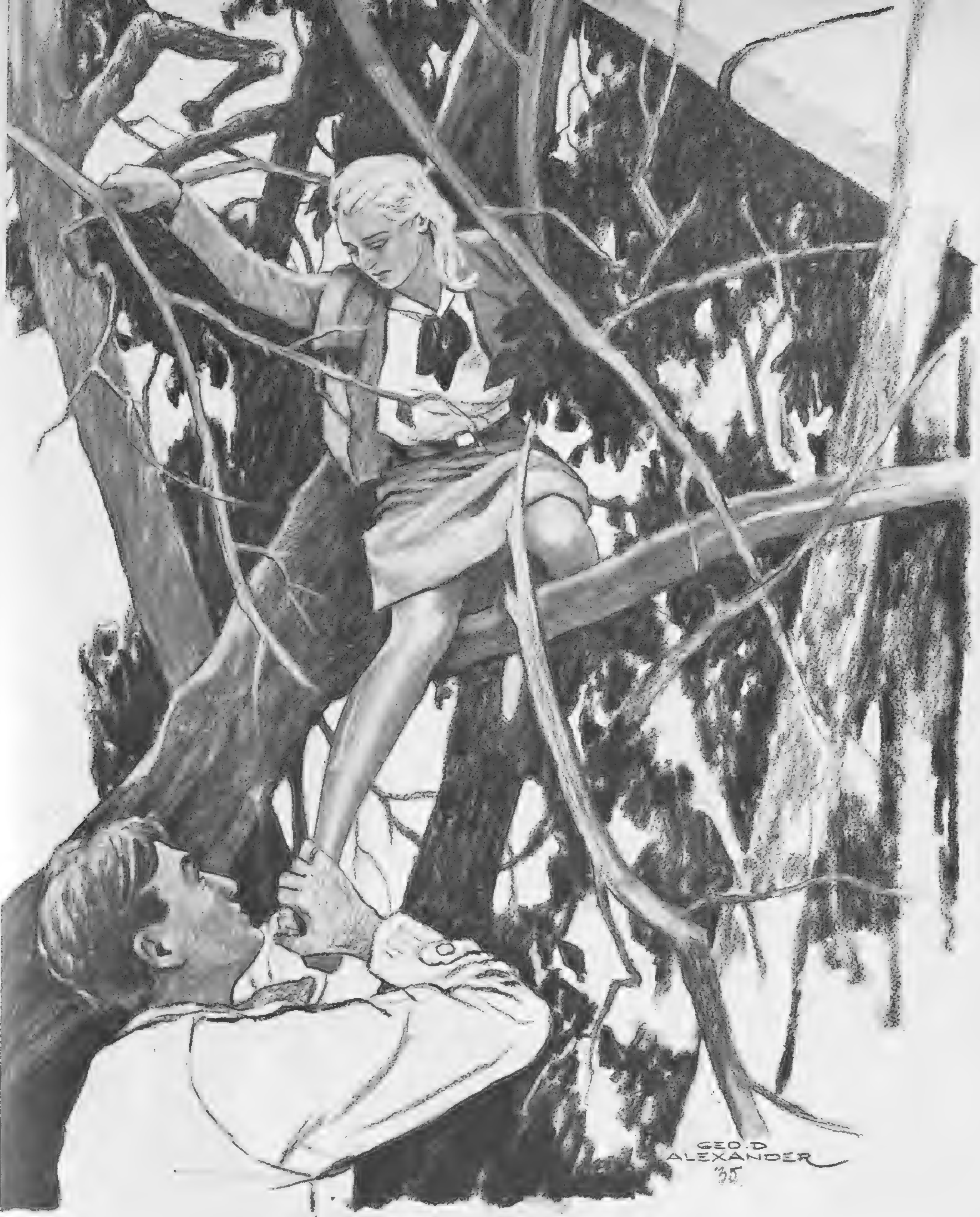
He woke me up out of bed. All the boys are in New London, so he sent me."

" Court should fly this jalopie through that stuff," Reilly said bitterly.

" He would," said Jennie, " only he can't. Fly, I mean," she amended. " Are we going soon ? "

" Ugh ! " Reilly grunted, which might have meant anything. Then he asked : " How long since you've flown a plane."

" Three years," said Jennie and looked up at him brightly.



HE dropped a little lower and reached up and held Jennie's foot while she clambered on to the bough. They slid to the trunk

She was a tall, thin girl, with long ash blonde hair that she did in a thick rope and bunched at the back of her head, from whence it was always threatening to tumble. She had extraordinary sweetness in her face and a naïve air which masked more gall and nerve than was possessed by any other reporter on the staff, man or woman.

"Get in," said Reilly. "Sit in the front seat on the right and don't touch things. Keep your dogs off the rudder pedals."

Jennie climbed in, sat in the front seat and fastened the safety belt. "Don't be a sil," she said. "You know I hate planes. They're dangerous. I wouldn't have come, only Mr. Court asked me as a special favour. He knows I don't like them."

Courvis stowed his cameras on the wide rear seat, and climbed in beside them, shutting the door. Reilly shouted, "Map!"

"Right!" Courvis produced a map out of his inside pocket and unfolded it. It was a replica of the Jersey Coast. There was an "X" some eighteen miles due east of Barnegat Inlet. "Location sent out by the Government (*Continued on page* 100)

Fashion's High Finance

The World of Big Business behind Women's Dress and Adornment where money talks and Industry hangs on the tilt of a Hat or the tip of a Shoe

MANICURED, massaged, painted, platinum'd, furred, jewelled, she revolved expertly on the slim high heels of fragile skin shoes. Looking at her one way, I could see just another blonde mannequin posed against hangings of pastel velvet, and displaying yet another toilette with the theme of the new silhouette.

But adjusting the mental eye, the whole picture changed, like a landscape under a blast of high explosive. The velvet curtains dissolved into a smoky landscape. One saw enormous smelters and gigantic mills, machine shops stretching to the horizon, and the giant retorts of chemical plants—all backed by fields as big as states and ranches as big as provinces, huge mines, immense forests, and the seas of the world beyond them all.

A butterfly in a blast furnace could not have been more startling—just for that flashing moment—than the slim and dazzling blonde in that vast and thunderous setting. But then one saw that she was just a composite portrait of Everywoman, scores of millions of her, cool, smiling, conscious of being Model 1936 from hat tilt to shoe tip; and what had been fantasy became just a glimpse at a cross-section of the bread-and-butter life of an elaborately synthetic and highly stimulated civilisation. The threads tracing the chic woman back to basic industry and the primary commodities gleamed clear as neon lights.

As we came thoughtfully away from the fashion show I said to my companion: "You may say what you like about shoulder treatments and neck-line touches, draped skirts, shirred sleeves, sunray pleats, hats with dipper crowns, military cuts, and what not, but I see one really important thing emerging from this turmoil of satins, silks, crêpe-de-Chine, frills, fal-lals, ribbons, curls and cuteness: any woman who appears in 1936 with a 1935 look is going to feel like Mae West without her corsets."

"Or Dietrich developing thick ankles," she suggested.

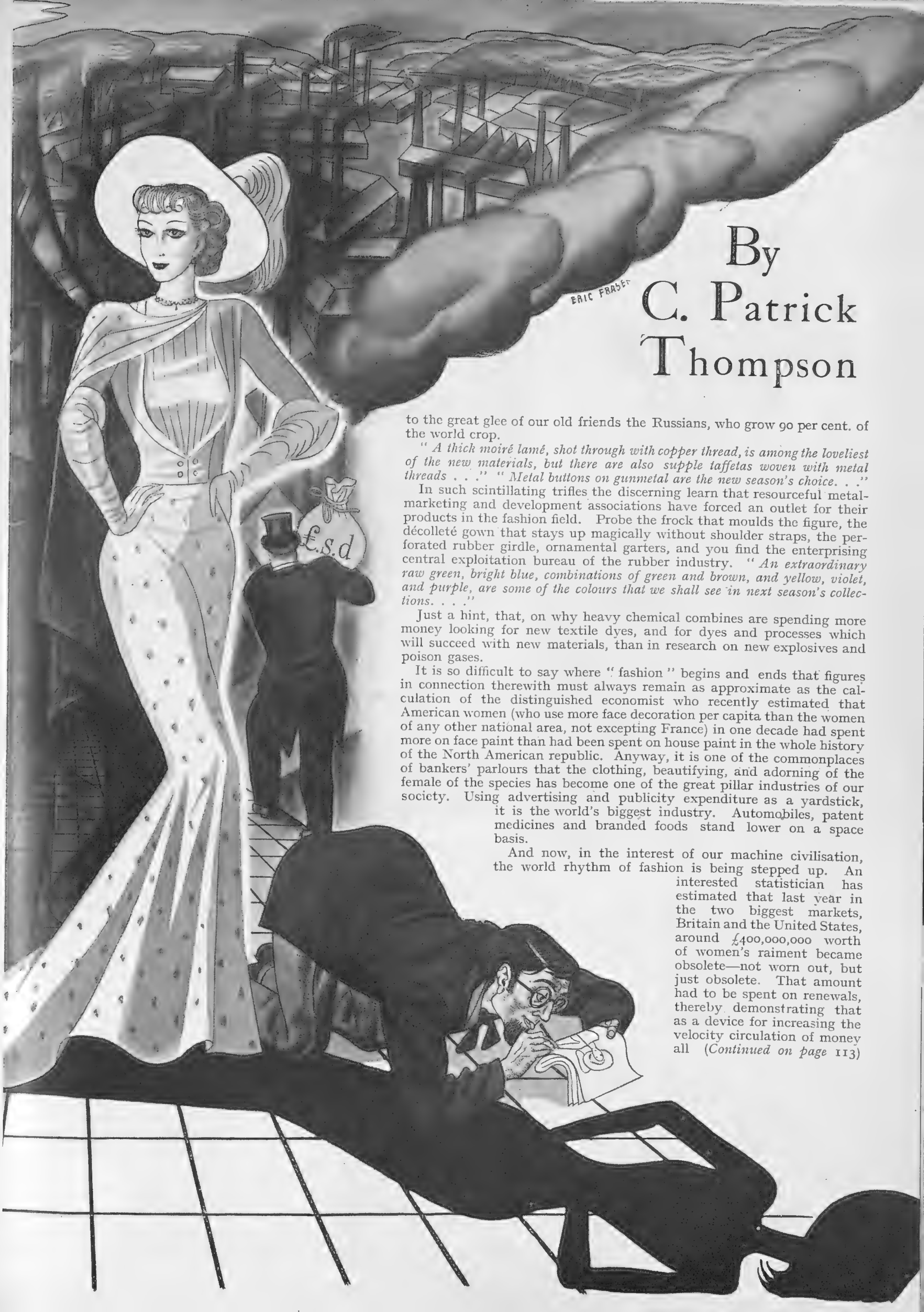
"The point is," I resumed, "that she just won't allow it to happen; and if it costs her a thousand millions to keep abreast of the mode, men will be lucky."

"Men?" she said on a note of interrogation.

"Men," said I firmly. "Eighty-three per cent. of women's dress and beautifying bills are paid by men."

She smiled incredulously. Nevertheless, the estimate is on the conservative side. A changing female silhouette is a major world economic phenomenon. It is of more immediate importance to world business than the clash of empires in Asia and Africa. As an industrial, commercial and financial proposition, it means as much to recovery processes everywhere as the expansion of motorisation, and more than road-building programmes.

The jump in world rayon output from 100,000,000 lb. in 1925 to 750,000,000 lb. in 1934, 900,000,000 lb. in 1935, with the billion mark forecast for 1936, is intimately connected with the fashion phenomenon. The Japanese have been paying for warships and their Manchurian exploit with proceeds of sales of silk stockings, rayon panties, and synthetic pearls in America and thirty other countries. Germany has gained some of the foreign exchange to pay for the biggest rearmament programme ever through Anglo-Saxon demand for special dyes and the synthetic jewellery they make so well in the machine shops of Pforzheim. A large part of the economic recovery of Ulster, centre of the linen industry, is due to an immense British and American fashion demand for linen—a demand which has doubled the price of the raw material, flax, in a year,



By C. Patrick Thompson

to the great glee of our old friends the Russians, who grow 90 per cent. of the world crop.

"*A thick moiré lamé, shot through with copper thread, is among the loveliest of the new materials, but there are also supple taffetas woven with metal threads . . .*" "*Metal buttons on gunmetal are the new season's choice. . .*"

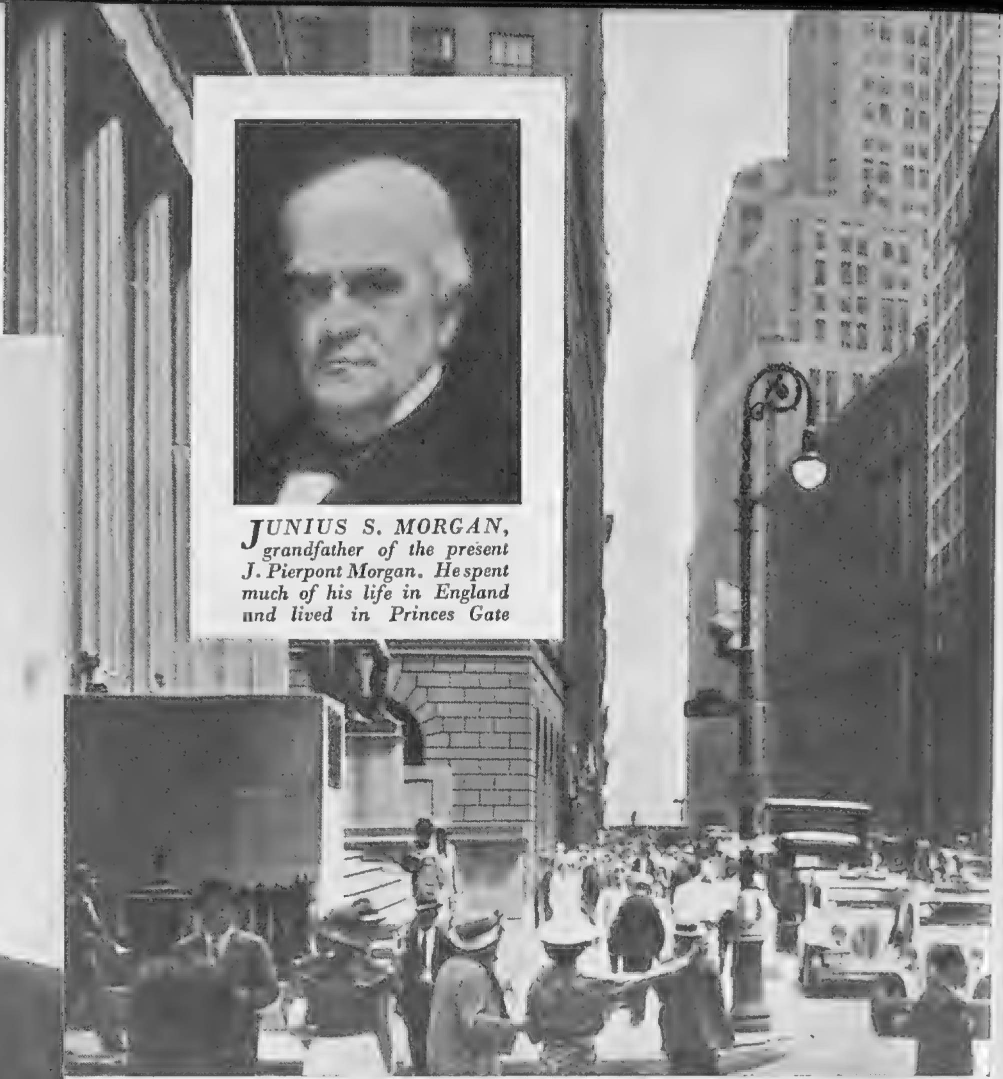
In such scintillating trifles the discerning learn that resourceful metal-marketing and development associations have forced an outlet for their products in the fashion field. Probe the frock that moulds the figure, the décolleté gown that stays up magically without shoulder straps, the perforated rubber girdle, ornamental garters, and you find the enterprising central exploitation bureau of the rubber industry. "*An extraordinary raw green, bright blue, combinations of green and brown, and yellow, violet, and purple, are some of the colours that we shall see in next season's collections. . . .*"

Just a hint, that, on why heavy chemical combines are spending more money looking for new textile dyes, and for dyes and processes which will succeed with new materials, than in research on new explosives and poison gases.

It is so difficult to say where "fashion" begins and ends that figures in connection therewith must always remain as approximate as the calculation of the distinguished economist who recently estimated that American women (who use more face decoration per capita than the women of any other national area, not excepting France) in one decade had spent more on face paint than had been spent on house paint in the whole history of the North American republic. Anyway, it is one of the commonplaces of bankers' parlours that the clothing, beautifying, and adorning of the female of the species has become one of the great pillar industries of our society. Using advertising and publicity expenditure as a yardstick, it is the world's biggest industry. Automobiles, patent medicines and branded foods stand lower on a space basis.

And now, in the interest of our machine civilisation, the world rhythm of fashion is being stepped up. An interested statistician has estimated that last year in the two biggest markets, Britain and the United States, around £400,000,000 worth of women's raiment became obsolete—not worn out, but just obsolete. That amount had to be spent on renewals, thereby demonstrating that as a device for increasing the velocity circulation of money all (*Continued on page* 113)

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, head of "Morgan's," the great New York financial business



JUNIUS S. MORGAN, grandfather of the present J. Pierpont Morgan. He spent much of his life in England and lived in Princes Gate

John Pierpont MORGAN

AT a Royal garden party held in the grounds of Buckingham Palace last summer, a line of guests filed rapidly past the King and Queen, each receiving little more than a smile and a handshake from their Majesties. Although the line included dozens of important English and Dominion politicians and officials, speed was imperative. As the line passed along, a plump, elderly, moustached man's turn came.

"It was as if a long-lost brother had appeared," said an eye-witness. "The King and Queen stood with him fully two minutes in eager and animated conversation, and hundreds of guests wondered who this portly stranger could be who was so intimate with their royal family."

The question passed round, and whispers were exchanged. Someone knew—soon everyone knew.

His name was Morgan—John Pierpont Morgan.

The name meant little to most of them. They knew that he was an American and a banker, a banker who was reported to be an extremely powerful factor in the exchanges and chancelleries of the world. And that was about all.

What sort of a man is this mysterious, omnipotent American about whom so many legends have sprung up, and yet about whose personality and precise power and activities so little is known to the average man? Where the Zaharoffs, the Rothschilds, the Deterdings of Europe are mentioned, this genial New Yorker is usually advanced as an American counterpart of equal astuteness and even greater international influence.

To understand and appreciate the House of Morgan, you must go far back—back into the seventeenth century, when factional bitterness and religious hatred were driving many sturdy British puritans across the Atlantic in creaking ships to the New World, where they hoped to establish Utopian societies, where all wealth should be equitably shared and every opinion and creed freely held. No part of Great Britain provided a larger share of these emigrants—many of them Quakers—than Wales. The valuable diary of Nancy Lloyd, a delightful account of the thoughts and experiences of the daughter of one of these hardy pioneers, has it set down, in her notes for October 20th, 1681: "William Penn hath been here in his journey through the West country and hath discoursed much concerning his new province overseas—to be called, he saith, Pennsylvania; though he would fain have called it 'New Wales,' being it is, as this, a pretty hilly country, and he hopeth, too, that very many of our persecuted Welsh Friends will find a quiet retreat there."

Her hope was fulfilled. Many hundreds of Welsh families did indeed settle in the State of Pennsylvania, to-day a rich and prosperous industrial community in which the Welsh element has always been, and still remains, distinctive and influential. But even more Welsh families poured into the provinces of New England, cold, rock-bound country whose plain but honest promise appealed to their dour temperaments. Gradually prosperous and puritanical colonies were set up in Maine, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut. To this day these States remain predominantly

WALL Street, New York, showing (on right) Morgan's Bank, a small, dignified, classical building, at the corner of Broad Street

The head of this great financial house in New York may fairly be described as the most powerful single non-British ally the British Empire possesses

By
Glyn Roberts

British in feeling and blood, and to this day they remain a solidly conservative and steadying influence in the life of the United States.

Among the Welshmen who settled in New England was one Morgan. He arrived from rural Wales with little money but only his upright character, excellent health and rigid principles to aid him in the fight against the elements and against poverty. They were sufficient. By the middle of the eighteenth century, the family of Morgan was solidly rooted in the life of Connecticut. They operated small banks, they handled insurance, they owned a good deal of real property; in every respect, they were excellent examples to all who came to New England—examples of what essential integrity and hard work could do. At the end of the century, the head of the family, Joseph Morgan, was a prominent citizen of Hartford, where he owned a famous inn, and made a large fortune in the lucrative insurance business. His son, J. S. Morgan, spent much of his life in England, where he occupied a house in Prince's Gate, which later became the American Embassy. J. S. Morgan had a brilliant young son named John Pierpont Morgan, who, on the advice of his father, started in business as a financier and banker in New York, just before the outbreak of the great Civil War of 1861–1866. This was the young man who grew up to be perhaps the

(Continued on page 94)

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN with his counsel, John W. Davis, and members of his firm at the second day of the hearing of the activities of J. P. Morgan & Co., by the U.S. Senate Banking Committee in May, 1933

Right:

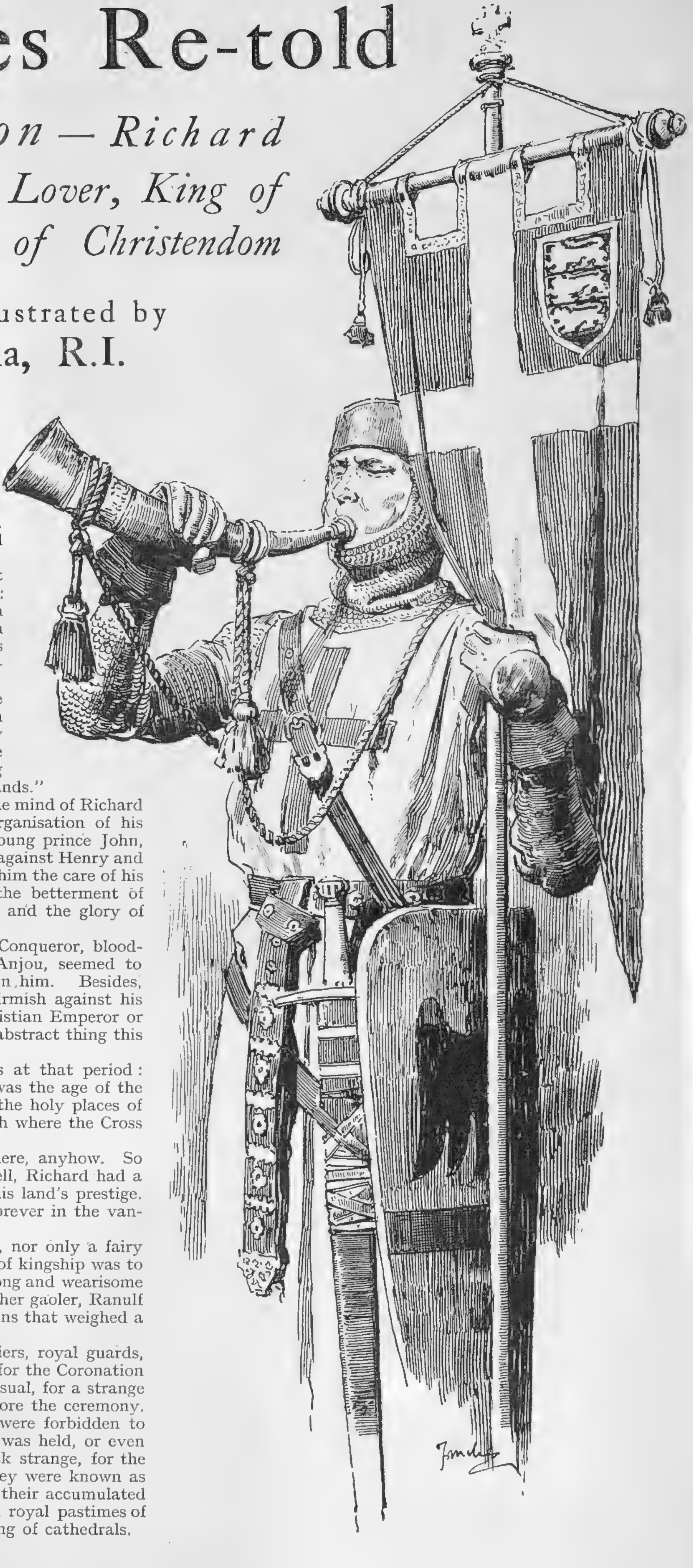
THE late John Pierpont Morgan, founder of the present house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

WALL Hall, Aldenham, Herts, the English home of J. Pierpont Morgan

Old Tales Re-told

Cœur de Lion—Richard Plantagenet, Royal Lover, King of Arms, Champion of Christendom

Written and illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.



LONDON, a city of wood, lay in darkness. The marshy borders of the river were thronged with people. The thick mud of the rude streets was spattered over the crowd by tramp of foot and thunder of horse. But discomfort meant nothing to the Londoners. Every moment brought new numbers to swell the cheering multitude.

For Henry II was dead and Richard, first of his name to wear the crown of England: Richard, whose valour had already earned him the name of Lion Heart: Richard, splendid in face and body and the idol of the nation, was to ride through Westminster after his coronation.

Only a few, hearing the cheering and the pealing of the joy-bells, uttered a forecast (in Norman French) of the words to be spoken by Britain's first Prime Minister more than five hundred years later: "Now they are ringing their bells; soon they will be wringing their hands."

For there was room for only one thought in the mind of Richard Cœur de Lion—War. Not for him the reorganisation of his realm nor the regulation of his family—the young prince John, his brother, his father's favourite, had rebelled against Henry and was to rebel in turn against Richard. Not for him the care of his people, the advancement of their interests, the betterment of their condition. For him the thrill of battle and the glory of personal victory.

War was in Richard's blood. The martial Conqueror, bloodthirsty Rufus, the fighting Plantagenets of Anjou, seemed to have concentrated all their warlike qualities in him. Besides, what a war there was to fight! No mere skirmish against his cousin of France or his cousin of Austria, Christian Emperor or Apostolic King. A war in defence of the one abstract thing this war-loving monarch really loved: his Faith.

The kings of Europe had each two realms at that period: their own nation and the land of Christ. It was the age of the Crusades. The fury of Islam had conquered the holy places of Christendom. The Crescent burned in triumph where the Cross had stood in glorious shame.

Richard would have fought anyone, anywhere, anyhow. So much the worse for his country. But, as it fell, Richard had a noble war to fight. So much the better for his land's prestige. His battles and his bravery placed England forever in the vanguard of chivalry.

But Richard was not only a warrior prince, nor only a fairy prince: he was a loving prince. His first act of kingship was to free his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, from a long and wearisome captivity. He had cast into gaol in her stead her gaoler, Ranulf de Glanelle, and had loaded the man with chains that weighed a thousand pounds.

It was the third of December, 1189. Soldiers, royal guards, kingly servants strove to keep the roads open for the Coronation procession. They were more necessary than usual, for a strange proclamation had been posted a few days before the ceremony.

By the terms of this document, the Jews were forbidden to enter the Hall where the coronation banquet was held, or even the purlieus of Westminster. The note struck strange, for the Jews held a curious position in that era. They were known as *amici regis*, the friends of the King, to whom their accumulated wealth proved frequently useful—for the twin royal pastimes of the day, the waging of battles and the building of cathedrals.

But, though unexpected, the proclamation was popular. England was aflame with crusading fire.

In the Britain of that day, as in the Germany of to-day, the people were poor: then by oppression of the nobles, now by the no less iron rule of economics. The poor always seek an excuse for their poverty, a scapegoat for their own inadequacy. *Moyen-age* England found it—in the Jews.

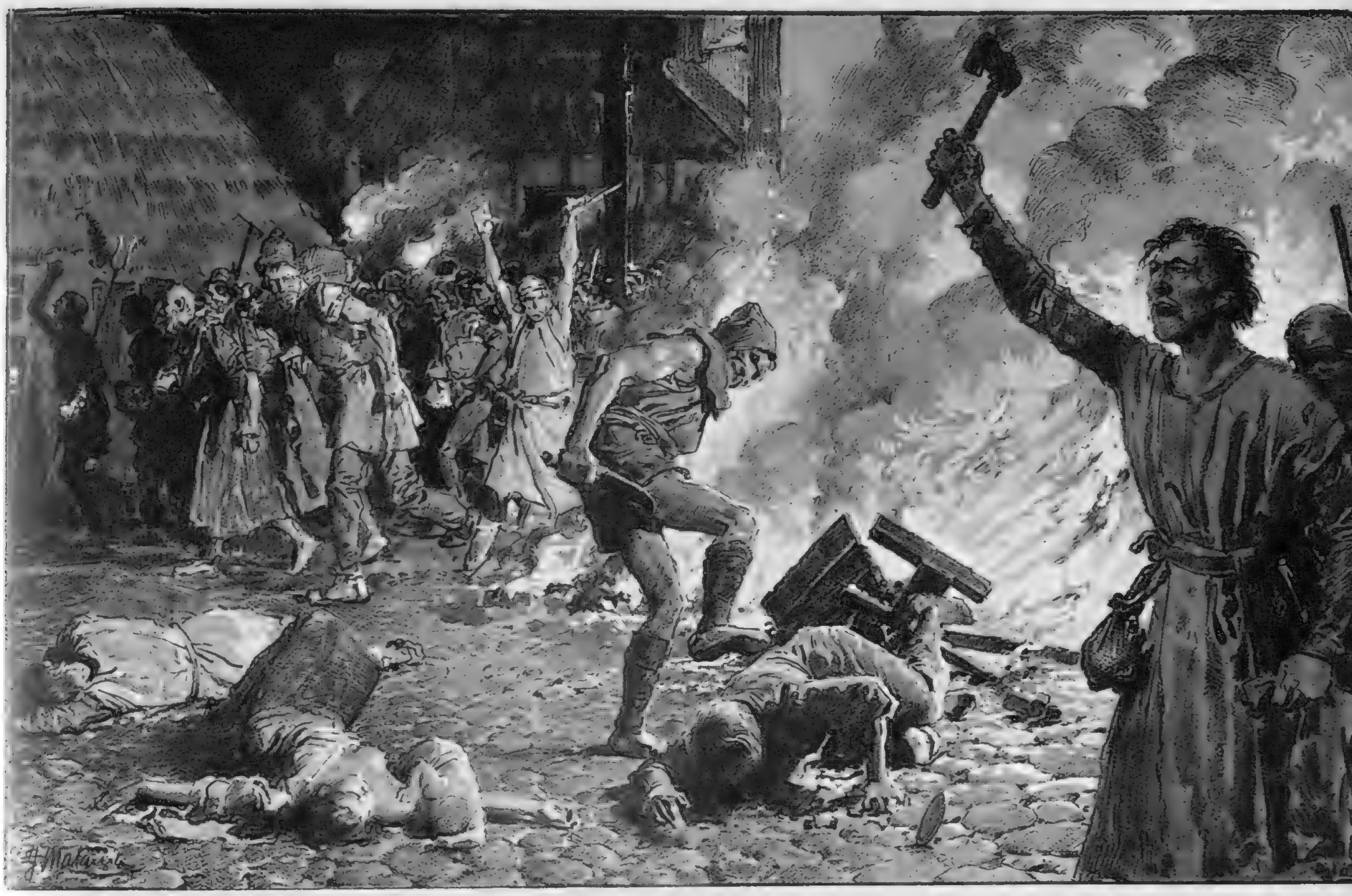
The Norman barons were pleased enough: popular outcry against the Jews took the attention of the people off their own much greater oppression. Besides, the Jews were rich, and it is true history to note that any wealthy class is in danger—from the rich who would be richer. The Reformation was more due to the avarice of the new millionaires who waxed fat on Church lands than to the icy fanaticism of Calvin or the fiery lusts of Luther and Tudor. Jewry was displaying in England seven hundred and fifty years ago the same talent for finance it shows to-day.

By a mixture of unscrupulous profiteering and superb administration, the Jews had cornered much of the wealth of the country.

Richard, like every other warring prince, needed money and needed it badly. Everything—even those things that represented the dearest traditions of England—were under the hammer. Royal castles, family properties, privileges were for sale—irrespective of the rank of the buyer. Richard himself said, with characteristic bluntness, that he would have sold London if only he could have found a bidder.

The Jews had bought with wisdom. They held a mass of property that only men of noble blood should own. Moreover, they had lent to the lords who would follow their king to the Crusade large sums at incredible interest. The lords lightly bound themselves to pay, reckoning that, if they returned, they would have the loot of the East; and if they did not—their heirs or their creditors would bear the loss.

So history, master of irony, showed Jewry lending money to Christendom to conquer from Islam for Christian ownership the country—of Jewry!



The Jews strove to barricade themselves in their homes. If axes could not splinter the doors, nor arrows pierce the windows, straw was set against the walls and fired. From London the pogrom spread all over the country

The Jews, disturbed at the veto hurled at them after the esteem in which they had been held by the newly dead Henry II., appointed a committee to take to the Coronation gifts of great worth. Unrecognised, they made their way to the entrance to the banqueting hall. But there they were stopped.

There was a dispute. There was a riot. Ornaments of gold flashed above the heads of the crowd. Some on the outskirts were curious and struggled to get nearer. Some in the inner ring were seized with panic and strove to escape. The golden vessels vanished beneath a sea of swaying heads.

The lances of the royal guard came into action forming an arc of steel before the door. The uproar swelled. From mouth to mouth ran the rumour that the Jews had attempted to invade the palace.

"The Jews have defied the royal command."

"They have tried to bribe the King."

Exaggeration followed exaggeration until, at the end, in the popular mind there was no crime left unattempted by Israel. The guileless plan—to offer gifts that might at once re-establish the Jewish position in the State and palliate the Jewish disregard of the proclamation—had met with ill-success. The guards repulsed the Jews with violence. A mediæval mob was less thinking, less orderly than even a modern one. A voice roared that it was the King's order to slay the Jews.

The cry of death, to a nation nurtured for a century on civil war, rang familiar and welcome. A cry was raised that the King had delivered the infidels to the vengeance of his people. It was false, for the King recognised in the hubbub merely the normal excitement of coronation day: riots were a commonplace, at festivities as at strife. But the people took vengenace all the same.

"Death to the Jews." The cry rang through London. "Death to the bloodsuckers." Knights and nobles and esquires—the tactful contemporary historians call them "nobles of a lower degree"—used their authority: not to stop the massacre, but to aid it.

The city—which contained the Ghetto, set near the water-front, the great trading highway of the period—was raided. The houses were pillaged, the shops sacked, the Jews slain. The nobles seized their opportunity: they destroyed their debts with their creditors. The records of the transactions—lodged by the Jews for safe-keeping ironically in the churches—were burned with signature and seal.

The Jews strove to barricade themselves in their homes. If axes could not splinter the doors nor arrows pierce the windows, straw was set against the walls and fired. As the hapless inmates fled from the holocaust, they were met by a shower of stones or the flash of steel.

On Ludgate Hill stood a new, ugly Norman church: barely seventy years old, the biggest temple of Christ in London. Its grey stones turned—symbolically enough in that age of the Church not only Militant but Military, and of Christendom heathenly rampant—to the red of blood as the fires from the city played upon them beneath a hot and starless sky.

From London the pogrom spread all over the country. At York 500 Jews sought refuge in the castle. When they could no longer defend it, they killed their wives, their children, and themselves. A few, left alive for the purpose, set fire to the building and perished in the flames.

There was an enquiry, but the names that were involved both in quantity and quality were so great that it was dropped. The same story was to be told in the enquiries that followed the Reformation. The names were too great to attack.

Small wonder that the compiler of the annals of Waverley wrote: "Blessed be the Almighty for delivering the impious race thus to destruction."

MEANTIME, Richard pursued his single object—the acquisition of enough money to equip his force for the Crusade—with singleness of mind and ruthlessness of means. Only one voice was raised against him, and that a priest's, and a passionately crusading priest at that.

One day Father Fulk, curate of Neuilly, said to the King with a fearlessness that endeared him to the Lion Heart: "I counsel you, Sire, to rid yourself of your three favourite daughters: Avarice, Pride and Voluptuousness."

Richard smiled. "You counsel well, Master Friar," he said. "I dispose of the first to the Benedictines; the second to the Templars; the third to my prelates."

Fulk had no answer. The King's words were not only true wit but witty truth.

But before he sailed to war for the Cross, Richard had a happy duty to perform: to wed.

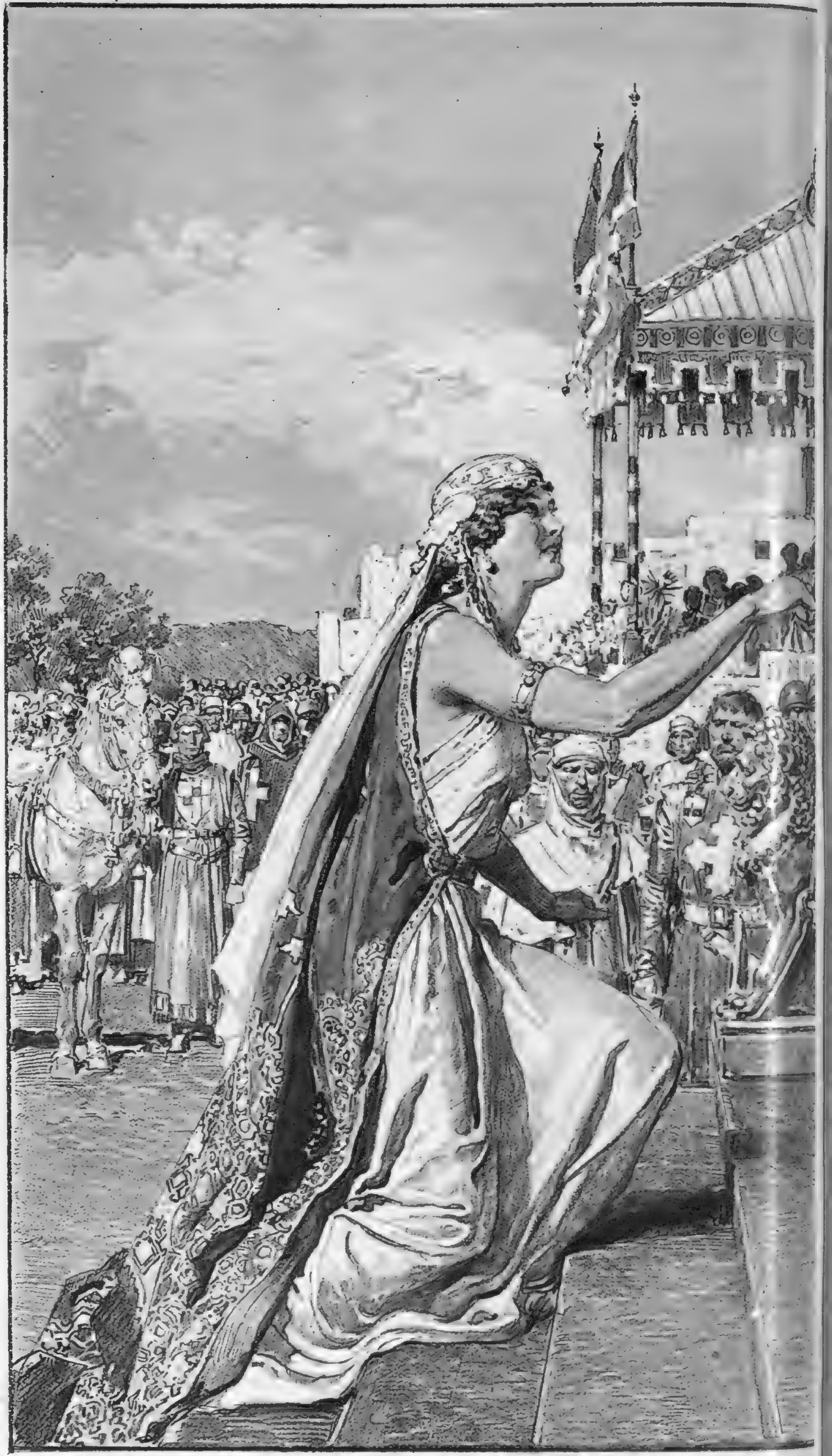
It was not an easy thing for him. He was betrothed to Princess Alice of France, sister to Philip Augustus, that cold and crafty king, who, not from romantic faith and love of fighting, but from high policy, was also going on crusade.

But Richard had no mind to the bitter-tongued Capetian. His heart was set on Berengaria of Navarre. He sent his mother as ambassador to demand her hand of her father, Sancho the Wise, who accepted the proposal with joy. Eleanor and Berengaria made their way across Italy to Sicily to meet Richard on his way to the front.

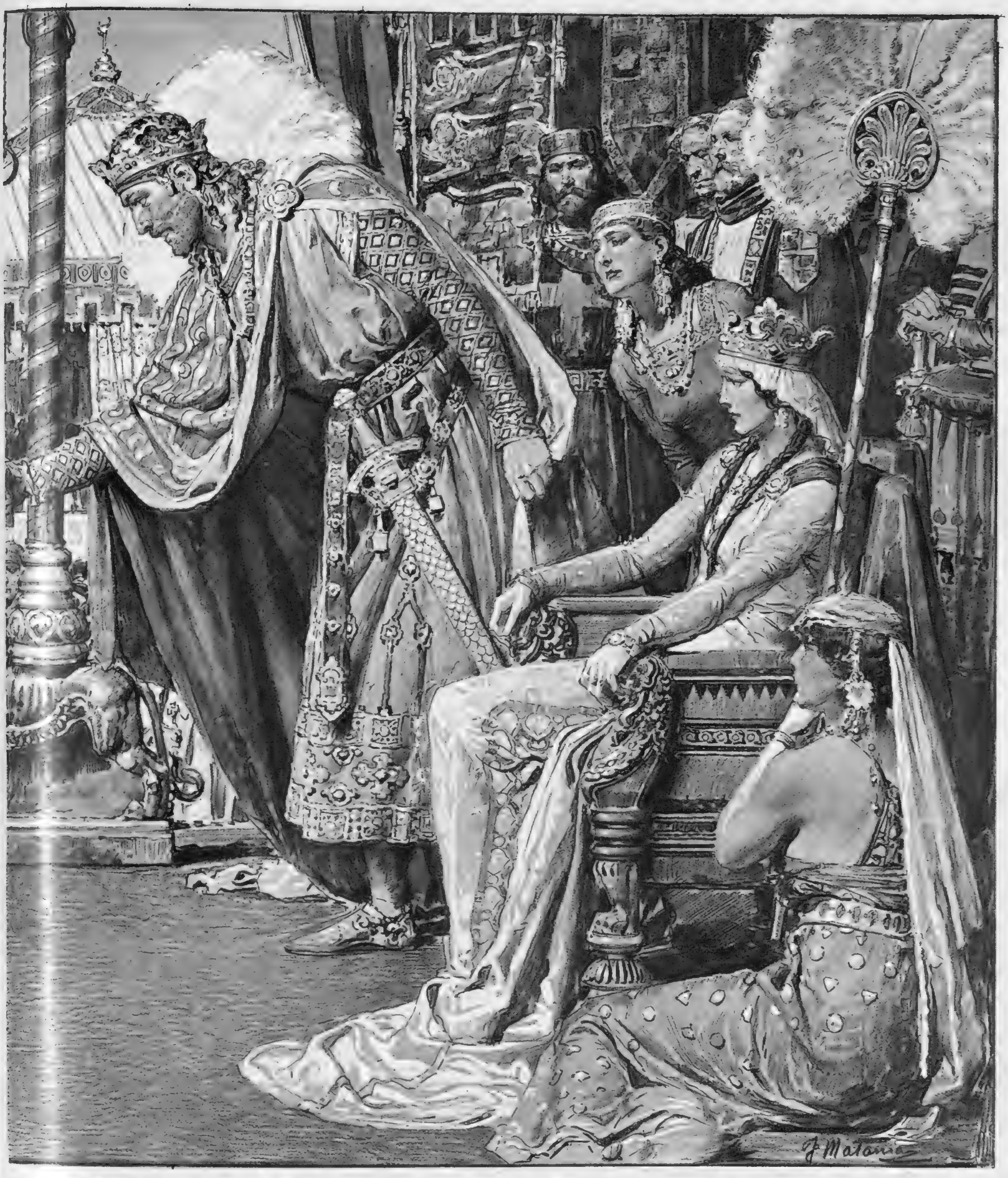
Down through the Appenines rumbled the coaches of the Queen Mother and the Queen-to-be. Down from Genoa ploughed the fleet of Philip, to join at Sicily with the army of Richard, sailing the Mediterranean from Marseilles. It was September, 1190.

But the Mistral struck the fleets, and the Crusaders, weary of travel in primitive ships on a fierce sea, took refuge in the harbour of Messina. The French billeted in the town. The English encamped outside it.

The Sicilian winter may be a curse at sea. On land, it is heaven. So, at least, it seemed to the soldiers, who exchanged the foul air of the steerage for the scented breezes and balmy air of the island. They decided to winter where they were.



At the close of the ceremony, Isaac's daughter that courtesy that was as characteristic



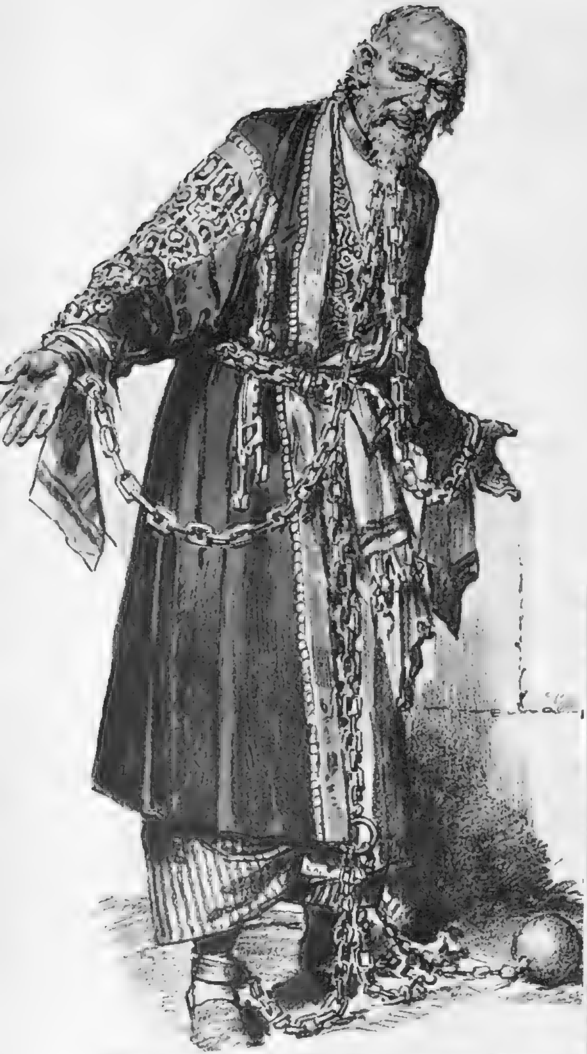
cast herself at the King's feet. "Lord King," she cried, "have mercy on me!" With of his chivalry as his valour, Richard helped her to rise. His eyes rested on her beauty

These men, French and English, were brothers in arms, led by kings of the same race. They were fellow-Christians, sworn to fight only the foes of the Cross. They made a pact of friendship and peace. But they were soldiers and they had nothing to do. And they were French and English: age-long foes since the Conquest.

Fighting was the order of the day. Rivalry, quarrels, and bloodshed were commonplaces. The Sicilians, traditionally jealous (and tradition is truth), unable to defend their women from a licentious soldiery, enacted in tragic earnest the finale of "Cavalleria Rusticana" more often than even they dared admit.

It was in Sicily that Richard was faced with the task of breaking his engagement to the sister of his co-commander. For a King to break his betrothal vow is never easy. Richard could achieve his end by only one means—the proof to Philip that Alice had been the mistress of his own father, Henry II., and the mother of Richard's own natural sister. . . .

Philip, cold, crafty, unforgiving but diplomatic, withdrew his objection to the breaking of the engagement, and sent his formal felicitations when the announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Richard and Berengaria was made.



Isaac was captured from his mountain stronghold, cast into gaol and loaded with chains

On March 30, 1191—to the relief of the Sicilians—the French army sailed for Palestine, and Princess Berengaria arrived at Reggio to meet Richard.

The Lion Heart was as gallant a lover as he was a soldier. He selected for her reception a well-found boat, equipped it with every comfort and luxury of ornament, appointed the skilled Stephen de Turnham as captain, and entrusted to his care Berengaria and his own sister, Joanna, who should replace Eleanor as guardian of his future Queen.

The English fleet deployed over the sea, two hundred sail strong. The sails were brilliant with colour and device. Scarlet crusading crosses flamed on the canvas; heraldic banners were emblazoned on poop and mizzen.

Richard, observing strict etiquette, sailed in a different ship, the *Trenc-the-mere.* At its mast-head swung a great lantern, the oriflamme, the rallying point for the fleet.

But the sea did not favour Britannic Majesty. The outline of Sicily, the profile of Etna were still faintly visible astern when the horizon for'ard turned lowering and menacing. The sea rose in an oily, foam-crested, swell. The manning of the sails grew more difficult. Only the bark of commands, whose execution grew ever more strenuous, broke the dismal silence. The English songs were silent.

The sky from north to south, from east to west, turned a leaden grey. Sail was shortened, but the very masts, the very ropes seemed to catch the wind. The stark wood and curling hemp threatened to snap beneath the fury of the gale. Rain came in blinding, slanting sheets, to shorten vision and increase the already insuperable difficulties of navigation.

Gone was the pre-ordained order of sail. Some ships, their canvas still obstinately set, sped away out of range. Others drew perilously near together. The threat of collision recurred over and over again. Masts went by the board; the proud sails trailed their glittering devices in the merciless sea; ropes, snaky-wet with brine, wriggled like constricting serpents over the decks, tangling the sweating sailors in their coils; soaking canvas billowed unwieldily from smashed spars and ravelled yards.

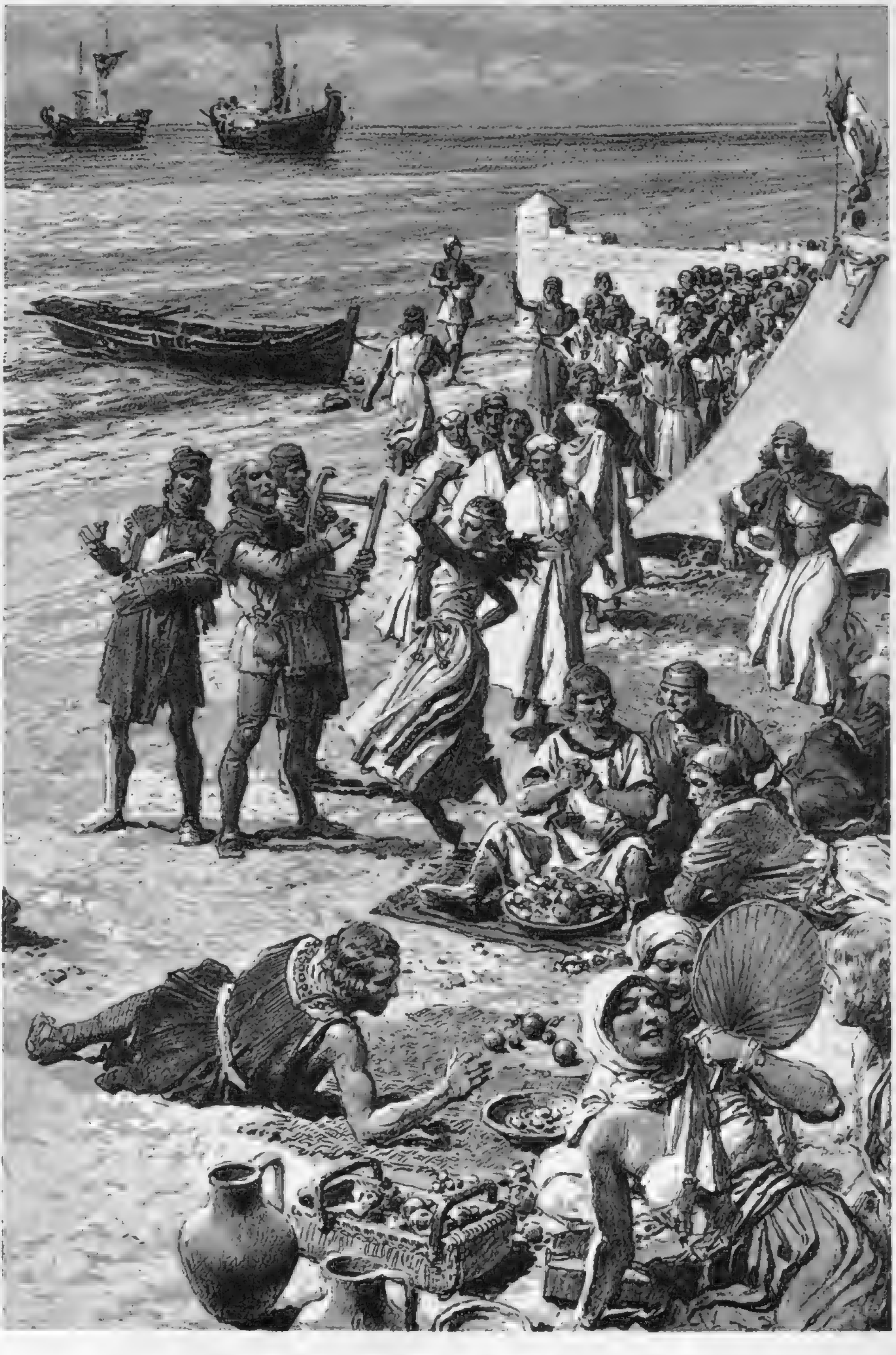
The swift southern night fell, fell like a plummet, bringing blind oblivion to dim obscurity. This, then, was the Crusade to fight unseeing not against the Saracen but the elements; bereft even of the comfort of signalling to a friendly ship. . . .

The *Trenc-the-mere* strove in vain to keep in touch at least with de Turnham's boat. Richard escaped shipwreck by a hair's breadth—it is believed on the isle of Scarpanto—but ran into the island of Rhodes near-by.

Many vessels grounded at Cyprus, to have their timber backs broken by the surging sea. The litter of Aegean Islands each had its group of stranded survivors.

Richard was at his wits' end. His fleet was dismembered. His bride was lost. He was fighting a foe against which his battle-axe could avail him nothing.

But, when the storm abated, he learned that the natives of Cyprus had imprisoned the crews of two transports.



Not war but revelry was the order of the day. The flaxen English looked like gods to the dusky beauties of Cyprus, and were accorded a divine reception

This was good news to Richard: he could not fight the elements, but humans would—aye, and should—feel the weight of his arm. He had need of whipping boys at this moment.

He stood in the prow of his ship, seeing the line of Cyprus draw near with sickening slowness. The sea was still running heavy, but suddenly Richard raised a shout of triumph. A galley he recognised as de Turnham's, rode dizzily outside the harbour, seemingly afraid either to enter or put out to the open sea.

As the lion voice of the Lion Heart rolled over the sundering sea, his eye caught his betrothed waving to him from the deck.

But Richard's joy was short-lived. He learned that two transports and the Chancellor's ship were in the act of being plundered by the Cypriots; that the personnel had been taken prisoner. That Berengaria's galley, that had sought shelter in the harbour, had been forced to put out to sea because the "Emperor" of Cyprus—a Greek usurper—had peremptorily ordered the Navarrene princess ashore.

The information was unwelcome, but it tuned with Richard's mood. All his impatience, all his belligerence returned. He ordered away the boats, laden to the gunwales with picked troops. He stood upright in the leading ship and uttered the cry that was ever the inspiration of his forces: "Follow me!"

The oarsmen bent their sweating backs rhythmically to the blades. Richard knotted about his wrist the strap that secured his favourite weapon: not the sword, which broke beneath the stress of the blows he dealt, but the axe.

Isaac, the degenerate Greek, who styled himself "Emperor" of a few square miles of ground, sighted the arrival of the British galleys. He drew up his half-naked soldiers in battle array and waited. This should be an easy victory.

Richard landed. He requested politely that the Cypriots should cease their plundering of his ships. Isaac, still underrating the quality of his foe from their numbers, replied: "Whatever goods the sea throws on my island, I shall take, asking leave of none."

The mediæval oath with which Richard received the insolence comes ringing down the centuries to us to-day: "They shall be bought full dear, by Jesus, Heaven's King!"

At the word, the English charged. Like race-horses at riband-fall, they swept across the field. Their speed alone was paralleled by the Cypriots, who charged also—but in the same direction! The flight was headlong. The Levantines vanished inside the gates of the town.

But Cypriot walls were no defence against the reckless valour of the English, and the precipitous assault of the King. The town capitulated forthwith, the "mighty" Emperor made act of submission, and Berengaria's galley sailed triumphantly into the harbour of Limoussa, to be welcomed by Richard, the Conqueror.

The chronicler observes drily at this point: "There was joy and love enow."

ENGLISH King and Cypriot Emperor met on a plain near Limoussa. They looked like David and Goliath, but this time Goliath was victor. The superb figure of the Angevin, tall, flaxen-haired, broad-shouldered, handsome, dwarfed to insignificance the Greek, degenerate like all his race from the mould of the gods when Hellas ruled the world.

But even a decadent Greek has Greek subtlety. Isaac accepted the English terms: an indemnity in money, the immediate departure of Isaac and a thousand of his best soldiers on crusade, the surrender of his daughter as a hostage.

But that night, before he had fulfilled one condition, the Greek slipped away from his English guards and took refuge in a mountain monastery.

Richard knew that to treat with a traitor to his word were futile. He realised that only force would achieve his end. He sailed round the island and captured all the Cypriot ships. He stormed the capital, which yielded without a blow. He took prisoner all who came his way—among them the promised hostage, Isaac's daughter.

Then was the time of preparation for a double ceremony: Richard's marriage and Richard's coronation. Both rites were held in Limoussa. A contemporary describes the scene:

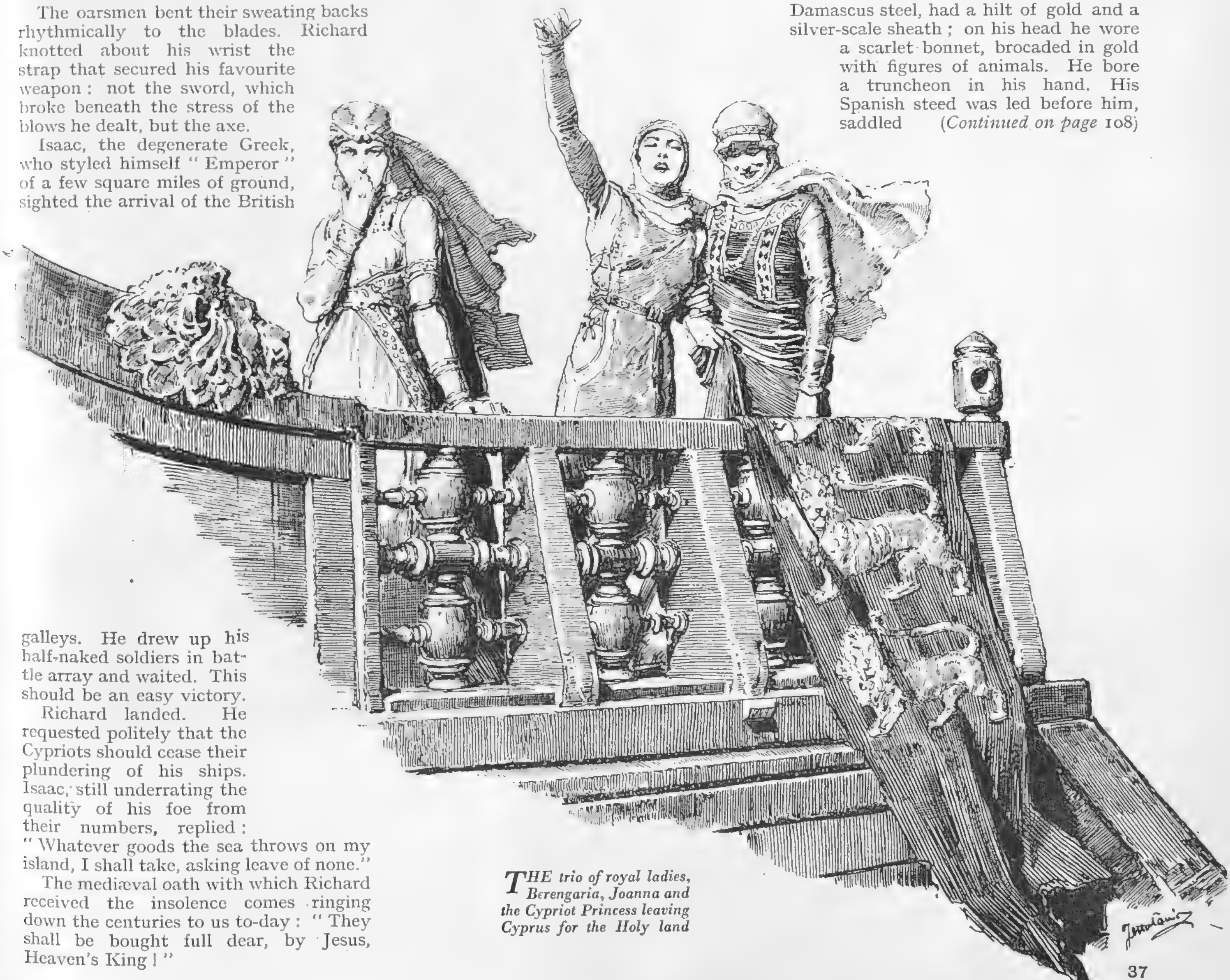
"And there, in the joyous month of May, 1191, in the flourishing and spacious isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, did King Richard solemnly take to wife his beloved lady, Berengaria.

"By the consent of the Cypriots, wearied of Isaac's tyranny, and by the advice of the allied Crusaders who came to assist at his nuptials, Richard was crowned King of Cyprus, and his bride Queen of England and Cyprus."

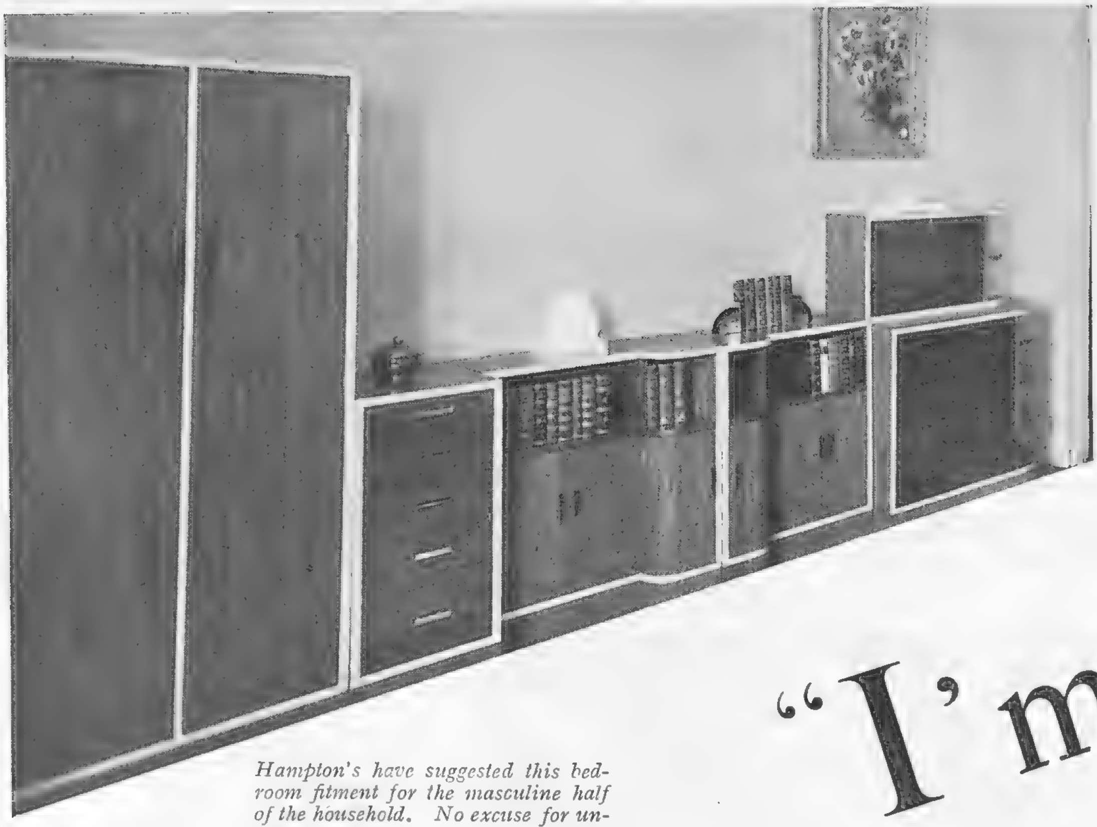
An eye-witness describes Richard in all his splendour at the scene:—

"A satin tunic of rose-colour was belted round his waist; his mantle was of striped silver tissue, brocaded with silver half-moons; his sword, of fine Damascus steel, had a hilt of gold and a silver-scale sheath; on his head he wore a scarlet bonnet, brocaded in gold with figures of animals. He bore a truncheon in his hand. His Spanish steed was led before him, saddled

(*Continued on page 108*)



THE trio of royal ladies, Berengaria, Joanna and the Cypriot Princess leaving Cyprus for the Holy land



Hampton's have suggested this bedroom fitment for the masculine half of the household. No excuse for untidiness now. There's everything from a wardrobe to a cellarette, and the wood is walnut and sycamore

Flats,

Winifred

“I'm on

YOU'D think moving would be easy for a furnishing expert.

You'd think she'd know exactly what was what and where to get it. But you've guessed wrong.

This is my “ busman's holiday.” I'm knee-deep in fabrics, waist-high in wallpapers and hopelessly undecided about everything. I'm on the move.

“ How simple for you. How enjoyable. Now you can practise all you've preached.” Thus my helpful friends.

That's all they know about it.

Imagine you know where all the nicest furniture in London town is to be found; all the most appealing fabrics, the most skilled of decorators. Picture yourself literally surrounded with helpful information and cursed with a taste for the best of everything, and a hundred reasons for suppressing it.

It makes moving sound simple, doesn't it? But, believe me, the wider the selection the harder the choice.

All the same, I like it. I enjoy putting the brake on my ambitious tastes. There's a lot of fun in setting out to achieve the highest effect at the lowest cost. Now see what I've done.

I've found a flat. That wasn't easy, either. It had to be small, but large enough for comfort. It had to be sufficiently well planned for easy maintenance, but not in the luxury class. It had to be a flat that I could redecorate to suit my own tastes and my own furniture, both old and new.

It turned up at last, and you can see for yourself if it fills the bill.

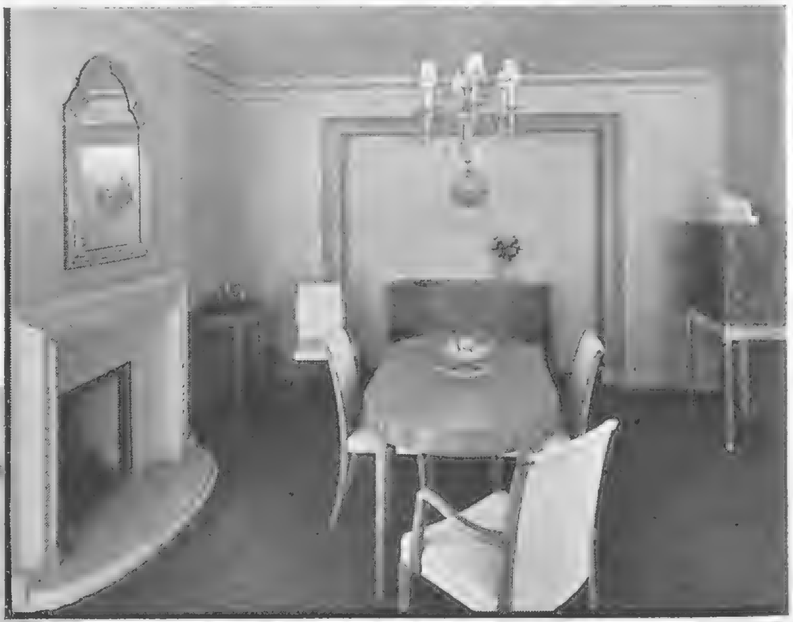
You enter the front door into a square hall, small but fortunately lofty. This makes it possible to go a little further in the choice of decoration.

The wall is stone until you look a little closer—then it's merely wallpaper, but that's no disadvantage. The lofty ceiling is painted a delicate green and tones with the inside of the front door, which is a much brighter shade of the same colour.

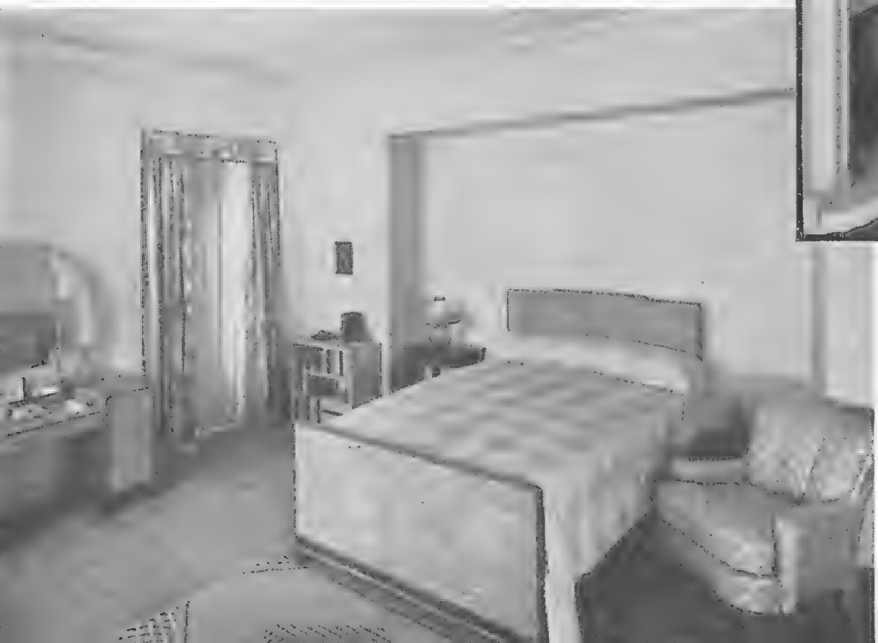
The floor-covering is black with a margin of stone colour, and the recess is lighted from above.

Now enter the sitting-room.

This is a lofty room, too, but not specially large. Panelling was the



The dining-room walls are old parchment colour and the furniture unstained mahogany. White washable hide covers the chairs, and the carpet is my favourite tomato red. Waring & Gillow



Left:

Sycamore and walnut bedroom furniture takes on a warm tint against walls of blush-stone colouring. The hand-tufted bedspread is in three tones of peach, and the curtains are artificial silk with a fawn, brown and apricot design on a cream ground. Lampshades are amber and the carpet fawn. Waring & Gillow

Furniture, Decorations

Lewis says...

the "Move"

You enter the front door to a hall that's even smaller than it looks here. The walls are stone colour, the door bright green and the floor-covering black

The sitting-room is warm and restful, and the walnut furniture is Georgian in character. "Pine" panelled walls are cleverly imitated in paint. The curtains are old rose brocade and the carpet a rich light brown. Waring and Gillow

only right and proper background for my Georgian walnut, so panelling it had to be. But not *real* panelling.

This remarkable imitation is achieved with paint. The cost naturally varies with the size of the room, but you can take it from me it's a lot cheaper than the real thing, and it would take an expert to detect the fraud.

The atmosphere of my sitting-room is mellow. The panelling is light, and the rich rose colour of the curtains is repeated in the covering of the chairs.

From the sitting-room you enter the small dining-room through a curtained arch which stretches across one side of the room. The two rooms can be thrown into one when necessary without sacrificing comfort and compactness at other times.

The decoration of the dining-room is modern, but simple enough to "live" with the sitting-room beyond.

The wallpaper is the colour of old parchment, and the new furniture is of unstained walnut. The comfortable dining chairs are covered in white hide. Very luxurious in effect, but quite serviceable. They wash!

The plain fitted carpet is my favourite tomato red. So, you see, the colour scheme is entirely different from that of the sitting-room, but carefully related so that the transition is soft.

The main bedroom is simple. Colouring is everything in this room.

The walls are blush-stone (this colour is exactly what it sounds—stone colour with a pink tint). The unstained walnut furniture is banded with sycamore. There is a light fawn carpet and a bedspread in three tones of peach. The silk curtains have a design of apricot brown and green on a fawn ground, and they hang against screening curtains of flesh-tinted ninon.

Now take a look at the fitment which is built into the bedroom of the masculine half of the family.

The idea is to teach him orderliness (he hasn't found this out yet) also to get an incredible number of masculine possessions into a very small space. I think we've done it and, above all, he approves.

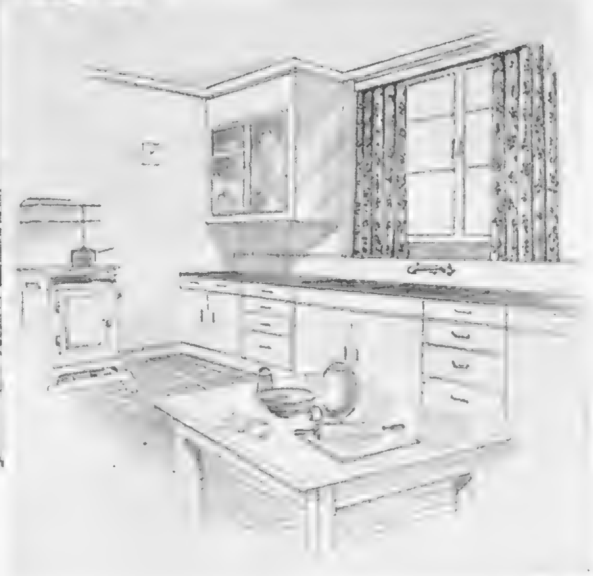
The tiny spare room was a bit of a problem, but it didn't get the better of us. We intend to store clothes there as well as an occasional guest. The picture shows you how we're doing it.

Kitchen and bathroom are small, but adequate. The bath is built into a recess. There is a shower behind a glass door and behind another door a hot cupboard. The walls are water green and the curtains strawberry pink.

You couldn't cook a Lord Mayor's banquet in the kitchen. We shan't try, but we shall eat breakfast in it sometimes.

The spare room is almost too small to furnish, but this built-in fitment is another suggestion of Hampton's. Note the under-bed drawers and the useful cupboards

For Each A



A model kitchen requires colourful and practical curtains. The Rosebank fabric shown on the left above is ideal. It is reversible, has a cream ground with design in shaded pink, yellow and blue and costs 2/11 a yard

FOR a long time furnishing materials lagged behind dress fabrics in colour and variety. But this is not so now.

Colours, textures and designs are as plentiful and as varied now as one could wish and prices reduced so that we can all enjoy rich colourings and distinguished designs in the decoration of our homes.

Artificial silk is partly responsible for the change. Glamorous satins, delicate ninons do service at our windows now and give all the satisfaction of costly fabrics at a very reasonable price. Artificial silks, of course, though elegant and rich to the eye, are actually very serviceable in wear.

Of figured fabrics for interior decoration there is practically no end. Whatever style of decoration you favour there are fabrics to suit.

In period schemes they are specially important as a means of building up atmosphere.

Some of the delightful designs that have been inspired by the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House are proof of this.

Glazed chintzes have been extremely popular for some time past, the most interesting thing about them, apart from their appealing daintiness, being that they adapt themselves equally well in the modern setting as in the Period room.

With modern furniture and the rather austere backgrounds that go with it, these delicate flower chintzes have a softening effect and a crisp character which is well in tune with the modern feeling.

At the same time they are equally well suited to the scheme of oak beams and heavy furniture. The Rosebank chintz illustrated on the right of this column is typical of the designs which will adapt themselves in this manner.

A pale yellow background is, in this case, lightly relieved with white dots. Flower sprays in shaded pink, blue and green form the main design. This particular chintz is made in several combinations of colour and is an extremely popular one for curtains in the smaller bedrooms or for the draping of a dressing-table.

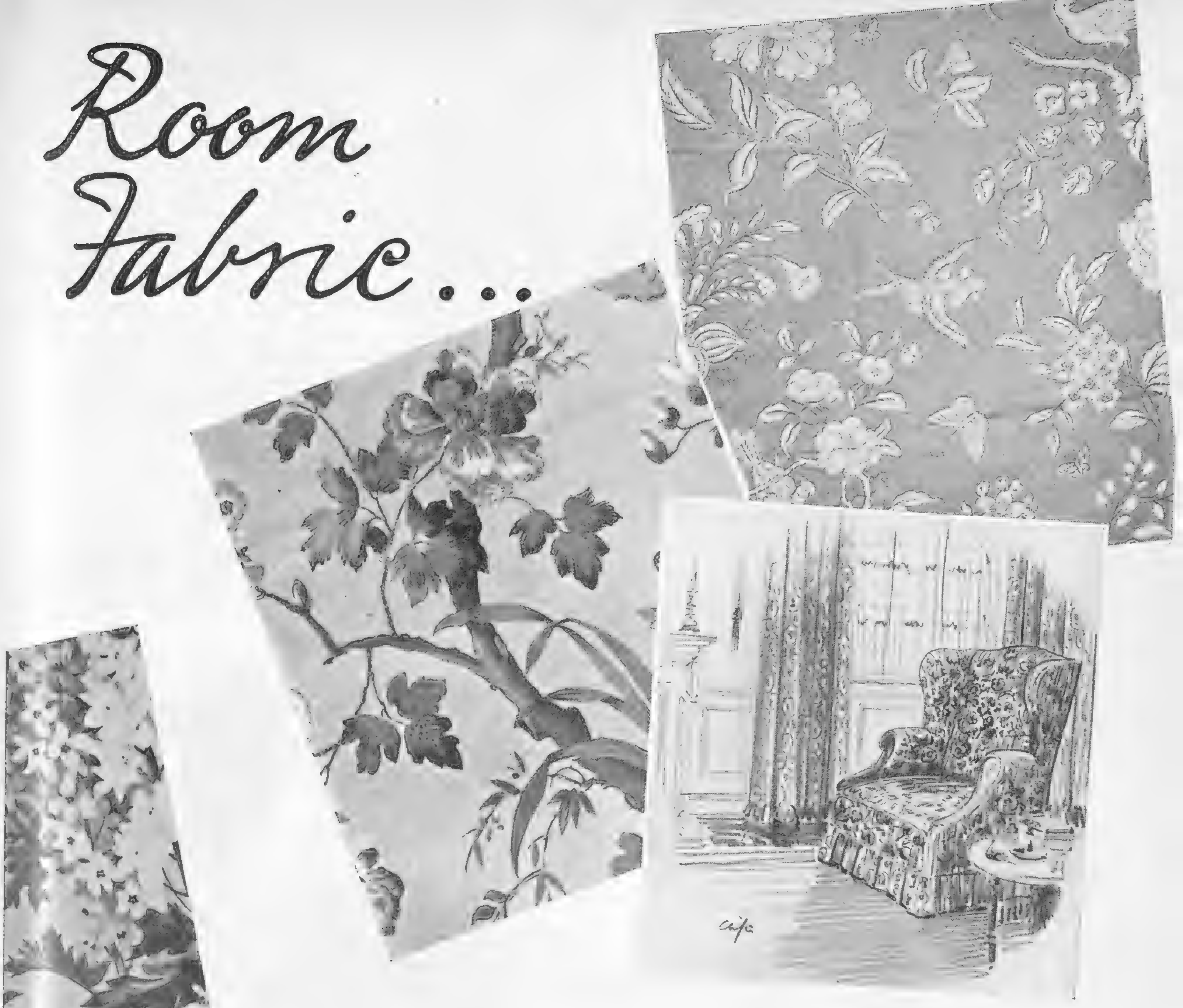
To obtain the best effect from fabrics they should be chosen in careful relation to the size of the furniture with which they are to be used and the proportions of the room concerned.

The sprawling Jacobean designs which appear on many linens need carefully using in the small interior.

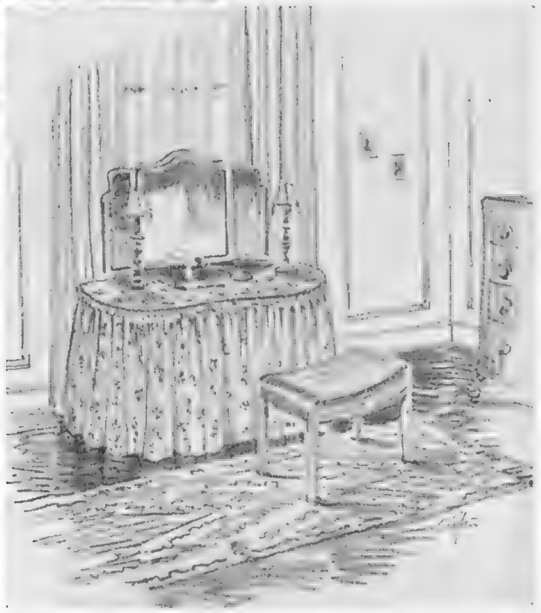
A large settee, for instance, covered in such a bold design

Below on the right is a draped dressing-table and with it some fabrics for making it lovely. A pale yellow glazed chintz with white pin-spots and a design of shaded pink and green. This is 2/9 a yard. The delphinium cretonne is in shades of blue and green on a fawn ground and costs 2/11 a yard. Rosebank fabrics

Room Fabric . . .



The easy chair is covered in a delightful Rosebank printed linen. The Chinese influence is noticeable in this design with its colouring of flame, green and blue on a soft fawn ground. A close-up of the design is on the left above. The price is 3/9 a yard. Beside it is another printed linen with a cream design on a celadon green ground. Price 3/11



will so dominate the room that every other detail of decoration will fall into obscurity. Tiny little patterns are equally out of place for covering a large piece of furniture. A fairly quiet pattern of receding colour is the most effective and gives other things in the room a chance to show off.

Much the same applies to windows. Sprawling patterns at small windows will completely upset the harmony of a scheme. The bolder designs should be reserved exclusively for curtaining the more stately windows which few modern houses possess. Plain fabrics, self patterns and modest designs are the most suitable for the average-size window of the modern house or flat.

Artificial silk damasks deserve a mention among the best modern fabrics. These reproduce the fine colouring and traditional designs of the originals to perfection. Fadeless woven fabrics of all kinds are available for upholstery and the heavier services, and can scarcely be improved upon for sound wear at a reasonable cost.

The average prices of the woven fabrics is 3s. 11d. to 4s. 11d. a yard, though some of them advance to eight and nine shillings.

Reversible casements are among the most hard-wearing materials for kitchen and bathroom windows. There are many charmingly neat and colourful patterns ranging from about 1s. 11d. a yard. For kitchen and bathroom use they are more serviceable than gingham and less expensive than the admittedly attractive oilsilk. May we advise you about fabrics for your spring renovations? Send us a description of your needs and your tastes with a stamp for reply and we shall be pleased to assist you in the selection of charming fabrics at a suitable price.

Address queries to the Editor, Woman's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The King

Not to mention Nudists and

By

Hilton Brown

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

THIS begins with a flying visit which Murray MacMurray, retired large-scale linoleum manufacturer of Coatbridge, paid to the fashionable Breton *plage* of Ste. Lumière and his meeting there with Mrs.—or Madame—Fallada, a flying visitor herself. MacMurray, a six-footer, was attracted to small women, and Mrs.—or Madame—Fallada, widow and petite, engrossed him from the first moment he saw her.

They sat together on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar, and MacMurray blew cigar-smoke into her face. In her home people did not blow cigar-smoke at Mrs. Fallada; perversely, after the manner of spoilt women, she liked it.

"From your name," said MacMurray, "I thought you'd be French."

She smiled. "I'm British all right. I'm an Islander."

MacMurray wondered—what Island? But he said with heavy humour, "And I'm a Highlander. So we ought to get on."

They got on. The day came when MacMurray, intrigued and pursuing the lure of that mysterious Island, said:

"Some of them call you 'Mrs.' and some of them call you 'Madame.' Which is right?"

Her eyes—grey eyes—assumed the Sibylline, faraway look that excited him.

"Oh, 'Mrs.' Let's be English at all costs. At home I'm 'Madame,' because there I'm La 'Prieuresse.'"

"But—isn't that religious?"

"No, no—it's just a name."

"And where's 'home'?"

"Crecq—my Island."

"So you own an island?" said MacMurray. "I had an island once. A bit of a place called Egar—off Mull. I sold it—at a profit," he added hastily.

She smiled. "I couldn't sell mine. I wouldn't if I could."

Beyond a point MacMurray disliked mysteries. Plunging, he asked bluntly, "And where is it?"

"Crecq? It's about seventy miles out there." She pointed with a charming hand north-east up-channel.

"I never heard of it. Is it inhabited?"

"Gracious, yes! There are two thousand people. They're called 'Crecquins.' *Not* 'Cretins'—though they *are* a simple lot, poor dears."

"French?"

"No, British. They speak English. But we've a lot of French customs."

"Gosh! And it's all yours?"

"Well, not exactly. My husband was Prieur de Crecq. I'm Prieuresse. My family were Crecquin—de Mellons."

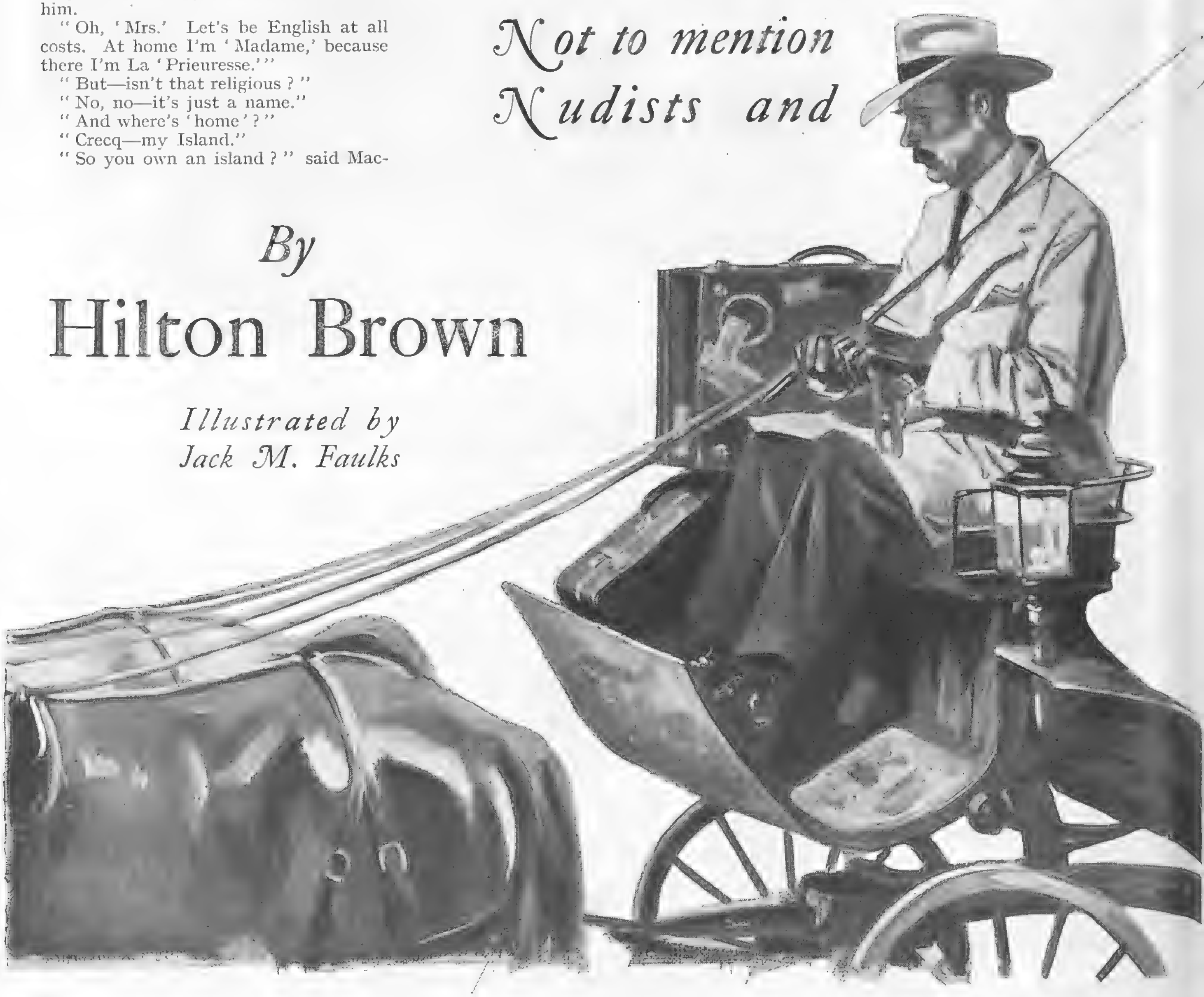
"But—but—" said MacMurray, groping, "you're sort of Queen of this Island?"

"Yes—sort of."

"I mean—you rule it? You can make laws?"

"There's a Parliament. But, of course, it's me, really. Yes, I rule it—in that sense. I owe allegiance to the King of England—or that's the understanding. *If* there was still a King of France, it might be his. *If* there was still a Duke of Brittany, it might be his. As it is, we're—nominally—British."

MacMurray's imagination was captivated; Egar, populated mainly by sheep and rabbits, seemed very small beer after Crecq; even Big Business, as envisaged on the Glasgow Exchange, paled a little. But Crecq itself paled beside the captivation of this Christine Fallada—a



little woman, yet conveying queenliness, a quiet woman, yet conveying authority. MacMurray himself could achieve these effects, but only by pulling himself up to the full of his six-foot-two and roaring in the diapason of his bull voice. He admired the effortless importance of Christine unspeakably.

He admired her so much that he extended his stay at Ste. Lumière, and on the last day thereof he proposed to her. His offer was in the best style of Big Business.

"I'm a pretty well-to-do man. I get most things I want. Now I want—you.

He got her. He got her for better or for worse, under the joint offices of the Maire of Ste. Lumière, two clergymen and a queer dug-out Crecquin called the Cailleur. The Cailleur stood up in church in a red three-cornered hat and the most extraordinary trousers and bawled, "Ah-ho! Ah-ho! La Prieuresse will wed. La Prieuresse will wed. Qui fait son droit?" And as nobody made his right—apparently that of objecting—the good offices of the other functionaries transformed Murray MacMurray, Glasgow magnate, into the Prieur de Crecq.

RATHER late in the day—to be precise, in the last week of an ecstatic honeymoon—MacMurray went into the details of this Crecq. A snuffy little Crecquin, called Biche by name and Avocat by office, turned up from nowhere at the Hotel Crillon and was presented to MacMurray by his Christine.

"M. le Prieur—M. l'Avocat."

The snuffy little man bowed; MacMurray shook hands warmly.

"It was good of you to come all this way."

"It was necessary, M. le Prieur. I must know when you will call a meeting of the States."

"Eh?" said MacMurray, who was then contemplating a flight to Glasgow, "What States?"

"The States of Crecq," explained Christine over his shoulder. "That's your Parliament."

"*My* Parliament?" MacMurray exclaimed turning to the Avocat. "But I can't do that. That's my wife's job."

Biche shook his head. "Oh, no, sir—oh, no. Now there is a Prieur, La Prieuresse can do nothing. It is the law."

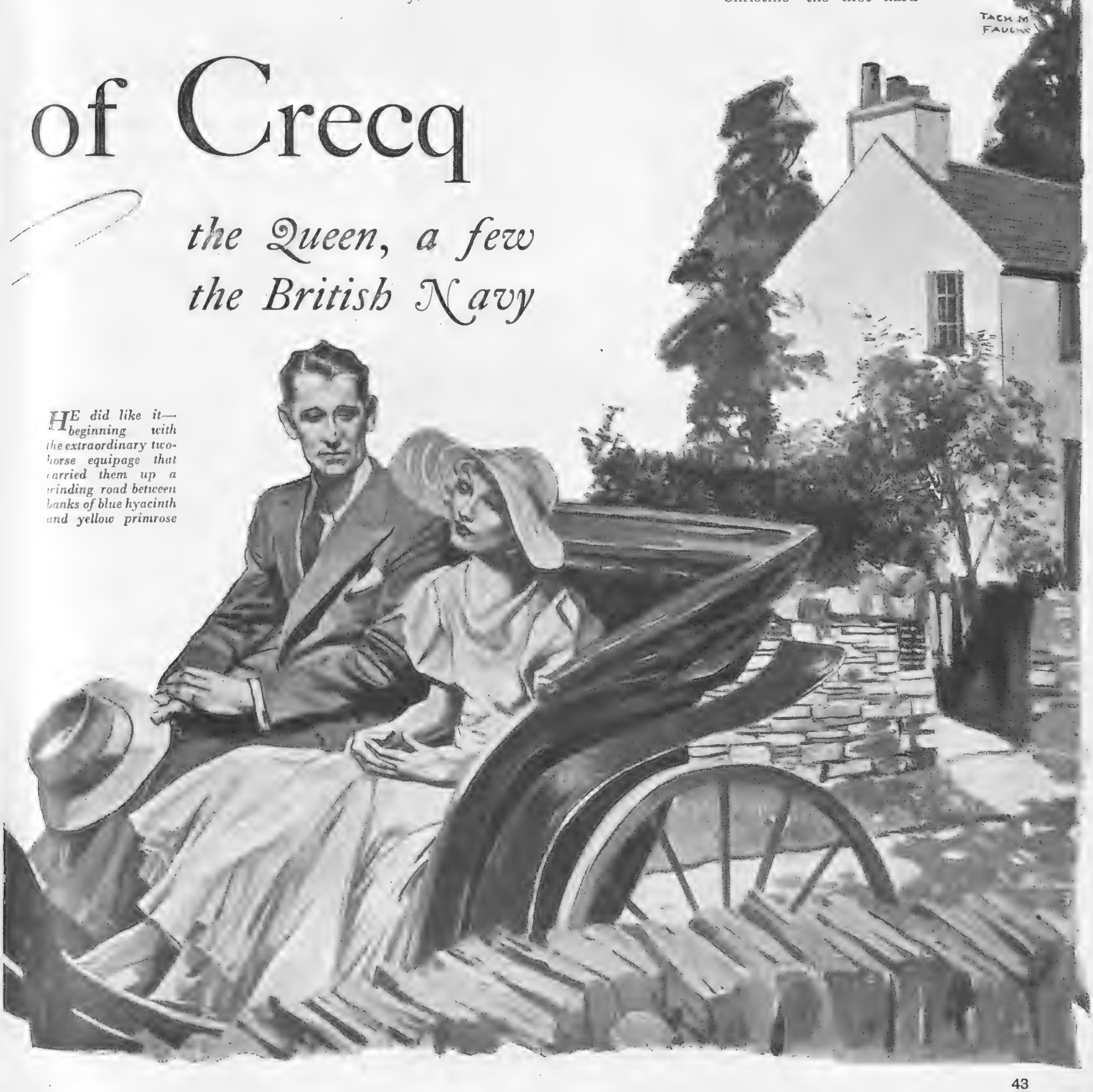
"Law? What law?"

"The law of Crecq."

MacMurray gave his Christine the first hard

# of Crecq

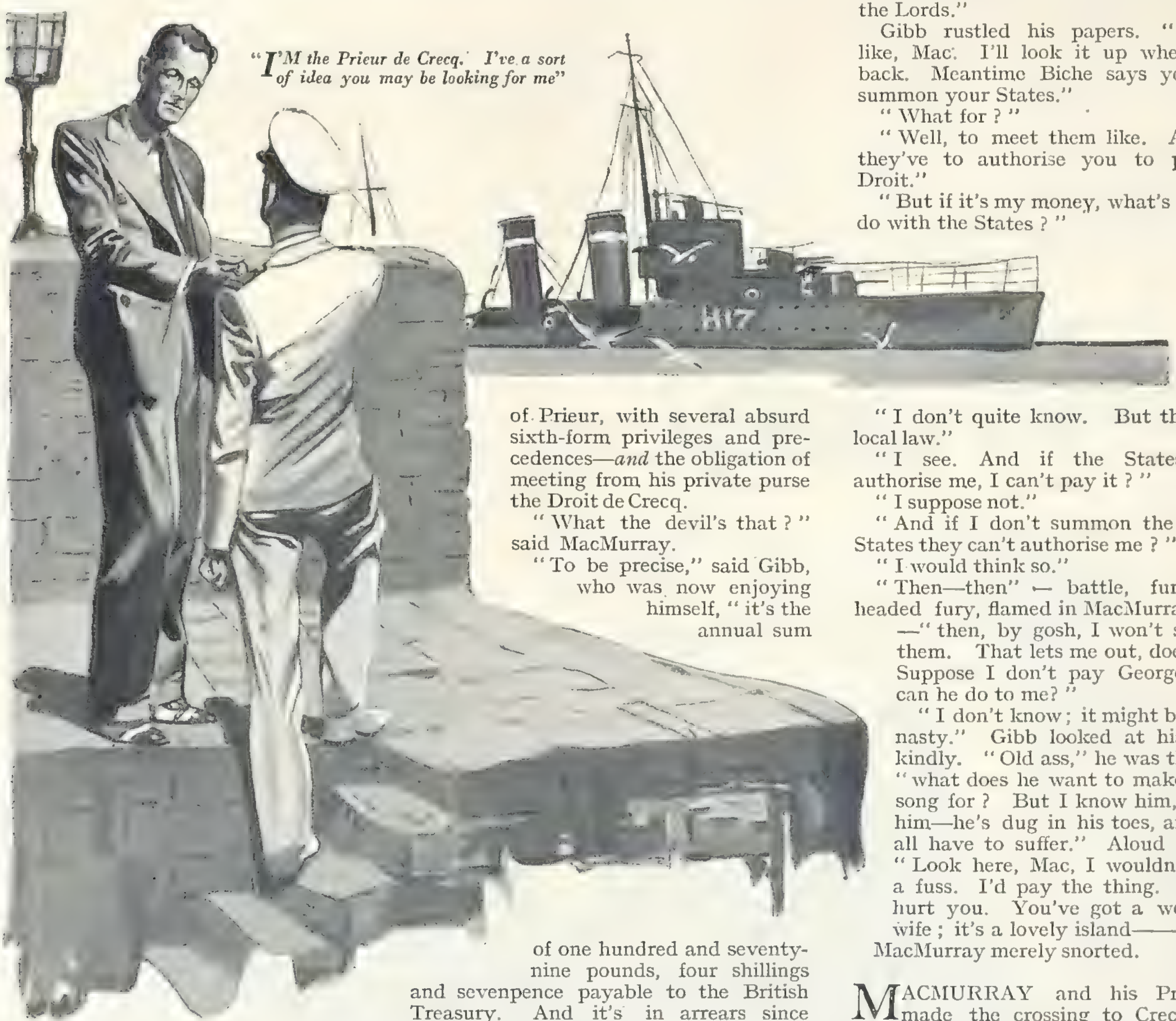
the Queen, a few
the British Navy



HE did like it—beginning with the extraordinary two-horse equipage that carried them up a winding road between banks of blue hyacinth and yellow primrose look of their acquaintance. " You never told me about this."

" Didn't I, darling ? I thought I did. It's all rather muddling—I'm not very clear about it myself."

That, thought MacMurray, is a taradiddle ; and apparently Biche agreed, for, looking snuffier than ever, he said uncompromisingly :



"I'M the Prieur de Crecq. I've a sort of idea you may be looking for me"

" It is perfectly clear. The office of Prieur vests in the family of Fallada. Now there is no Fallada. While she was a widow, Madame was La Prieuresse. But if and when she remarries, her consort becomes Le Prieur. Their children"—Christine looked down modestly—" succeed."

MacMurray liked the sound of that " consort," but he didn't like Biche, and he didn't altogether like the prospect. Living—at intervals—on a beautiful island with Christine was one thing; assuming the responsibilities of rulership was another. And he thought Christine should have told him. He said rather crossly :

" Well, we'll be in Crecq next week ; I'll see to it all then." But when the Avocat was gone he wired to Glasgow for his solicitor, and when Gibb arrived —much out of temper—he said :

" Get down to this, Gibbie. I've bitten off more than I bargained for."

Gibb said sourly that it was not the first time ; but at the end of three days he produced an astonishingly clear little précis on Crecq, its Prieur and his position. The odd title dated, it seemed, from the time—tenth century or before—when Crecq had been a purely monastic foundation, but it retained, of course, no religious significance to-day. On the other hand, so far as kingship went, Biche was in the right : MacMurray was now king—and Christine was nobody. MacMurray was entitled to the office of Prieur, with several absurd sixth-form privileges and precedences—*and* the obligation of meeting from his private purse the Droit de Crecq.

" What the devil's that ? " said MacMurray.

" To be precise," said Gibb, who was now enjoying himself, " it's the annual sum of one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, four shillings and sevenpence payable to the British Treasury. And it's in arrears since Fallada died the year before last. " You'll have to pay up three years' dues."

" And that makes—never mind the odd pennies ? "

" Roughly five hundred and thirty-seven pounds twelve. The demand's here—I got it from Biche."

Perhaps it was the last straw, perhaps the spark to a growing charge of resentment ; at all events MacMurray flamed into fury. He had the nasty feeling that he had been done, and the nasty feeling that Christine should have told him ; the consciousness that both were unjust made them no more reasonable. He said with a red face :

" Why the hell ! Do I get any revenue ? "

" None. You're entitled to first-fruits of vine, corn——"

" Damn first-fruits ! Why should I pay this absurd thing ? "

" Well—*noblesse oblige*."

" Damn *noblesse oblige* ! I won't pay it. Look here, Gibbie, I don't believe this demand's legal. Is it now ? "

The solicitor raised his eyebrows. "Mac's going off the deep end," he thought. "Why ? The money's nothing to him. But it's the old story—obstinate devil, cut off his nose to spite his face to-morrow. I remember——" Aloud, he said :

" I could hardly say offhand. Quite possibly it isn't. It's what the guide-books call a picturesque anachronism."

MacMurray swore. " Picturesque fiddlesticks ! It's a picturesque swindle. I don't pay unless under compulsion. Understand that, Gibb. I'll fight it if I go to the Lords."

Gibb rustled his papers. " As you like, Mac. I'll look it up when I get back. Meantime Biche says you've to summon your States."

" What for ? "

" Well, to meet them like. And also they've to authorise you to pay this Droit."

" But if it's my money, what's it got to do with the States ? "

" I don't quite know. But that's the local law."

" I see. And if the States don't authorise me, I can't pay it ? "

" I suppose not."

" And if I don't summon the blasted States they can't authorise me ? "

" I would think so."

" Then—then" — battle, fury, pig-headed fury, flamed in MacMurray's face —" then, by gosh, I won't summon them. That lets me out, doesn't it ? Suppose I don't pay George—what can he do to me? "

" I don't know ; it might be pretty nasty." Gibb looked at his friend kindly. " Old ass," he was thinking, " what does he want to make such a song for ? But I know him, I know him—he's dug in his toes, and we'll all have to suffer." Aloud he said, " Look here, Mac, I wouldn't make a fuss. I'd pay the thing. It can't hurt you. You've got a wonderful wife ; it's a lovely island——"

MacMurray merely snorted.

MACMURRAY and his Prieuresse made the crossing to Crecq three days later ; it was a night crossing in a very small boat peopled by Breton market-women whose whole-hearted *mal-de-mer* almost drowned the clatter of a worn-out engine. A dark, roughish night broke to a clear morning, and MacMurray was on deck early to see the cliffs of his island lift handsomely out of a tossing sea.

It was a splendid-looking island ; and that, MacMurray reflected, was just as well, since it seemed likely to develop into something dangerously resembling a prison. There were these States to contend with and the business of governing two thousand indigenous souls—to say nothing of trippers : not a thing to be taken lightly. And, moreover, Christine had been fearfully sea-sick in the night and had said (so far as she was capable of saying anything) : " You won't make me do this often, will you, darling ? "—and he had seen clearly that he couldn't. He was terribly in love with her, and there could be no question of rushing off and leaving her alone. So from all points of view Crecq seemed likely to constitute a pretty permanent demand on his time ; it would be as well, therefore, to like it.

He did like it—beginning with the extraordinary two-horse equipage ("equipage" was the only word for it) that carried them up a winding road between banks of blue hyacinth and yellow primrose to a house of dreams that stood in a tree-girt, flower-lit hollow. He liked the quaint little farms and the quaint people who touched their hats and mumbled respectfully in an incomprehensible patois. He liked the glimpses of sea beating on gigantic cliffs with a far-away steamer trailing smoke down Channel. And above all he liked Christine, becoming smaller and more queenly, quieter and more important with every yard of the drive. He thought of Gibb's words: "You've a wonderful wife; it's a lovely island." True, true; and perhaps one should leave it at that and pay up this silly Droit without further ado — perhaps; but perhaps not.

At the house of dreams Christine led him into a long, low room—a dream of a room—with mullioned windows and a great fireplace and portraits.

"Your study, darling. I hope you'll like it."

He kissed her. "You bet I'll like it." But on the words he had taken up a long blue envelope from the writing-table and, handling it, his face darkened. With a sudden movement he slit it and drew out a reminder from his Britannic Majesty's Exchequer that the sum of five hundred and thirty-seven pounds, thirteen shillings and ninepence was due as Droit de Crecq. The reminder was accompanied by a printed document couched in language which while not actually abusive was, to say the least of it, terse.... MacMurray's strong hands suddenly twisted the paper, rent it across and across and cast the fragments into the fire. Christine, watching, said lightly—too lightly:

"Was that the Droit, darling? I'm so sorry it hasn't been paid. But it meant calling the States, and somehow I never could. If I could get the Avocat I couldn't get the Marshal—you know how it always is. You can call them any day now."

He said gruffly, "Maybe."

"But you must, darling. It'll have to be paid, and the States——"

"'Must' be damned!"

"But, darling——"

MacMurray faced her. "Look here, Chris, I'm not going to call these States. Not yet awhile."

Christine hesitated, flushed a little and —let it go.

In the afternoon MacMurray went for a long walk round his island, which measured, he found, roughly four and a half miles by two; and the sheer beauty of the place in that open, cloud-swept weather restored him to complete good-humour. He chatted with several of his subjects and was relieved to find that they seemed to expect nothing of him beyond mere beautiful existence; they did not grumble or bristle or cadge. They spoke intelligible English when once one got used to their thick, guttural accent, and their allusion to everything as "she" reminded him pleasantly of the West Highland shepherds on Egar. But Egar was a miserable place compared to this, and a Scots laird a poor creature beside the Prieur de Crecq.

He returned home in a beatific mood —and found the snake in the garden in full possession.

For his Christine was in tears in the drawing-room, and when he rushed to her with enquiries she could only blush scarlet and hang her head.

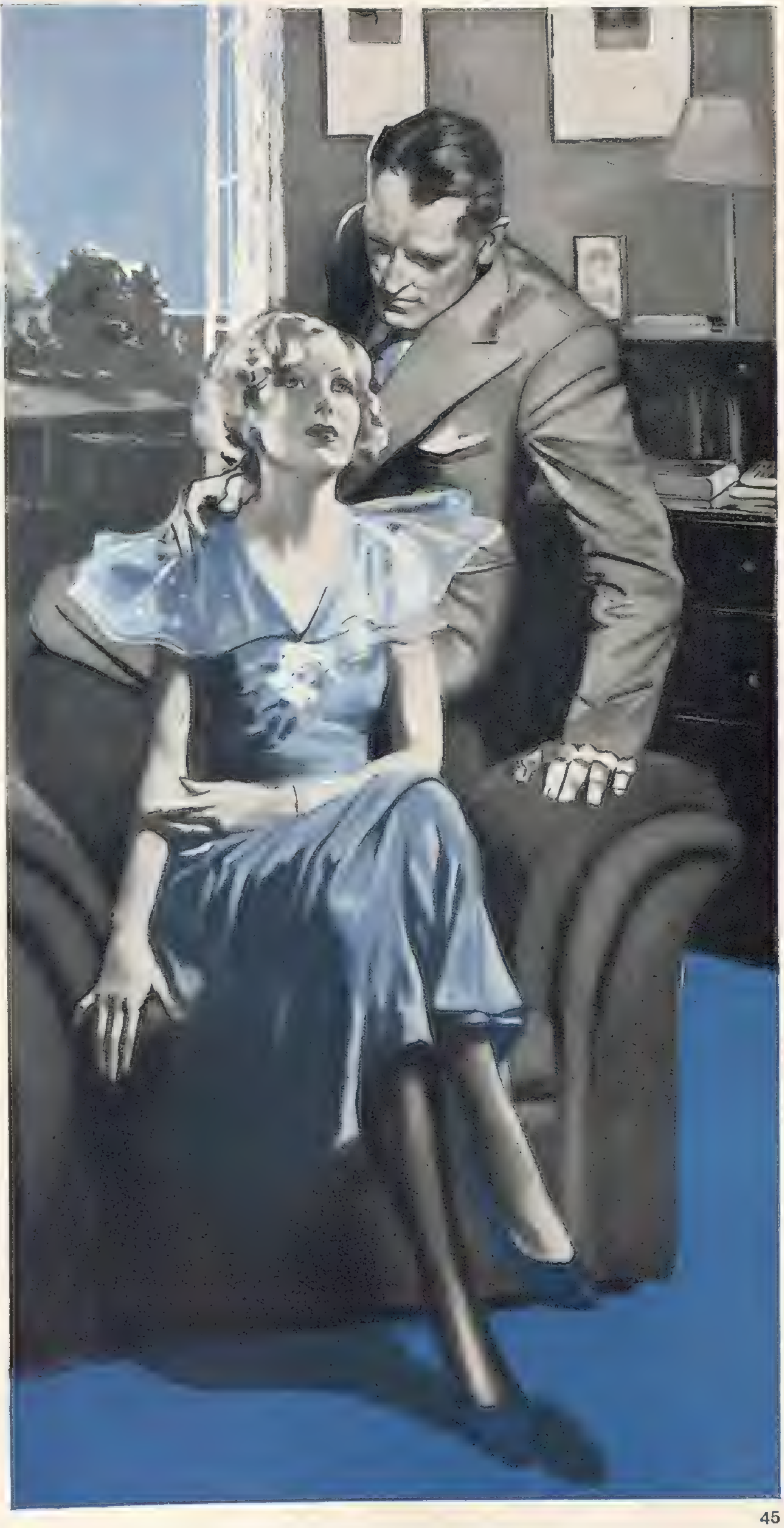
"I can hardly tell you. I—I don't like to tell you. I—I feel so d-disgraced."

"But what on earth? What *is* it?"

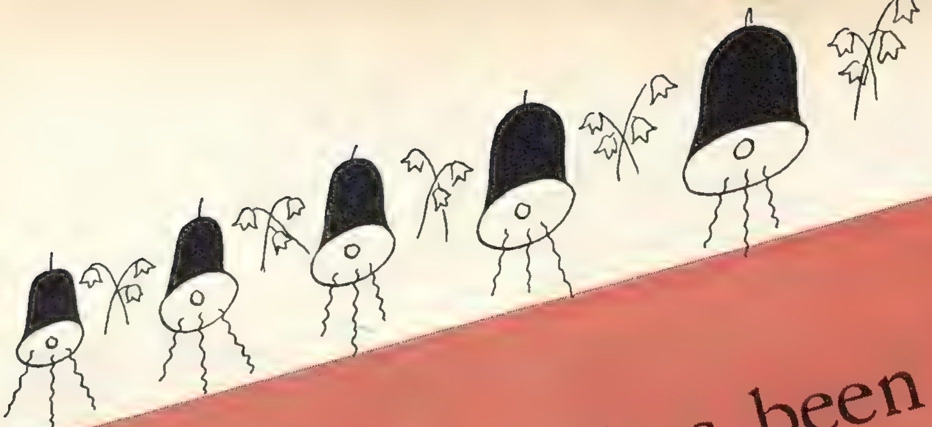
"N-nudists."

"*Nudists?*"

(*Continued on page* 86)



"NO, Murray, never again; I won't risk it. I'm old-fashioned, I'm silly, but no!"

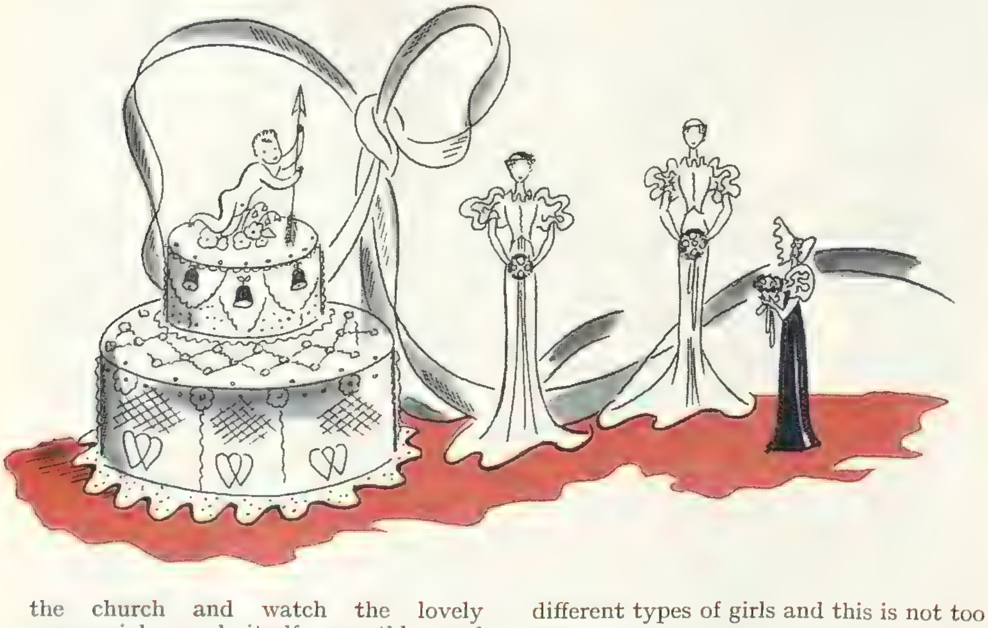


"A Wedding has been Arranged . . ."

AS you open your post one morning you come upon an envelope which contains a sheet of thick notepaper on which is printed in silver an invitation to a wedding.

You react to this according to your temperament and the state of your finances. If you are fond of the bride you are pleased for her sake; if you are young and irresponsible you think " Hurrah, it ought to be rather a good do," or if your pocket is suffering from chronic anæmia, you think " Help! *another* wedding present."

When the great day comes you sit in the church and watch the lovely ceremonial unrol itself smoothly and graciously before your eyes.



But like all ceremonies, a wedding has a practical side, and much thought and planning go to ensure its orderly course.

When the date has been fixed, the bride chooses her attendants and the groom his best man and the ushers for the church.

The chief bridesmaid will, of course, be either the greatest friend or a sister of the bride, but the bride will take care to include the groom's sister or sisters or, if he has none, a cousin of his among her train.

In the same way the groom will choose brothers or cousins of the bride among the ushers.

In America there is often a Matron of Honour who leads the bridesmaids and walks alone, and this custom is occasionally followed here. A Matron of Honour is only chosen if the bride's favourite friend or sister has married before her, for only the closest connection justifies such an attendant.

Next comes the question of the bridal gown and trousseau. The bridesmaids' dresses and the floral decorations for the church must be planned at the same time so as to make a perfect whole.

Choosing the bridesmaids' dresses is a tricky business, for they must suit several different types of girls and this is not too easy.

If the girls are very dissimilar in colouring and height it is a good plan to arrange the dresses in pairs of different colours, though the style must be alike for all and, of course, the different colours must make an attractive group.

Care, too, must be taken that the dresses show up and enhance the beauty of the bride, for, after all, she is the star of the occasion.

If there are child attendants their clothes, while youthful, must in some way be linked with the clothes worn by the grown-ups.

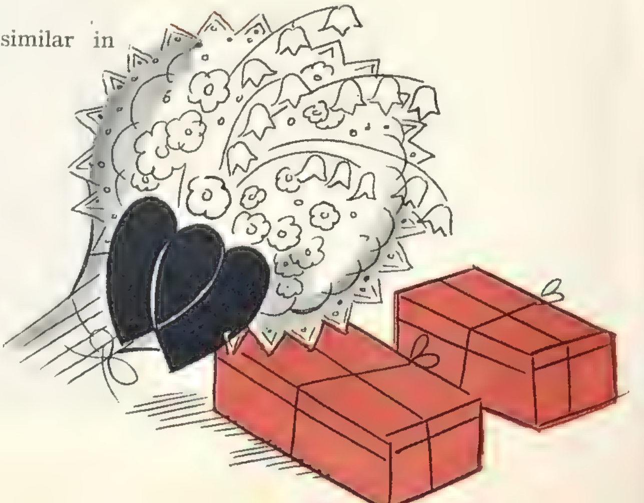
The bridal gown and trousseau are, of course, provided by the bride's mother and where she can afford it she often gives the bridesmaids their dresses as well.

If this is not possible the design is chosen and the house who will undertake the dresses is indicated, but tact is needed here and care must be taken to choose nothing which is beyond the means of any of the girls.

THE trousseau of to-day is not the huge affair of former days. Fashions change so rapidly that no girl of to-day starts married life with more than a reasonable amount of clothes for the life she will lead after marriage.

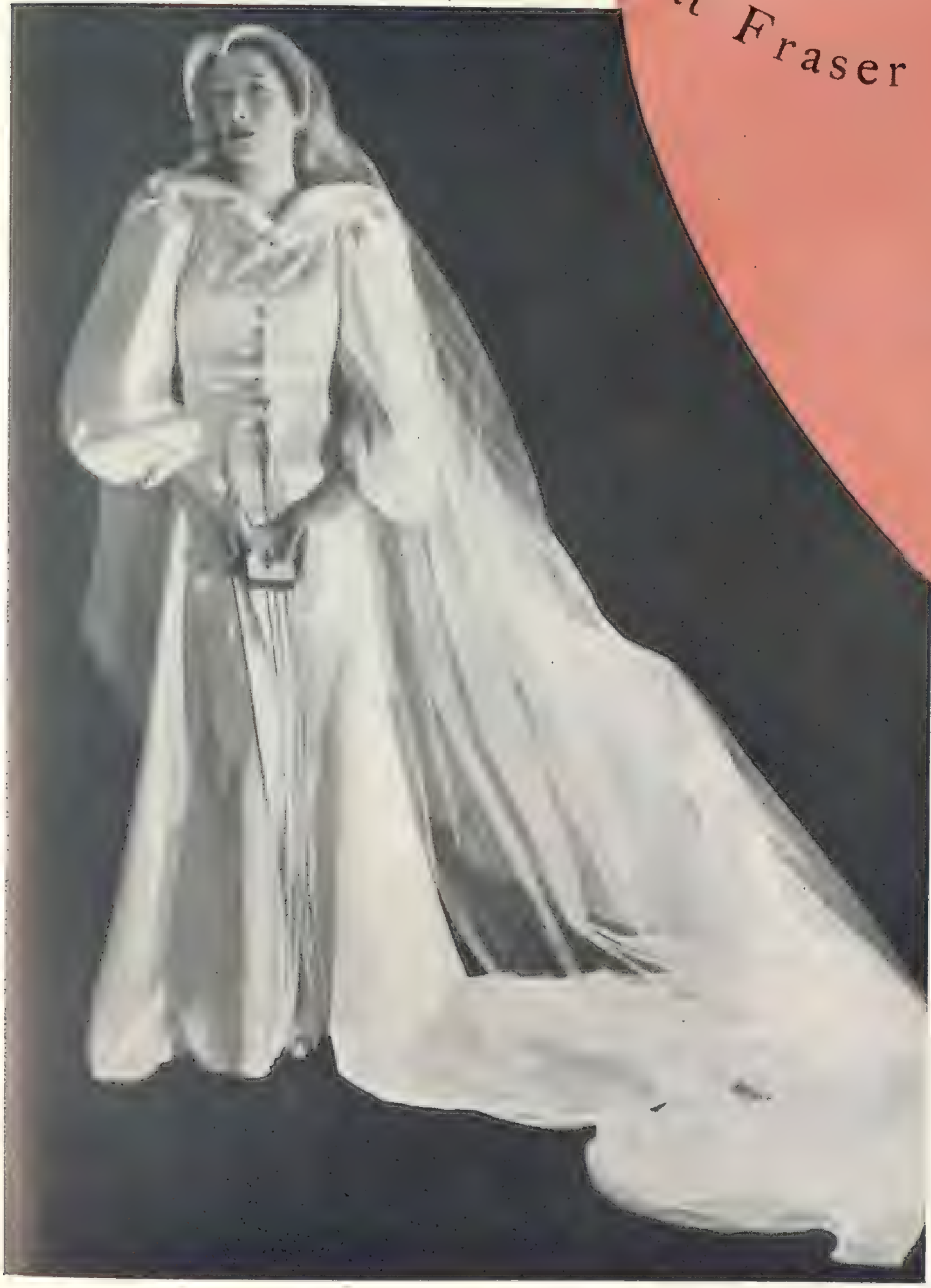
The same rule applies to underclothes: a dozen sets of simple things for every day and sports, with the same quantity of more elaborate sets and a few extra special ones, are the usual amounts. But no girl can have too many stockings.

To the underclothes must be added at least two dressing-gowns, two or three bed jackets and negligées, with, perhaps, a few sets of tailored pyjamas and mannish dressing-gowns.



And here is a Practical Article Telling You How to Arrange it

By Grace Lovat Fraser



This lovely wedding gown was made especially for "Britannia & Eve" by Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.1, Model Gown Department. It is heavy ivory slipper satin, buttoning trimly to the waist and then sweeping into stately folds. The stand-away neck and billowing sleeves are unusual and give character. Marie Stuart headdress with veil of flowing tulle

It is customary for the bride's mother to give her the household linen for the new establishment. This should be as lavish in quality and amount as can possibly be afforded, for linen improves with age and alters very little with the vagaries of fashion.

The bridegroom's part consists in procuring the marriage licence and making the church arrangements. But he should consult the bride as to the music so that any favourite hymns may be included in the service.

It is not necessary to have either the strains of the Mendelssohn or Lohengrin marches, though these are generally played.

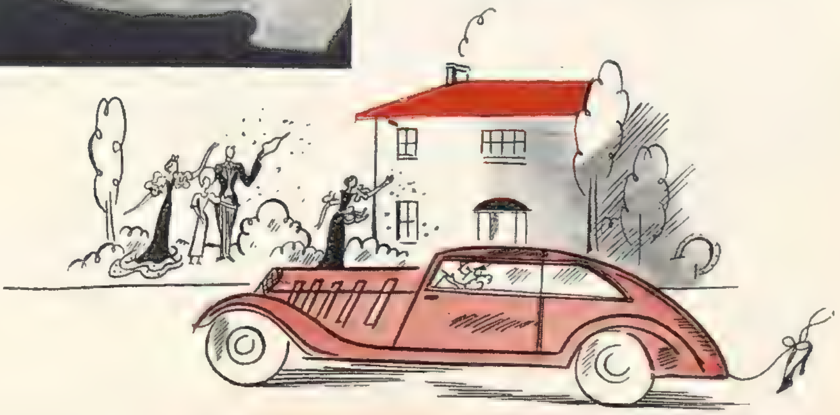
The organist will play any favourite piece of suitable music for the bridal march if he is given sufficient notice of the choice made.

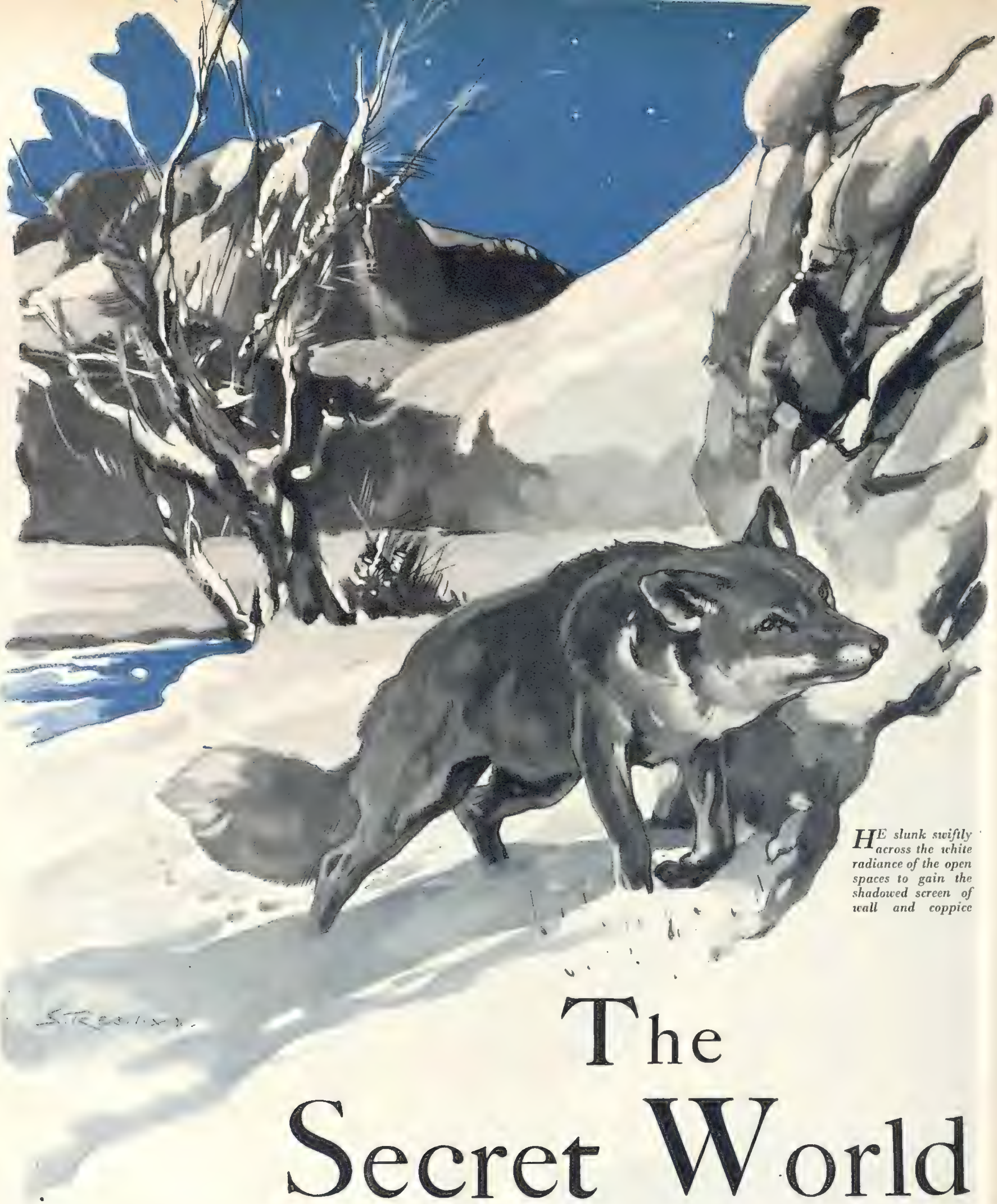
The church arrangements include interviewing the clergyman who is to officiate, to ensure that the date and time are suitable.

For the calling of banns it is necessary that one of the parties to the wedding should have established residence, for the three weeks which include the Sundays they are to be called, in the parish in which the wedding is to take place.

As the wedding usually is in the church the bride is in the habit of attending, this is simple. If, however, neither of the parties reside in the parish, residence can be established by taking lodgings in the parish, but these need only be actually occupied for the last four nights before the wedding.

There is no fee for the calling of banns, but if (*Continued on page* 80)





HE slunk swiftly across the white radiance of the open spaces to gain the shadowed screen of wall and coppice

The Secret World

GREY FOX was trapped.

It would never have happened but for the sudden, heavy snowfall during the night which had blotted out all marks, destroyed the taint of trap and trapper, and hidden the grim instrument altogether. Already the land was clothed in white, for the winter was hard. Frost and snow had been continuous throughout the latter end of the old year, and the new year brought no change. Very beautiful to look upon were the high fells: glistening peaks that stabbed the sky; smooth slopes immaculate that dropped into the whitened dale, their rugged contours rounded, their treacherous scree-beds deep beneath the winter palliament. Very beautiful to look upon; but cruel to the dwellers in their midst.

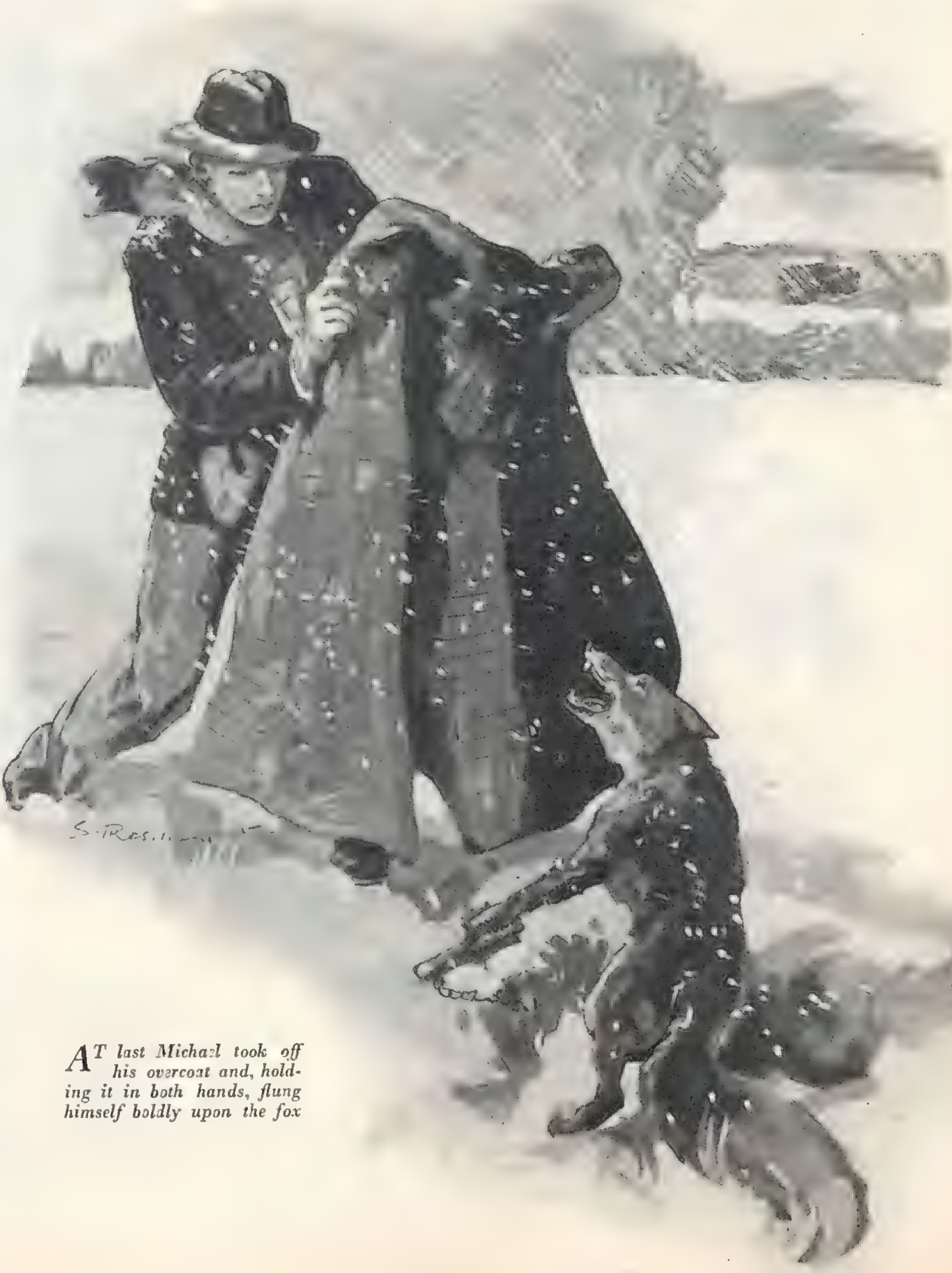
Food was at a premium for the Creatures of the Wild. Even the ravens and the corbies had to range far and wide and scavenge in the village miles away; the white covering hid the poor emaciated carrion that would have been their meat. Little moved upon the breast of Buckbarrow, where Grey Fox had his lair. Now and again a flock of snow buntings flitted here and there, vainly seeking the seeds on which they feed. How they survived was a mystery; yet survive they did, despite the seeming lack of food, despite the frequent blizzards which marked that time of stress and want, despite the sudden, lightning swoops of hungry peregrines from an eyrie in a black-ribbed gorge that overlooked the blacker waters of the lake.

Very desolate was the fell in all its frozen beauty. Night after night Grey Fox descended from his lair upon the hidden ledge on the face of the crag to hunt in lowland fields, to crouch beside frozen tarns, to prowl about farms and homesteads—even to visit kitchen middens, so hard driven was he at times to ease the pangs of hunger. For three seasons now he had lived solitary, seeking no mate. There was a vixen on the fell that sometimes crossed his path. He paid no heed to her. It might be that he was finished with the cares and anxieties of family affairs, yet—he was in his prime, a grand creature, capable of fighting for and winning any mate. He was slightly greyer about the muzzle than when he fought his first great battle under the stars and won a ring-tailed vixen for his prize; greyer, but much bigger, stronger and more cunning; From time to time the hounds had found his trail and hunted him. Never once had they come within appreciable distance of his brush. The luck had been with him—that luck which comes to all endowed with boldness, strength and craft. There were men in the dale who had seen him, so that the name of "t' gurt grey fox" cropped up at meets and hunt suppers and on other occasions. But none knew his dwelling-place save Dick the shepherd and Michael Fletcher, who roamed the countryside and watched the ways of beasts and birds; and these would not betray their knowing. Now he was trapped, caught by the leg like any careless youngster.

Episode in the Life of Grey Fox

By W. R. Calvert

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



At last Michael took off his overcoat and, holding it in both hands, flung himself boldly upon the fox

It had been dark when he descended the fell-breast, for the moon was late rising. He knew his way. He could have found it though sightless; and he was anything but that. He followed the beck that gurgled and plashed, a dark, mazy thread on the whiteness of the slope. There was often a picking to be had along the icicle-hung banks where voles nibbled hopefully at the rasping rushes and famished birds came to drink. This night there was nothing, neither beast nor bird; not even in the lower reaches where the five-toed pad marks of an otter provided some explanation for the utter absence of visible life. So Grey Fox made for the village.

He went warily; very warily. He had been there before and knew that his comings and the comings of others of his kind were not unexpected. Hen-houses, duck-hulls, and all such places were made as secure as possible, not only against the foxes, but against rats, stoats, weasels and every hungry prowler of the night. Nor was that all. Dogs were sometimes loose, and at the first alarm their owners came forth, often with guns. For the toll on the poultry had been heavy that winter.

Grey Fox therefore displayed all cunning as he crossed the meadows in the direction of Old Farm. By now the moon had climbed above the rim of the distant fell, and in the clear deeps of the empurpled heaven the myriad pin-points of the stars gleamed and twinkled. This was little to the liking of the hungry forager. He slunk swiftly across the white radiances of the open spaces to gain the shadowed screen of wall and coppice. Yet there he found the going difficult, for the snow had drifted, and at times he sank so deep in the powdery, resistless mass that he had perforce to risk the open and the moonlight.

More than once the scent of mice lured and tormented as he nosed the stones. At one spot he crouched and waited, still as stone itself. But nothing came of it; the mice were safe from any fox so long as they kept to the runs within the wall.

As he approached the farm buildings Grey Fox moved even more stealthily. In the open he was little more than a drifting shadow, his progress well-nigh imperceptible. Each time a horse stamped in the stable he froze to rigidity; each time a cow breathed heavily in the byre. Yet he advanced, and in due time gained the heavy shadow of the barn—and vanished from all sight. Yet he was there, close-pressed against the wall the while his keen nose tested every breath of air and sifted out the many smells that came to him from pig-sty, byre and pen, from all the varied life that dwells within and without a farmhouse and its outbuildings.

Inside the barn were rats and mice. He heard the rustle of their movements and smelt their musty scent. Some birds were there, too; sparrows, most likely, snuggling close against each other under the slates, where bats hung upside-down in seeming endless sleep, and would not stir till springtime warmth revived the slowed-down pulse of life within their tiny bodies. He sought, and found, an opening underneath the big, high door. A darker shadow in the dark, he moved on soundless pads. High overhead thin shafts of moonlight stabbed from narrow slits to cut the gloom; but on the floor there was no brightness, only the close-pressed blackness of the enclosured night.

A full hour passed before Grey Fox emerged and slunk across the yard. In all that time only three mice had been the measure of his patience. They did not mitigate his hunger; they merely served to aggravate the insistence of his need. Yet he retained his caution and his cunning. He had every reason for so doing. The moon was now high overhead and there was little cover. In time he reached the hen-house—and pounced. A high, thin squeal cut through the silence, to end suddenly. The rat had made his last foray, stolen his last egg. Grey Fox lapped up the yellow mess, then seized the rat. For a moment he hesitated. The hens, disturbed by the cry, were moving restlessly upon their perches. One or two clucked softly, voicing their uneasiness. The sound was galling to the hungry fox. The rat in his jaws, he stole about the house. Here and there he padded, regardless of all risk. He could find no opening. In final desperation he launched himself against the side and strove to scramble up and gain the roof. At that the birds began to cackle loudly. Inside the farm a dog barked.

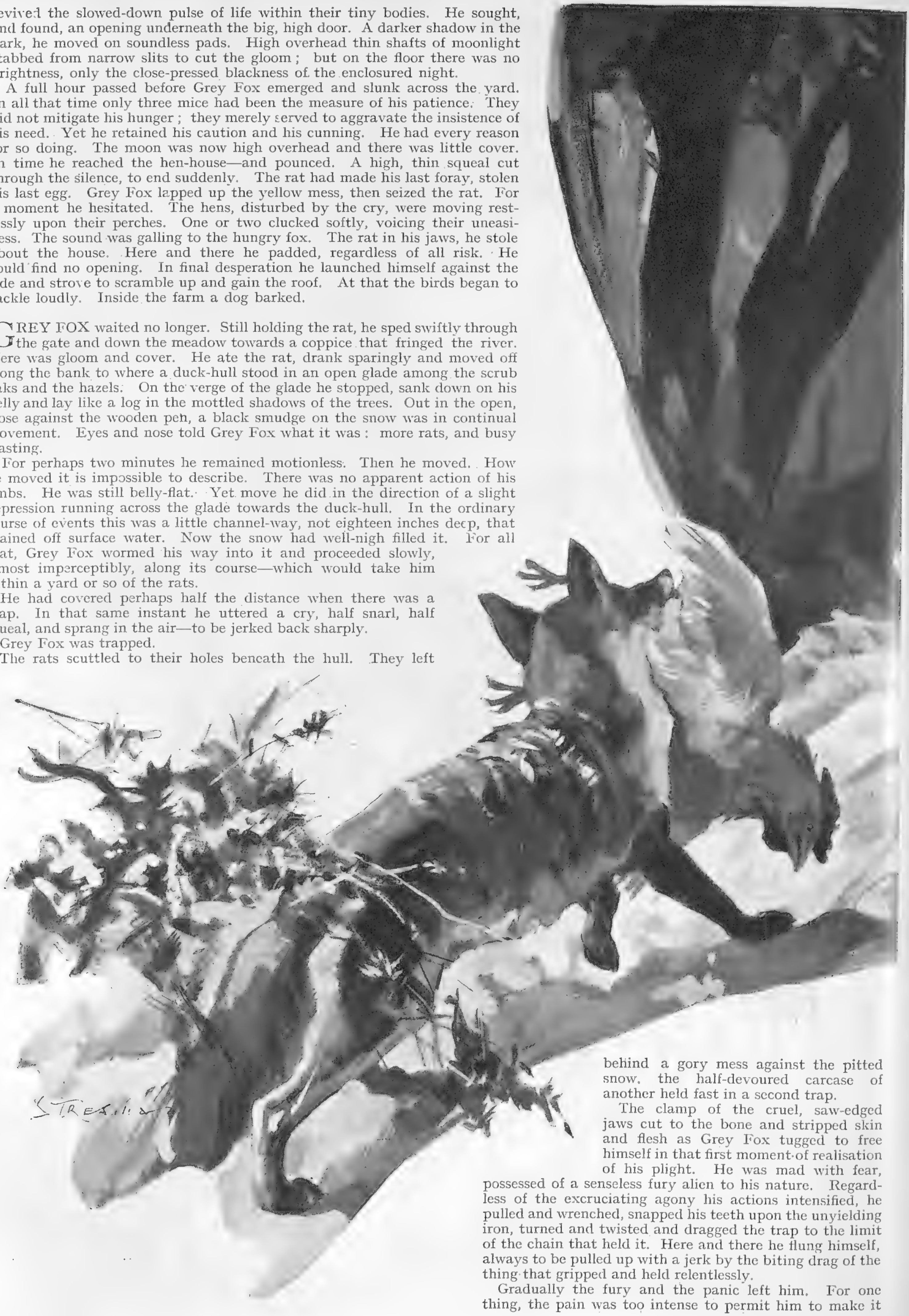
GREY FOX waited no longer. Still holding the rat, he sped swiftly through the gate and down the meadow towards a coppice that fringed the river. Here was gloom and cover. He ate the rat, drank sparingly and moved off along the bank to where a duck-hull stood in an open glade among the scrub oaks and the hazels. On the verge of the glade he stopped, sank down on his belly and lay like a log in the mottled shadows of the trees. Out in the open, close against the wooden pen, a black smudge on the snow was in continual movement. Eyes and nose told Grey Fox what it was: more rats, and busy feasting.

For perhaps two minutes he remained motionless. Then he moved. How he moved it is impossible to describe. There was no apparent action of his limbs. He was still belly-flat. Yet move he did in the direction of a slight depression running across the glade towards the duck-hull. In the ordinary course of events this was a little channel-way, not eighteen inches deep, that drained off surface water. Now the snow had well-nigh filled it. For all that, Grey Fox wormed his way into it and proceeded slowly, almost imperceptibly, along its course—which would take him within a yard or so of the rats.

He had covered perhaps half the distance when there was a snap. In that same instant he uttered a cry, half snarl, half squeal, and sprang in the air—to be jerked back sharply.

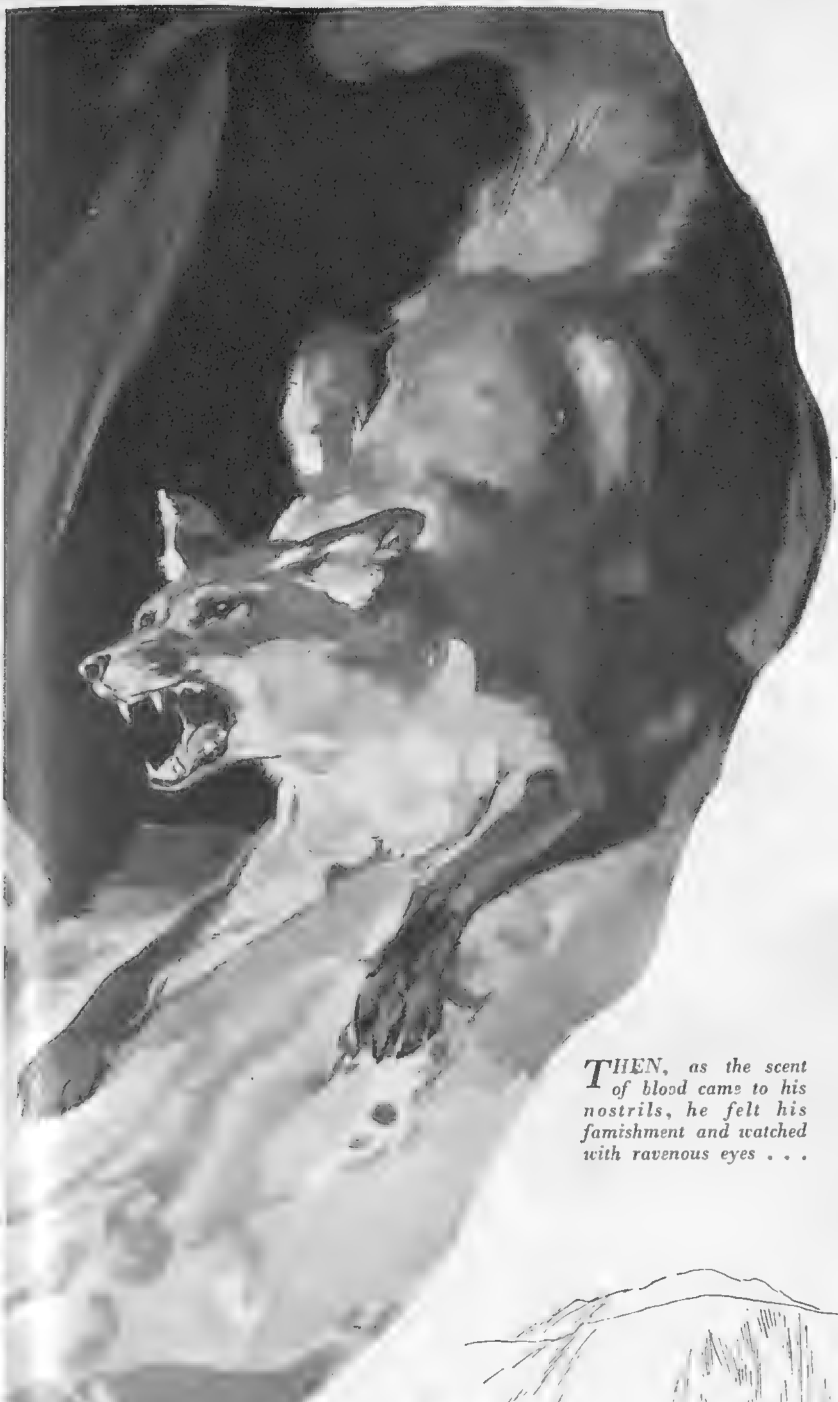
Grey Fox was trapped.

The rats scuttled to their holes beneath the hull. They left behind a gory mess against the pitted snow, the half-devoured carcase of another held fast in a second trap.



The clamp of the cruel, saw-edged jaws cut to the bone and stripped skin and flesh as Grey Fox tugged to free himself in that first moment of realisation of his plight. He was mad with fear, possessed of a senseless fury alien to his nature. Regardless of the excruciating agony his actions intensified, he pulled and wrenched, snapped his teeth upon the unyielding iron, turned and twisted and dragged the trap to the limit of the chain that held it. Here and there he flung himself, always to be pulled up with a jerk by the biting drag of the thing that gripped and held relentlessly.

Gradually the fury and the panic left him. For one thing, the pain was too intense to permit him to make it



THEN, as the scent of blood came to his nostrils, he felt his famishment and watched with ravenous eyes . . .

worse by frantic action. With a whimper he sank upon the snow, his sides heaving, his tongue lolling from his torn and bleeding jaws, his eyes gleaming in the moonlight. It was very still and lonely in the snow-bound glade with the moonlight shining full upon him and on the pitiful remains of the rat. The beauty of the winter night had been transformed into a thing of horror. The snow, no longer virgin white, was stained with blood. Grey Fox had flung it all about in his first-made efforts at release. Now he lay amid the tumbled mass, plain for all to see: trapped.

Awhile he waited, tense, alert, unmoving. Far down the valley an owl screeched, the eerie cry carrying clearly through the frosty air. Apart from that there was no sound save the murmur of the river close at hand. Sometimes the water chuckled; sometimes it sighed; sometimes sank into a short-lived silence. A bright and frozen stillness filled the glade. And it was bitter cold.

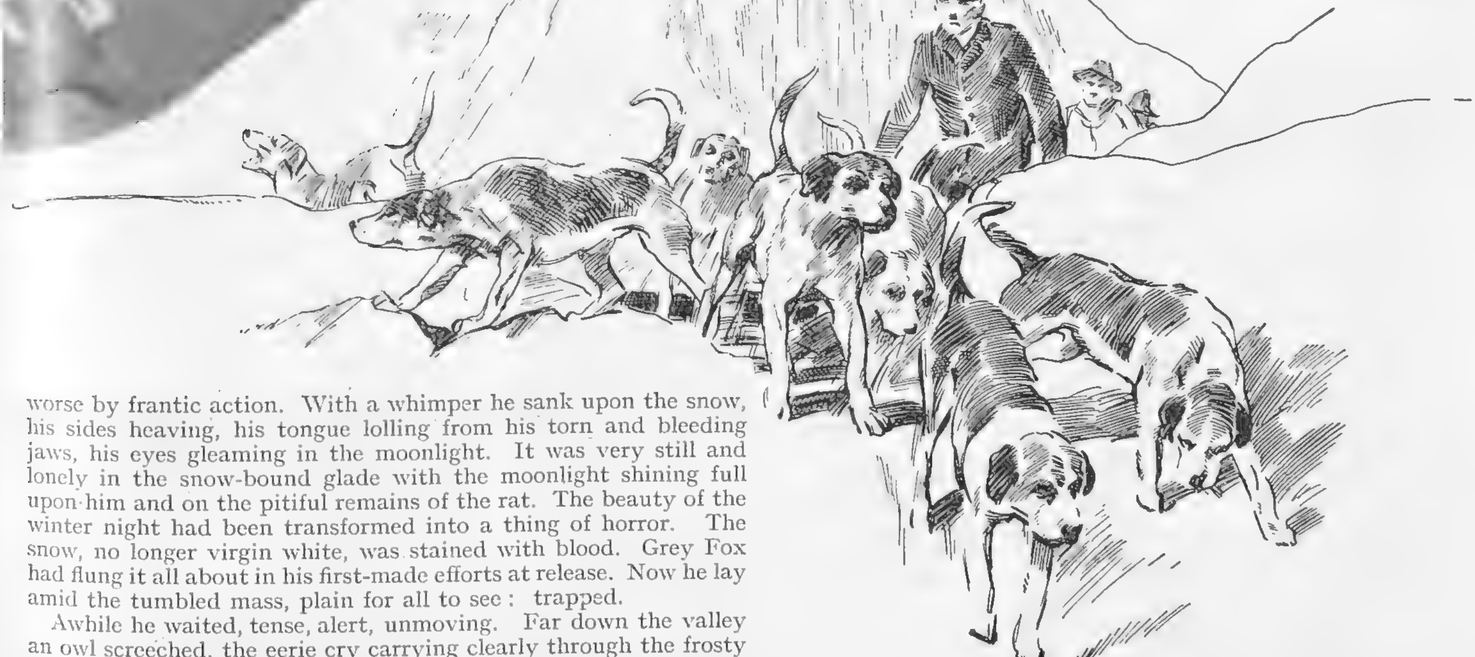
When next Grey Fox tried to free himself he did not madly tug and strain or bite upon the unyielding iron. His cunning had returned to him; his clever brain was functioning once more. With nose and paw he sought the stake that held the chain. Methodically he uncovered it, then set to work to try to drag it up. But not only was it driven deep, almost to the head: it was frozen in. The ground about was harder than the wood itself—hard as the iron jaws that bit him to the bone. He scratched till nails were torn and bleeding, but could make next to no impression. His teeth were equally impotent.

Big clouds were now gathering to drift across the face of the moon and douse the shimmer of the stars. A low wind, full of the presage of another snowfall, stirred the thinner branches of the trees. From underneath the duck-hull the rats stole forth to finish their cannibalistic meal. They knew the fox was there. Doubtless they had watched his every movement and realised his plight. So, satisfied that he was impotent against them, they ventured out, driven by the hunger that assailed them. Boldly they fed, though ever-watchful of the straining, labouring captive of the trap.

The night grew darker as the clouds piled up. The spells of light were less frequent, the periods of gloom prolonged. As though sensitive of the impending change the ducks inside the hull now quacked and were restless. The fox paid little heed. Ceaselessly he worked to free himself, knowing that with the daylight would come discovery and death. He was weak and weary from his exertions, from loss of blood, from pain that grew and intensified till his whole body was full of the burning agony. At times he had to desist and rest; but ever he returned to the attack. The increasing darkness made no difference: he laboured on, despite all suffering—for now each foot was but a lacerated mass of flesh.

At last it was as though he acknowledged the futility of it all. He sank down on the churned and trodden snow stained with his blood. Wearily his head drooped and he rolled half over on his side, his trapped leg underneath his body, his other limbs trailed limply at all angles. The moonlight came and went and came again. Grey Fox lay still, inert, his jaws agape, his eyes nigh closed, to all appearance dead.

The rats had long since eaten every scrap of their comrade and disappeared, some into the coppice, others to their hiding-place. (*Continued on page* 116)



Mouth Drill

If you value your general health, you'll take care of your teeth and gums

IT is an indictment of modern life that the man or woman of forty and over who owns a complete set of teeth of Nature's own making is rare —and is becoming increasingly rare.

Chewing an apple is excellent exercise for the teeth and gums

If you've an acid tongue scrape it with a tongue scraper. It helps mouth health

The reasons are hurried living, hurried eating, faulty diet. These three things are responsible for the anomaly of a decline of healthy beautiful teeth among a generation of worshippers at the shrine of health and beauty.

We have no time to brush our teeth properly, no time to chew properly, and most of us prefer soft, easily masticated foods to those which give our teeth a job of work to do.

I have nothing against foods which save trouble in preparation and which are easily digested. They are part and parcel of modern life, but there is such a thing as balancing the diet so that it contains the correct quota of different types of food necessary to health. In the health of the teeth this means something to chew on.

Chewing a hard substance means that the teeth get natural exercise, and exercise is just as important to the teeth as it is to other parts of the body. Exercise increases circulation of the blood through the jaws, stimulating both gum and bone and making them resistant to disease.

Modern babies are allowed to be little savages and are given a bone to gnaw. It is a pity that etiquette forbids grown-ups to follow this example. An excellent substitute is a crust or an apple, a slice of crisp toast, or celery, especially if eaten at the end of a meal.

When I said that we have no time to brush our teeth properly I meant what I said. It takes three minutes night and morning to cleanse the mouth as it should be cleansed, and six minutes is a big hole in the time budget that most people allow for the toilet.

If it were more widely known that the greater part of the diseases to which the flesh is heir attack through the mouth fewer people, I think, would begrudge those few minutes out of twenty-four hours to safeguard their health and to ensure personal fragrance.

BRUSHING the teeth horizontally damages the margins of the gums and does not get at the vital parts where food particles and acids accumulate. Here is an approved formula for daily drill of the mouth.

(1) Rinse the mouth out with a mild antiseptic wash.

(2) Start at the top right-hand side of the mouth with the brush set high up against the gums. Brush *downwards* towards the biting edge, using a rotary movement. Vibrate the brush so that the bristles can get into the tiniest crevices. Brush right round the top teeth in this manner.

(3) Brush the lower teeth, starting at the gums and using the same method, but this time brush with an *upward* movement.

(4) Brush the inside surfaces of the upper and lower teeth.

(5) Brush the edges of the teeth; top and lower rows.

(6) Brush the tongue.

(7) Rinse the mouth out with antiseptic.

Time: three minutes.

It is very important to stimulate the gums and to circulate the blood inside the mouth.

One way is to eat some hard food, preferably raw vegetable or hard fruit every day. The other is to brush the gums, but *never* to brush them horizontally. In doing this the gum is encouraged to separate from teeth, and food particles, instead of being got rid of, are pushed into the crevices. The gums should be brushed, with Forhan's for the gums, as the teeth are brushed. They may bleed at first, but, unless diseased, correct brushing will help to make them hardy.

To help the hardening process ordinary kitchen salt can be rubbed on the gums. Salt is good for the teeth, too, and can be used either dry or moistened with lemon juice.

In my opinion people in this country do not realise the value of a reliable deodorant mouth wash.

The intimate charm of fragrant breath is the reward of a scrupulously clean, well-cared-for mouth.

A FEW drops of Listerine Brand Antiseptic added to a tumblerful of warm water ensures clean breath and germ-free mouth. It should be used for rinsing *before* as well as after brushing the teeth, and it is especially important to flush thoroughly after cleaning the tongue.

The tooth paste made by the same firm is just as efficient.

If you suffer from acidity use a tongue scraper. This is a narrow strip of pliable celluloid which can be bent to the shape of the tongue and passed closely over the surface, removing acid deposits as it goes. Before and after use the scraper should be sterilised by plunging it into boiling water.

These precautions may seem tiresome, but they are, in fact, only the most elementary rules of hygiene that should be as universally practised as washing the hands and brushing the hair.

B·E·A·U·T·Y·

I Find the Perfect Mask Treatment

By Chrysis

COMPLEXIONS, like wardrobes, need drastic overhauling at least twice a year.

You may, perhaps, think it is early to talk about spring in February, but that is what I intend to do this month. For good complexions, like good dressing, owe much of their success to being taken in hand well ahead of the season.

Half a dozen special treatments this month are worth dozens in April or May.

This month is zero time for the skin. Acid accumulations, winter sallowness, spots and blemishes, all make their unwelcome appearance just now.

I know no better method of dealing with these problems than a course of masks and something special in the way of toning.

It is vitally necessary, but often difficult, to choose the right type of mask.

Those homely concoctions of oatmeal and witch-hazel or egg and oil are quite good for ordinary use, but at the climatic changes of the year it is essential to have a progressive treatment, say for a month, that will correct winter flaccidity, loss of contour, and dryness—often due as much to central heating as to winter winds.

In my search for the perfect after-winter corrective I discovered one r two things which delighted me, and I am sure they will delight you, too, when you have tried them.

One is a simple but extremely effective treatment to carry out at home. A course f six treatments (they take about an our each) is recommended.

The other is an ingenious patter for pplying liquids.

Now, there are patters *and* patters, d as these are a vital part of modern auty treatment, it is foolish to economise on them. A patter, after all, is e nearest thing to trained hands, and gular use of one eliminates risk of retching or bruising the skin when ving yourself home treatment.

A PATTER should be of good quality, strong, yet "whippy," and, with proper care, should last a lifetime.

Patters for creams have been with us for a long time, but a patter of supple action which gets every ounce of value out of tonic and astringent without losing one expensive drop, will be welcomed by every woman who is tired of clumsy wasteful methods of application with finger tip or cotton wool.

This patter for liquids has a patent rubber disc to hold cotton wool in place. The cotton is inserted dry, damped with tonic or astringent or any other liquid, and the patter is then ready for use. It is easily cleaned and there is nothing to get out of order.

I am especially emphatic about the necessity for having a good patter because toning before and after a mask application is now an essential part of this treatment in all progressive beauty parlours. The after-winter corrective treatment is no exception to the rule.

It begins when the skin has been thoroughly cleansed with a tonic applied with a patter. The skin is patted up until it becomes alive and glowing. The mask is then prepared. This is quite a simple matter. Each mask in the course of six is put up in a separate packet and only needs mixing up to a thick paste and heating in a pan.

It is brushed on, a far superior method to the usual one of applying with a spatula or with cotton wool. A good type of brush to use is a flat, fairly firm one, about three-quarters of an inch broad.

Starting with the neck, the paste is applied to the chin and up both sides of the face as near the eyes as possible. It should be laid on more thickly round the chin and lower parts of the face than it is round the eyes.

As the mask dries in, the skin begins to throb and tingle, proof that muscles and circulation are being roused to activity after the lazy winter months.

When the mask is completely dry, a cloth wrung out in cold water is spread over the face and pressed against the skin, in order to soften and dampen the paste.

THE rest of the mask is then washed off and a pasteurised cream applied. This cream actually strengthens the tissues and, being slightly antiseptic, comes just at the right moment for dealing with spring spots and blemishes.

It is a double-purpose cream and can be used as powder base as well as a night cream. Incidentally, it is *the* cream for any woman whose face is full, and who for this reason, is afraid to use skin food, yet has a skin that needs nourishing. Pasteurised cream nourishes without fattening.

Before making up, the patter comes into use again, but this time with an astringent instead of with a tonic. Astringent should be left to dry on the face and should not be wiped off before applying rouge and powder.

I have not space to go into details of new spring make-up, but I should like you to make a note of the news that liquid rouge is going to be worn by smart women this year.

Contrary to opinion, liquid rouge is not difficult to apply, and once on, it stays on. Equally comforting is the knowledge that it gives the skin that youthful transparency which is so attractive at all times, but which is more than ever desirable when spring is round the corner and summer hard upon her heels.

IN this section, two months ago, the Ajotal Company was stated, in error, to advocate Turtle Oil Cream. This company, however, sponsors many interesting beauty and medicinal preparations, all containing the valuable mineral salts or mud from the famous medicinal springs at La Toja, in Northern Spain.

At the Spa there, treatment is given for skin affections, rheumatism, arthritis, and so on. But no need to go to Spain for these cures. The Ajotal Company market here, among other things, La Toja Mud Soap, La Toja Mud, Massage Oil, Mud Ointment, all remedial products. And all their beauty preparations, including a mud face pack, excellent night and day creams, and soap that lathers in hardest waters have a definite beneficial effect on the skin.

BOOKS:

Reviewed by ARNOLD PALMER

ARNOLD ZWEIG, *author of "Playthings of Time," a volume of twelve short stories*

(Right)
WYNYARD BROWNE, *whose second novel, "Sheldon's Way," is a most enjoyable story which may be recommended with confidence*

HERBERT READ, *author of "The Green Child." This book has distinction and charm*

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

"It Was Such Fun": *by Mrs. Hwfa Williams*

(Hutchinson, 18s.).

BETWEEN the famous Edwardian hostess and the journalist and ardent Imperialist there are many differences; but they have both paid the world the compliment of taking it very seriously. Mrs. Hwfa Williams has, all her life, moved amid people who are popularly supposed to do nothing, but with hardly any alteration at all of the angle from which she writes she, like Sir Evelyn Wrench, might also have called her book *Struggle*. She has known "everybody" for the last fifty years, from Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to Monsieur Escoffier, and she has found almost every one interesting. That is why she can be described as a great hostess.

"Struggle 1914-1920": *by Sir Evelyn Wrench*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.).

Sir Evelyn Wrench

Sir Evelyn Wrench's volume succeeds his earlier *Uphill* and presumably precedes a third volume dealing with his editorship of *The Spectator* and with the last fifteen years. The title of the present instalment refers not only to the war, but also to the author's own efforts to further the growth and spirit of the English Speaking Union. It is not an easy book to describe; perhaps it may be called a record of public events as seen by a man of definite individuality. The individuality thus becomes important. No one can read *Uphill* and *Struggle* without forming a high and affectionate estimate of their author. He has known many of the great ones of the earth, and he has met them all with a mind unbiased and unawed, and obtained, without calculation, the most encouraging responses. Although he has much to say which is of the greatest possible interest, it is this—his knack of encountering everybody with the same lack of prejudice as we use in talking to strangers in a railway carriage—that makes perhaps the most lasting impression of the book.

IT is said—I know not with what truth—that Captains of Industry and Cabinet Ministers, momentarily laying aside their great burdens, are wont to rest their brains on novels of crime and detection. In doing so, they provide us with yet another proof of the vast scope and splendour of their powers; for just as a giant might, for relaxation, push over the Albert Hall, so only a mental Titan could find repose in the murder stories of the day. Their complexity and intricacy have reached such a pitch that they demand immense concentration and alertness from the reader. What makes them, to ordinary people like me, even more fatiguing is the almost invariable discovery, at the end, that my labours have been vain, since the solution is unguessable. At such times I am apt—I confess it with shame—to sink back slothfully on the works of Mallarmé, Henry James, James Joyce, and similar favourites of the nursery.

A typical example of one aspect of what I mean is *The Secret of the Snows*, by Josephine Plain (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.). As a novel, this story has much to recommend it. The writing is easy and pleasant, the setting is romantic, the characterisation, though not profound,

Post Mortem Behaviour

is firm and adequate. Here is a tale which anyone may read with enjoyment, so long as he doesn't bother about the central mystery. But that mystery has so weak and incredible a solution that the reader, even if he has foreseen it, will certainly have dismissed it. *The Great Hotel Mystery*, by Vincent Starrett (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is an example of the other point I had in mind—complexity. This, again, is a well-written, amusing novel. But the detective's attempts to solve the crime are too often conducted in an armchair, too often consist of long and tortuous deductions which give a headache to any unfortunate reader lacking the bridge or the chess habit of mind. Moreover, I see no possibility of any reader, however mathematical, discovering the criminal until the author chooses to indicate him. There is a nice little heroine, but why did Mr. Starrett give her the Christian name of Blaine? Are female infants habitually so ill-treated at the fonts of Chicago? There seems no end to the horrors of that city.

America is also the scene of *The Cases of Susan Dare*, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). There are six of her cases in the volume; and they reach a higher level, perhaps, than the other murder stories mentioned here. Miss Eberhart is skilled in producing an atmosphere of dread and suspense. This is the reward she reaps for being one of the very few inventors of crime who have any conception of the effect that a murder is likely to have upon people, guilty or innocent. In one of the books I have referred to, the widow of a murdered man plays bridge on the afternoon following her husband's death; and indeed, it is rare to read a novel of this kind without being struck by the amazing callousness of the characters who have escaped being murdered. They fling themselves upon immense meals; they drink copiously, laugh heartily, and (favourite occupation of all) draw the attention of the police to the suspicious behaviour of their dearest friends. Almost alone, Miss Eberhart writes about murder as something horrible, sickening, final; her stories, instead of being mere intellectual exercises, are emotional experiences.

AGATHA CHRISTIE, whose latest thriller, "The A B C Murders," introduces once more Monsieur Poirot. This novel is one of Mrs. Christie's most ingenious and lively tales

Mr. T. R. Morden's *Steps in Mystery* (Stanley Smith, 3s. 6d.) is a good, sound piece of dirty work, a little pedestrian in pace, but carefully constructed and honest with the reader. Last of these strange, eventful histories comes Mrs. Agatha Christie's *The A B C Murders* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), introducing us once more to dear Monsieur Poirot. This is one of Mrs. Christie's most ingenious and lively tales, full of entertainment and humour, with horror kept at a distance. One feels nothing; or, rather, one feels nothing but admiration for the extreme cleverness of the plot. How (as old ladies so often and so justifiably remark) do people think of these things?

THERE exists a kindly tradition in the House of Commons whereby maiden speeches are always warmly applauded, and are always described by the Parliamentary journalists as "brilliant." A similar generosity tempers the reviews of first novels. For this reason, and because there is some truth in the saying that every man has it in him to write one novel, the appearance of his second book is a critical moment in an author's career. Two of these second efforts are lying before me. One is *Sheldon's Way* (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.), by Wynyard Browne. Mr. Browne's earlier book, *Queenie Molson*, was received with far more than the customary polite murmur. I did not read it; but his second book suggests that the compliments were well deserved. He writes extremely well. *Sheldon's Way* is a most enjoyable story which may be recommended with confidence. Yet I feel sure that Mr. Browne will do even better work than this. I base my belief on the first thirty pages. Mr. Browne's tale opens in the deplorable world hidden near the Tottenham Court Road; and no praise can be too high for the way this world is presented. Later, when the morals and the *milieu* change for the better, the novel changes (slightly) for the worse. It never ceases to be a book well above the average, but I am left with the impression (*Cont. on p. 90*)

THE SHRINKING WORLD

"Grand Tour":

edited by R. S. Lambert

(Faber and Faber, 10s.).

The Hon. Theodora Benson

IN the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, every young man of birth ended his years of education with a grand tour of Europe. The plan had much to recommend it, but it has given way to a month at Kitzbuhel in the winter, a month at Juan-les-Pins in the summer, and week-ends at Le Touquet all the year round. Mr. Lambert has had the happy idea of resurrecting the grand tour in the grand manner, and he has enlisted seven authors to conduct us over the familiar ground. Miss Mona Wilson describes the origin and decline of the practice; Mr. Douglas Woodruff takes charge of the journey to Paris; Mr. Edmund Blunden conveys us thence to Geneva, where Miss J. A. Smith shows us the Alps. Mr. Richard Pyke and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell work Italy in relays, and Mr. Malcolm Letts leads us home through Germany. Between them they make up a charming and unusual book, very well produced and illustrated with copies of old engravings.

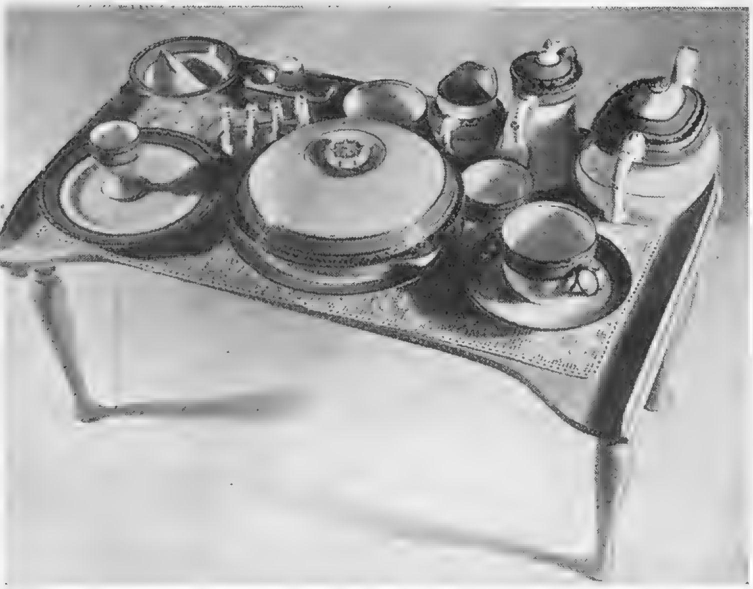
"The Unambitious Journey": *by the Hon. Theodora Benson*

(Chapman and Hall, 15s.).

Although Miss Benson and party went much farther and more adventurously afield, through the Balkans, Greece and Turkey, they faced a smaller undertaking. It is not their fault that the world has grown smaller, and indeed their journey could hardly have been planned to impart a greater air of spaciousness to a dwindled continent. Actually, it was scarcely planned at all, save that the courageous author finds an irresistible attraction for travelling off the beaten track in countries of whose language she is ignorant. As may be guessed, she is a born wanderer; and from her pleasant pages the reader will derive a little instruction and a great deal of longing to catch the boat train and be off.

Organising a *Sick*-Room

This mahogany pedestal cupboard is invaluable beside an invalid's bed. There is a bookshelf, a pull-out paper rack, a small medicine cupboard and, on top, a tray which lifts up and over the bed Waring & Gillow



Blue bed tray on legs (15/-), with white, blue-rimmed china set: Hot plate, large plate, small plate, cup and saucer, toast-rack, divided dish for preserve and butter, slop basin, sugar basin, cruet, egg cup, milk jug, hot-water jug and teapot. 27/6 Hampton's

By
Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

If you've an Invalid, help her Recovery by Thoughtful, not Fussy, Attention

THE successful nursing of an invalid at home depends, to a great extent, on the judicious choice and preparation of food and the careful organisation of the sick-room.

Furniture not essential to the comfort of the invalid should be removed from the room, and heavy hangings, where possible, should be replaced by those that can be easily laundered.

Linoleum and washable rugs are more practical, and a single bed is preferable to a double one. It should be placed in such a position that it is accessible from either side and will allow the invalid to have a peep at the outside world.

A bed tray with folding legs is useful for the serving of meals, while an adjustable back-rest, which can be padded with cushions or pillows, is an asset.

A bedside lamp, carefully shaded, is greatly appreciated by the patient, and a soft-ticking clock can be most companionable.

A wireless in the sick-room is a mixed blessing, but during convalescence it may help to brighten the patient. When in use, however, the volume should be well controlled.

A good stock of clean linen must be kept handy, as frequent changing refreshes the invalid, while both doctor and nurse generally require a large supply of towels.

Flowers, carefully arranged, give a warm touch of colour, but remember to remove them overnight.

An amateur nurse must learn to avoid fussiness. Everything should be done quietly, but not irritatingly so. Regularity is most important, and care should be taken not to allow the sick-room to interfere unduly with the general routine of the household.

Visitors should never be admitted unless by doctor's orders, and, in fact, practically everything connected with the nursing of the invalid should be a systematic following out of the doctor's instructions.

The person in charge should realise this responsibility and, with a little tact and sympathetic understanding, the discipline of the sick-room can be maintained unobtrusively.

Diet is a most important factor during illness, and for this reason invalid cookery is well worth all the care and thought which can be put into it.

The appetite of the patient has to be constantly tempted and coaxed, and strength can only be regained by serving well-cooked and nourishing dishes.

The doctor generally gives special instructions as to the actual diet, but the nurse must be able to carry out these instructions.

On no account must the patient be consulted on the question of food, but at the same time it is well to remember her likes and dislikes.

A great deal depends on the method of serving. An attractively served meal will be eaten with relish. Indifferently served food may be pushed aside in disgust. Careful study should therefore be given to the setting of the invalid's tray. Delicate china, immaculate linen and polished silver make a meal look appetising. A flower or so makes just that little difference that matters.

Small dishes of fireproof china or glassware are a great help in cooking individual portions, while small moulds for jellies and sweets look so much nicer than a spoonful from the family pudding.

(*Continued on page* 128)

On-the-bed plywood table, polished mahogany colour, fitted with ledge round three sides and adjustable reading flap. Very light. 12/6 Carter's

FLOWER DECORATIONS in the Modern Manner

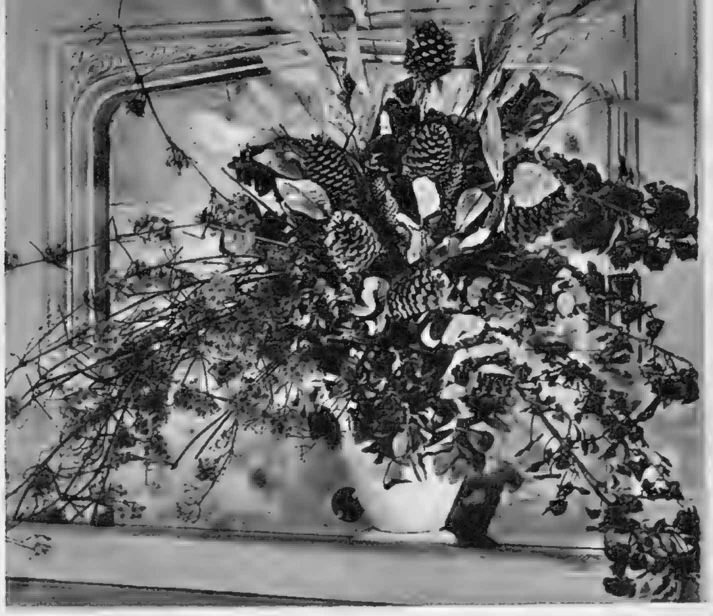
SOME are born with that magical touch with flowers. That instinct for colour and form which makes their simplest decorations lovely. Others need a little guidance to obtain the finest effect with flowers.

It is quite untrue to say that flower colours will blend with any setting. Even if this applies to the mingling of flowers themselves it is certainly not true of their relations with the room in which they are arranged.

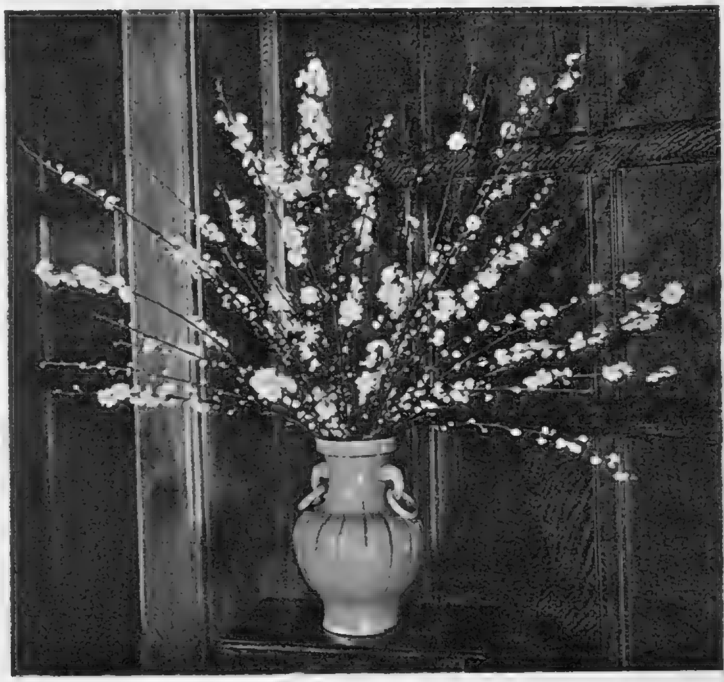
Selecting the container for a flower arrangement is a highly important factor. The position the blooms are to occupy in the room should guide the choice.

In a spacious window where the light streams through a high vase with large branches of leaves similar to those photographed can be safely used. A darker situation calls for more brilliant colouring with tall, brightly coloured blooms in a brass or copper container.

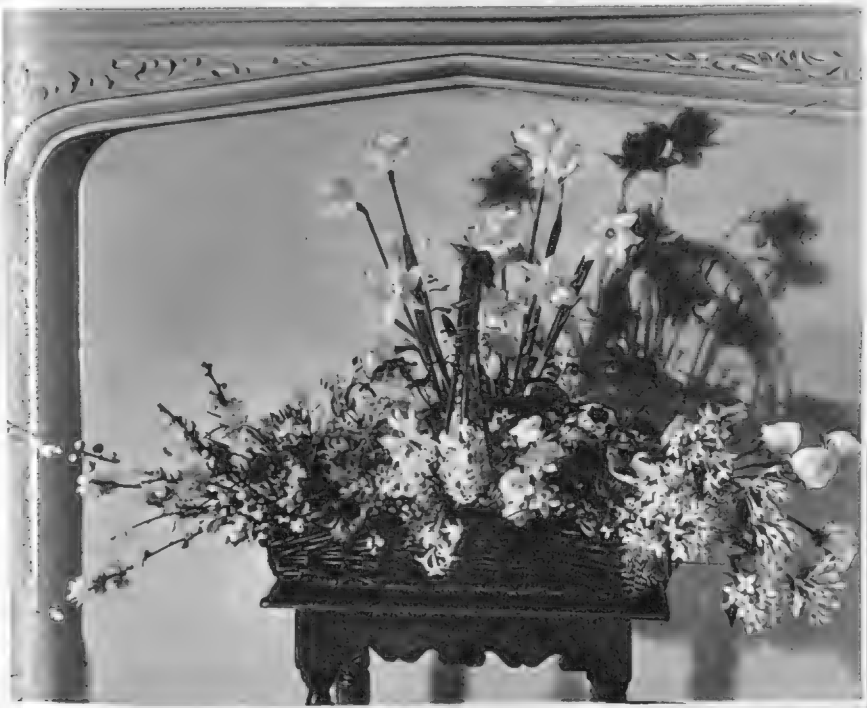
Flowers should be cut with special regard for the shape and size of the vase they are to (*Continued on page* 80.



A breath of the fields. Ivy, trailing fronds of wila clematis, pine cones and shadow leaves make this bold arrangement. The vase is white pottery

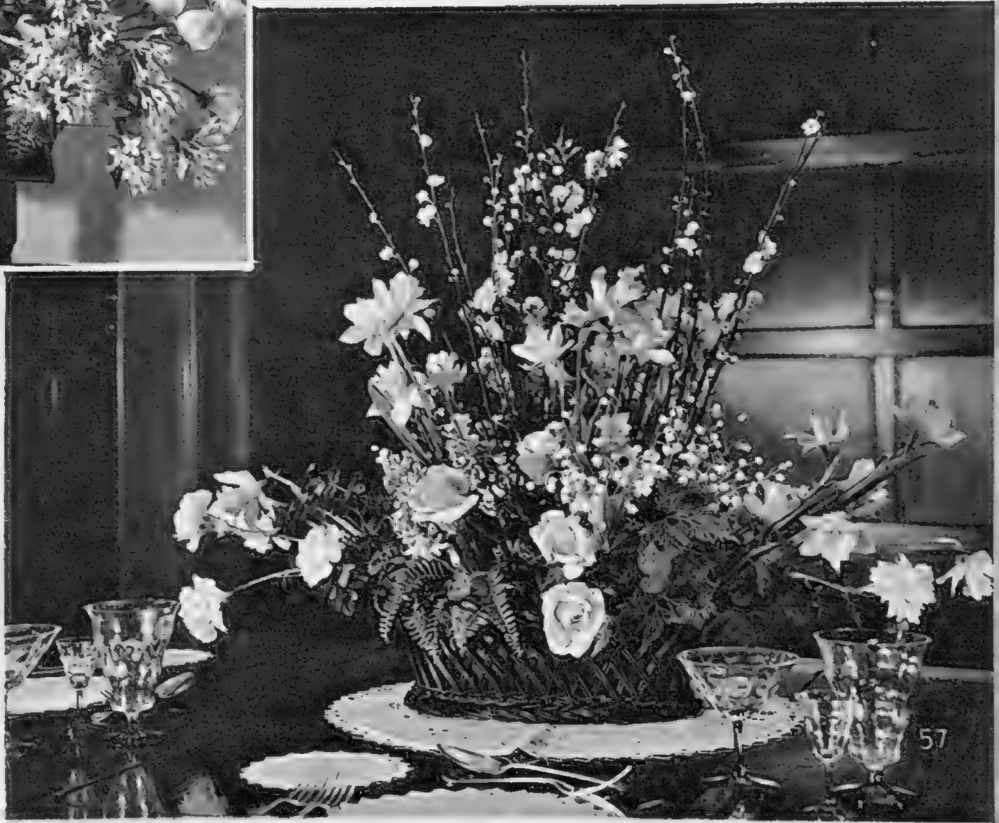


Apple blossom. Austere in its simplicity and yet so gay. The vase is of Chinese origin and the colouring celadon green



A garden basket makes the setting for these spring flowers. Daffodils, apple blossom, jonquils, lily-of-the-valley, freesia and anemone

(*Right*)
A basket of spring flowers for the table. Jonquils and lillies again, with anemones, roses, forget-me-nots, apple blossom and hyacinth

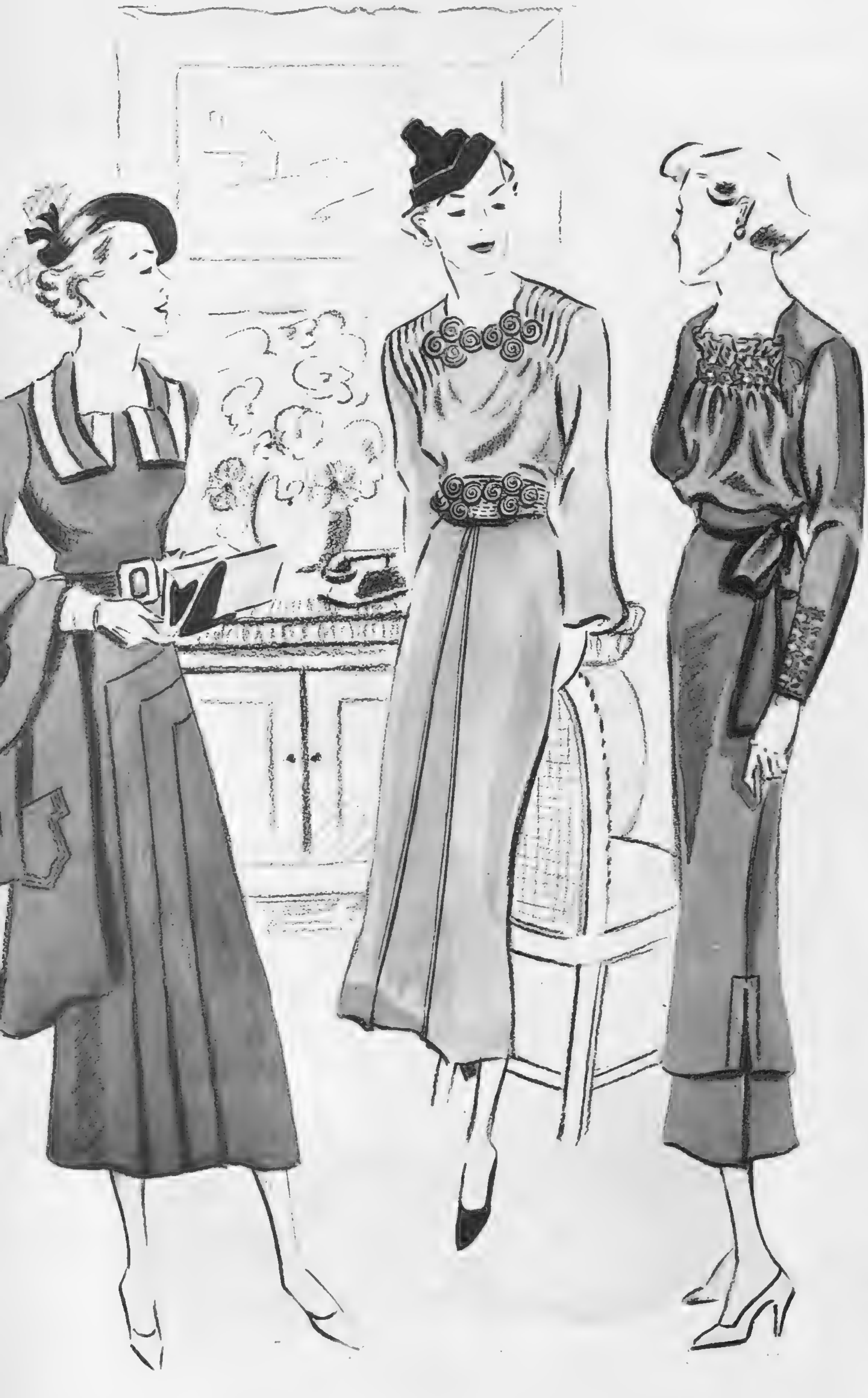


Flowers and arrangements by Moyses Stevens.

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Dept., "Britannia and Eve"



LOOK out this Spring for Chinese influence. The Chinese Exhibition is seeing to that. Designers can't help being swept off their feet by the beautiful lines, the intricate, delicate embroideries, but especially by the subtle, exquisite colours, the orange-pinks, lavender-blues, jades. You will wear much satin, high, stand-up necks, wide sleeves.

For street wear be prepared for shorter and fuller skirts. Jaegar are showing calf-length skirts—a length which thins out your whole leg, and is *young*.

They have a pet of a South American suit, a short, black bolero, a black, fullish skirt over a full, yellow silk, pouchy blouse. And flannel suits, wide revered, severely tailored, in new pastels, grey backgrounds, with blue, green or yellow tones, a relief from the old greys and navies. Also new short swagger coats with a circular back movement, good for all figures.

In the meantime, before planning your own Spring outfit you are most likely looking for a dress to lift up your winter coat, a bright dress in which you can say "Au revoir" to winter, and yet wear, on a prematurely sunny day, under your fur.

Here are three, chosen for their good style, fashion points, and wearability from Marshall and Snelgrove.

The first is Chinese blue woollen, with a slightly flaring skirt and a looped, white-edged neck-line. A loose, three-quarter coat goes with this, and later on it might well be your Spring ensemble.

Next, a very attractive yellow-beige woollen dress, simply cut, trimmed with self swirls at neck and waist. These two are from the Inexpensive Gown Department.

Last, a tunic dress of satin-backed marocain in a bright pinky rust. Soft plaiting at neck and wrists. Model Gown Salon.

NOTHING makes a woman feel so completely feminine as a hostess gown. This can be an elaborate and flowing negligée—only for home wear, of course. Or an elegant dinner dress which can go from cocktail to supper-time, and, if necessary, take in a theatre on the way.

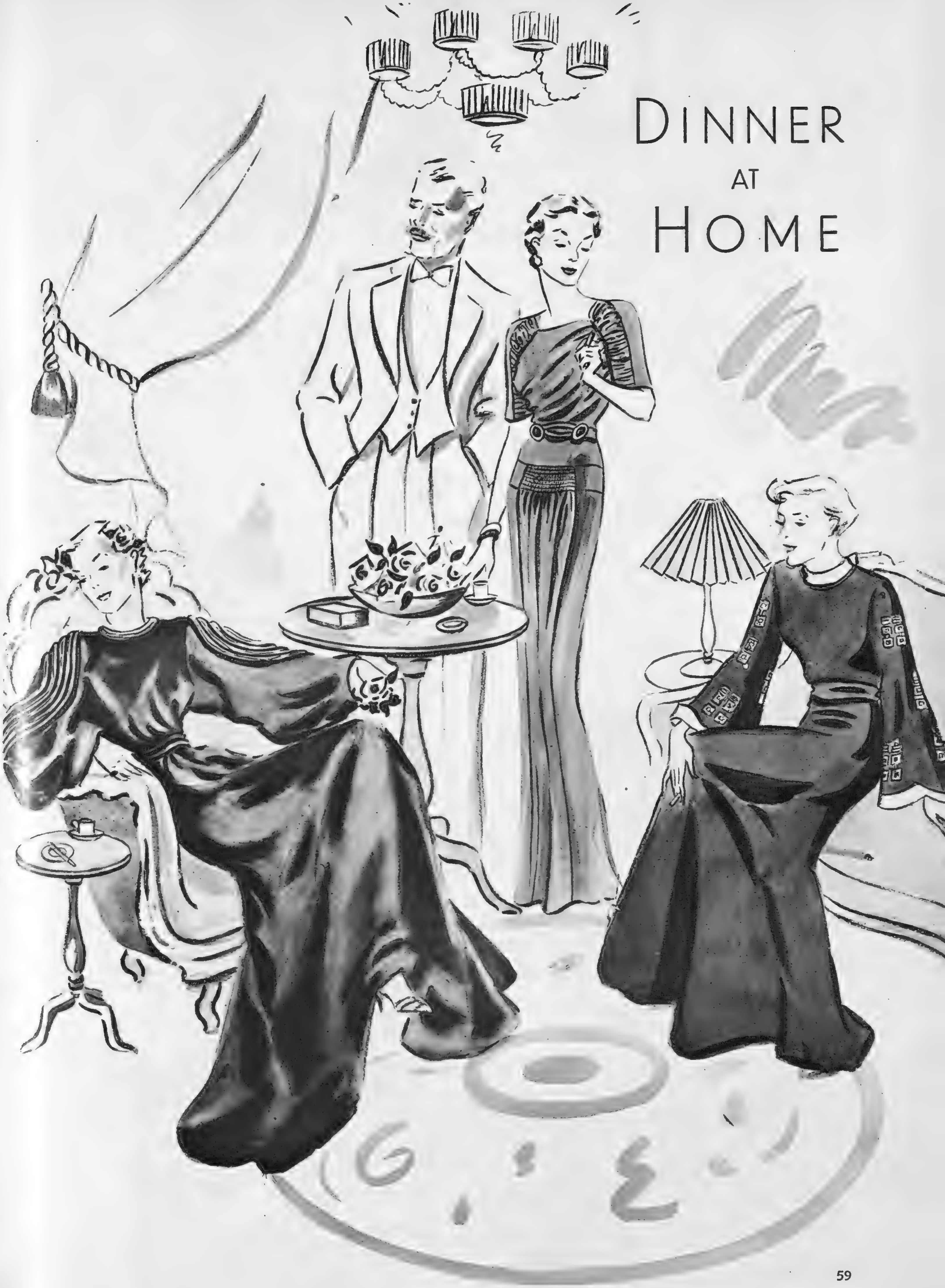
First of the trio on the facing page wears a mulberry velvet wrap. You slip into it, from the front, cross it at the back, where it leaves a lowish V-neck, and ties at the side, allowing the skirt to fall in lovely draperies. Very full sleeves with row on row of velvet piping.

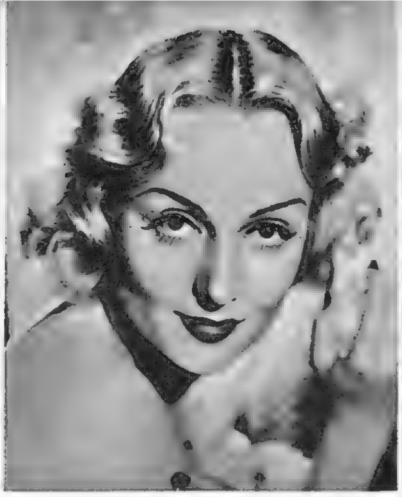
Centre. A black crêpe, high-necked gown of deceptive cut, looking simple, really intricate. Gathered insets to the bodice partly form the sleeves. Gathered yoke on the skirt. Both of these are from the Tea Gown Department, Debenham and Freebody.

We saw the first Chinese dinner gown of this season at the Model Gowns, Debenham and Freebody.

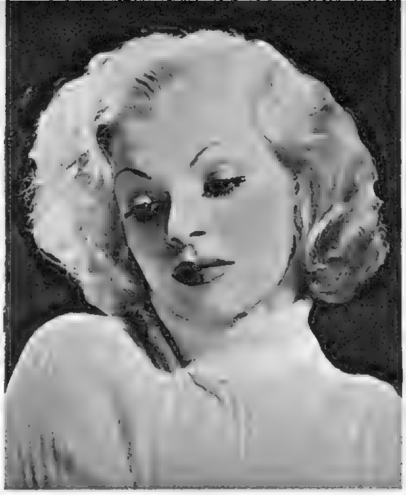
It is black crêpe ormonde, with a slim, flowing line. The sleeve embroideries, the high, upstanding collar, inside the sleeves, and the tie at the back of the waist, are pinky-orange.

DINNER AT HOME

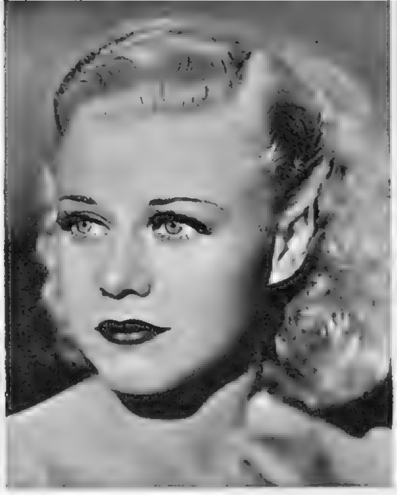




Carole Lombard's hair has two or three simple, sweeping movements, the hint of a wave, slightly twisted ends. At the back it lies straight and sleek to the head, then twists on her neck



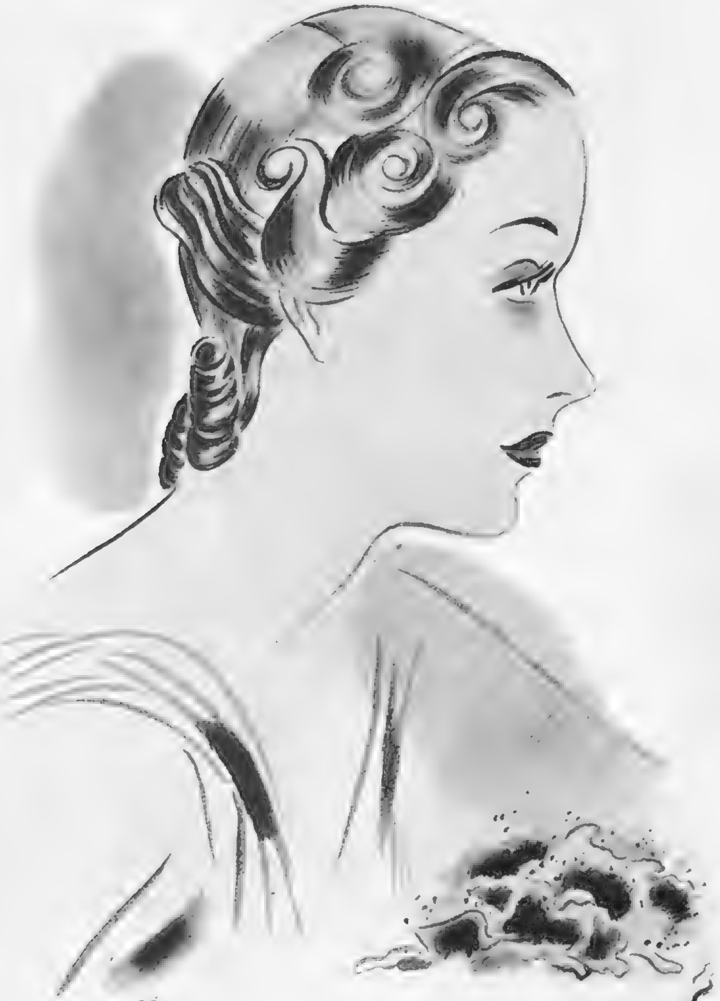
Claire Luce (now appearing in "Follow the Sun," Cochran's latest revue) has the sort of blonde hair that can take care of itself. Hers falls in casual waves, framing her face



Ginger Rogers, Radio dancing star, has plenty of hair styles. This is one of her favourites. High waves combed back behind the ears with a long fluffy aureole standing out round her head

How the Stars—

A CHANGE OF HAIR



DOING your hair a new way is almost as good a tonic as buying a new hat. Even if people don't like it—and that is mainly because they see an unfamiliar you—they notice it, which is already something. And there is no reason why your new ways shouldn't be even more becoming than the old.

The thing to do is to change, as often as you can. Experiment. Be versatile. If you 've never had a fringe, try one now. It 's not disastrous, even if you don't care about it afterwards. The right kind of a fringe, in fact, is the one you wear at night, then comb safely away in your waves in the morning for golf or work.

Perhaps a big curly fringe is something you 've been waiting for to give you that extra allure. Don't always comb it down on to your forehead. Try having the curls set high, tight, on and above the hair line. Or comb the whole thing upwards, when it will form a sort of curly rosette.

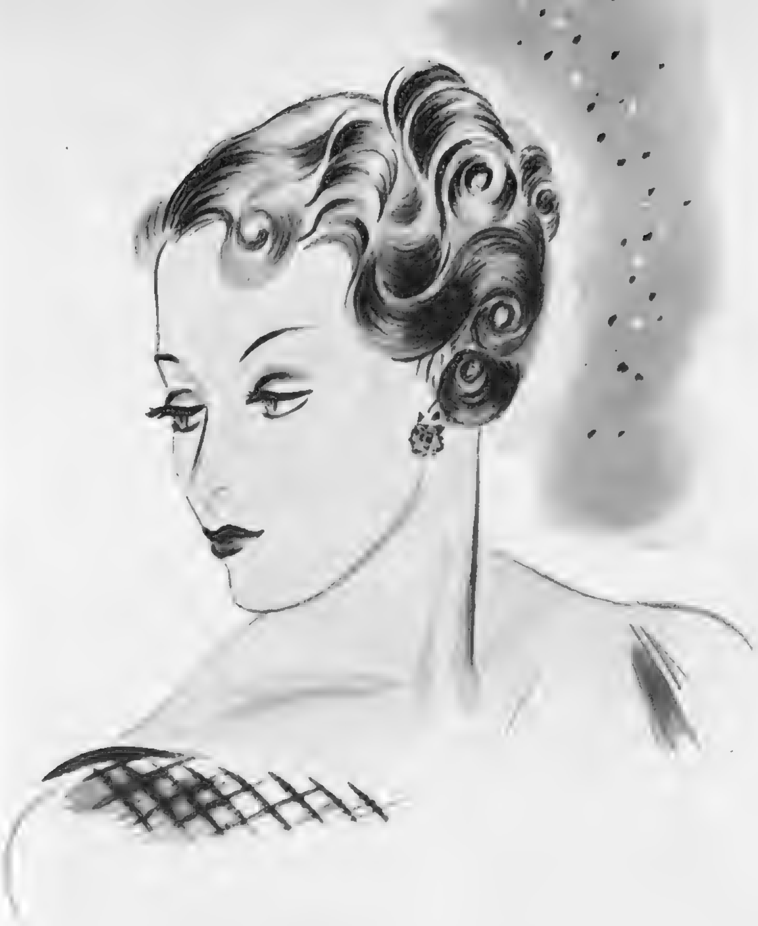
Change your parting to the other side, make it a centre, a diagonal parting. Brush your back hair side to side, instead of straight down. If you 've shortish side pieces, scrape them tightly back, then curl the ends upwards and round. When set, comb ruthlessly through the curls, so that the ends stand up. This takes ten years off any woman.

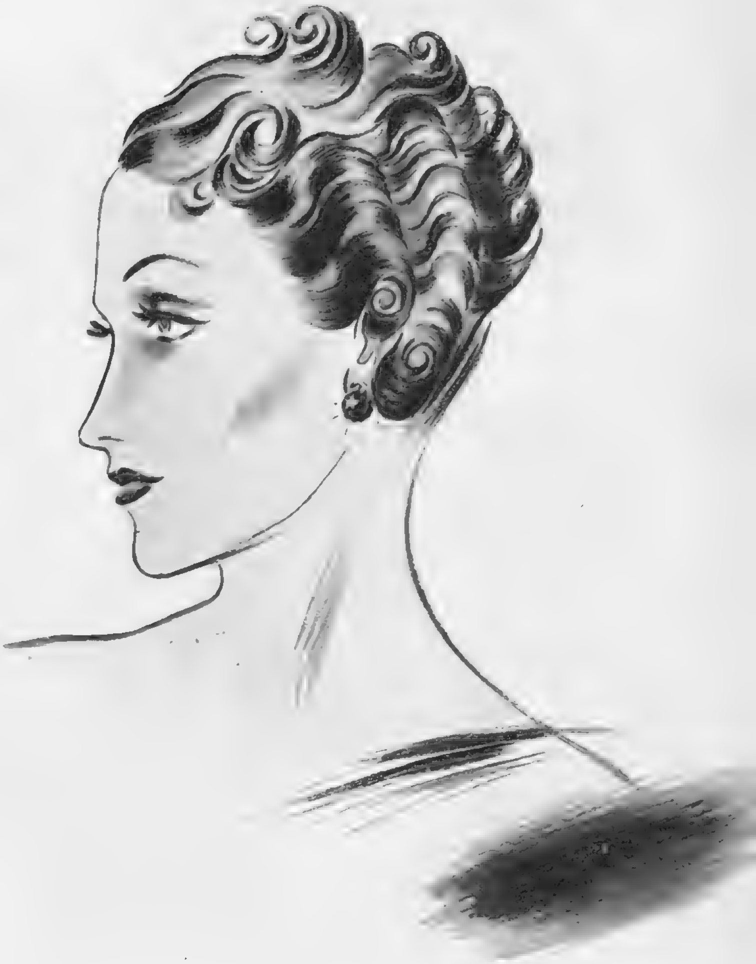
If you 're looking for a change of colour, make it red, but only if you 've the colouring to stand it.

As for fashions in hairdressing, you still comb upwards, away from face, neck and ears. This movement gives a young, uplifted look, even to a face with lines running down.

Once up there, you can do all sorts of fantastic things, twist curls in different ways, some going left, some right. When there are waves, they are loose and flat and spare.

Otherwise it is flat hair with curled ends appearing unexpectedly in all parts of the head, not just the ear and neck edge. Unless your ears can't stand publicity, show them.





Antoine, famous hair impresario, created the coiffure on the facing page for *Britannia and Eve*. It is composed of nice, flat curls, twisting different ways. Full face, that piece behind the ear curves out like a tea handle (an idea here from the Lots of Fun Department). Three natty little corkscrew curls twist in the nape. The whole is an amusing and last-word hairdressing style which would suit practically any face.

A flattering, original style (above), thought out and dressed by "Our Mr. Quantrill," the genial, competent chief of Marshall and Snelgrove's hairdressing salon. There is a forehead curl, then loose waves sweep up high, and flat curls mass at the back of the neck.

The lovely brushed-up coiffure at the right, careful union of wave and curl, was designed for us by Francis of Hanover Square, a place where they brilliantly interpret the hairdressing trend of the moment, or build up coiffures to reflect your own personality.

—Do
their
Hair

Temple waves, coming from a central parting, add the necessary width to the longish oval face of Eleanor Powell, tap-dancing sensation of "Broadway Melody of 1936." She lets it hang in curls round her neck

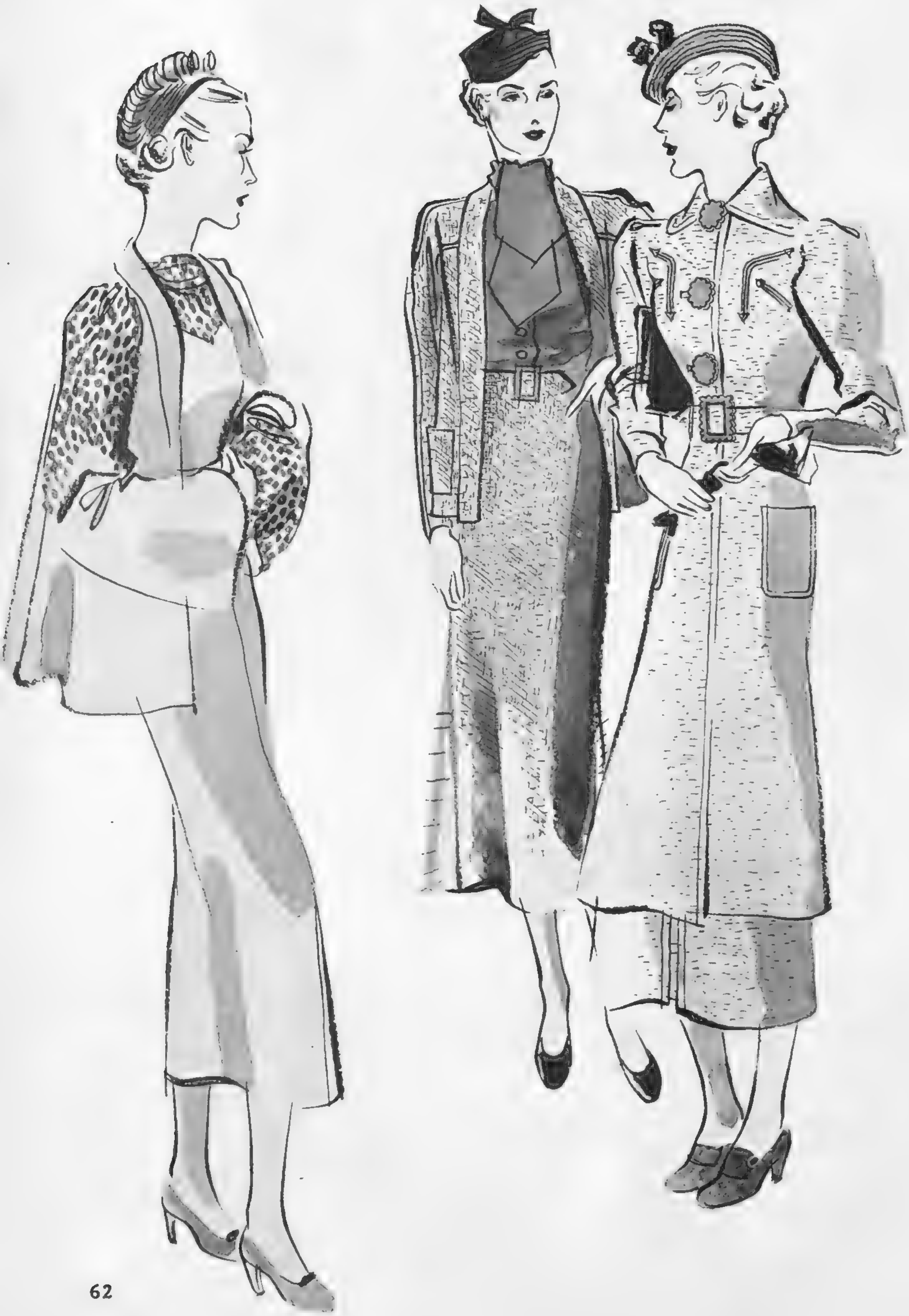
Mary Brian, who has just made her first British Picture, "Once A Million," for B.I.P., has the simplest coiffure for her day style in the film. Hardly a wave across the head, short temple curls, then long, loose curls in the neck

Diana Wynyard, star of the it-won't-come-off "Sweet Aloes," wears a left parting, casual waves, a short top piece waving across her head to a fluffy end, side and back combed up, to end in half-curls

Merle Oberon's very copyable "Dark Angel" hair style. It is brushed straight across the forehead from a right-hand parting. Then graduated ends curl upwards from temple to neck

This hat you can wear with all tweeds. Pure fur felt, unspottable, obtainable in all colours from Woodrow's of Piccadilly.

TWEED TIME



THERE is not a time of the year when tweeds are out of it.

You can get by without a silver fox or caviare. But tweeds are the bread and cheese of the wardrobe. And if there is anything better than bread and cheese when you're hungry, we don't know of it.

On this page are three new tweed suits: the far left for town wear, the others made for country, though you can safely wear them from dawn to dining.

The first fine grey tweed outfit owes its success to a triumphant cut.

At the collection where it was shown, every other woman, all clothes specialists, wanted to order it.

Beneath that short wide-sleeved coat with its circular swinging back — look out for these backs this season — is a short-sleeved, high-necked, yolked dress, belted, with slightly flaring skirt. Yolk, dress sleeves, shoulder section of right sleeve and wrist section of left sleeve are all in grey knit. *Jaeger*

In the middle is a perfect country outfit in hand-made Irish tweed, brown and beige, with a yellow fleck. The straight coat has a roll collar running down to the hem, raglan sleeves, pockets, a short slit at the back.

The skirt has two tiny hem slits either side, and an outside belt to stop that untidy between-blouse and skirt look. The blouse is yellow woollen, long-sleeved, with scarf collar. *Richard Sands*

Third, light mustard and white oatmeal tweed, with mustard leather buttons and buckle, and mustard leather edging the darted yolk line and slanting pockets.

The three-quarter-length coat is belted, fitting, worn over a yellow crêpe, short-sleeved blouse. *(Spectator Sports)*

WOMEN PLAY SQUASH

IT was bound to happen. You can't keep us out of anything for long.

Not long ago squash was regarded as a man's game, but now a daily growing army of women are playing it all over the country.

A number of women's championships are played throughout the British Isles, chief being the Amateur Championship for Women, the North of England Women's Championship, and the South of England Women's Championship.

A women's team went to America last season; America sent a women's team over here last month.

Its increasing popularity is due to many reasons. It is terrific concentrated exercise, half an hour at a time is practically as much as the average woman needs, or can stand. It keeps you slim, supple. It is excellent training for other games. You can play it all the year round, day and night.

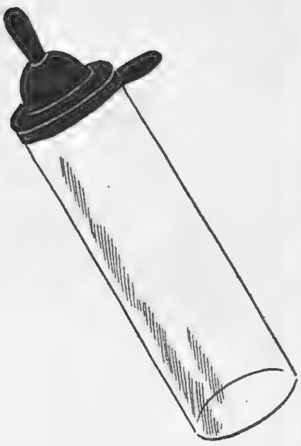
Quite perfect, in fact, for busy social ladies or world workers who must exercise, but have only odd half hours to spare for it.

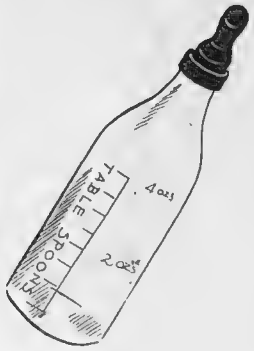
It doesn't cost the earth to play, either. In most clubs the subs. are extremely moderate, ranging from three guineas a year. Playing charges vary from 1s. 6d. upwards. A good racket can be bought for a guinea, and will last two or three seasons.

Best thing to wear is shorts and shirt, but take a sweater along.

The girl in the picture wears a white silk and wool shirt with ribbed collar and welt (18s. 6d.); fine flannel tailored pleated shorts, hanging as straight back as front (37s. 6d.); squash shoes of fine white canvas with reinforced rubber toes and fitted with thick sponge insoles to prevent sore feet (5s. 6d.); ribbed silk and wool socks (2s. 6d.). *All from Lillywhite.*

Helen Macgregor



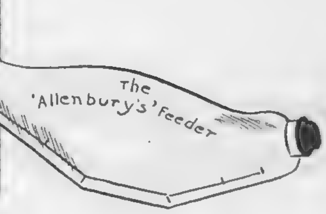


Above: A feeder, with tablespoon and ounce markings

Below: Allenbury's, with opening each end for easy washing

Left of Picture: Hygia cylindrical feeder, with easy pull-on teat

All from Treasure Cot Company.



Baby on the Bottle

By Len Chaloner

IF the least thing goes wrong with a bottle-fed baby, nothing is so easy as to blame the food. He is getting pains in the stomach or wind that is making him restless and wakeful. It *must* be the food, argues the young mother. "The right amount? Of course, I follow the instructions on the tin!"

That is her honest belief. But does she? The correct filling of a measure of dried milk is an art. If you set six people side by side to do it, the variation in results would surprise you.

One will have the measure closely filled, like a pipe of tobacco. One will sift it in so lightly that the baby would have about three-quarters of the right quantity.

The proper way to fill a measure is to use a teaspoon. The powder should be sifted in lightly from the spoon to the measure and the edge of the spoon should then be passed across the edge of the measure, smoothing it level. Without these precautions, it is almost certain that your baby will be slightly over or under-fed.

Of course, in any make of dried milk where the manufacturer produces two grades, such as a half-cream or humanised and a full cream or Number Two food, it is of great importance that the right grade is used for your baby's requirements, or serious discomfort may result.

Then there is timing. At one time, four-hourly feeding was considered an inviolable law. To-day many physicians find that three-hourly feeding is more satisfactory, so that again, a definite precision must be observed.

The next point is the actual feeding. No baby should ever have his bottle feed without being picked up and held comfortably in his mother's or nurse's arms, just as he would be if breast-fed.

He should not lie quite flat. The general idea is that an artificially-fed baby should be encouraged to work for his living, that is, that he should have a tight teat in order to make him take as long as possible over the feed.

The naturally-fed baby gets his supplies very easily once the flow has started, so it is reasonable and logical to imitate Nature's methods as far as possible, otherwise your baby is liable to suck in a lot of wind in his efforts.

A bottle feed should take about ten to fifteen minutes, with a slight break in the middle. If the teat is too small to allow this, it should be punched again.

THE next easy mistake to slip into is putting the baby down too soon. Because the food is an all-fluid one, he should be held up over the shoulder and have his back gently rubbed until he has broken wind, twice.

An alternative position is to sit him up straight on your knee, well supported back and front, allowing for a very gentle sideways movement, for five to ten minutes. Few babies get this time unless we keep an eye on the clock.

After he has been placed on the right side and comfortably tucked in, immediate attention should be given to the bottle and teat, which should be thoroughly rinsed under the cold, then the hot tap, the teat having been turned inside out and rubbed with a little salt.

Both should then be placed in a bowl of cold water, with a lid on, until evening. Take out the teats. Bring the water slowly to the boil for ten minutes, and then let it cool again, as gradually.

The teats should be dropped into the water for a few minutes' immersion and then rest in a separate little bowl, not in water, but, of course, covered carefully with a lid.

It may be added that the principle of management is a little different when a cow's milk mixture is used, for then, and *then only*, is it desirable to make up the set of six or five bottle feeds for the day, all together, soon after the arrival of the milk in the morning.

WHILE on this subject, I must mention the supplementary feeding that is so often very successfully used to-day. By the use of a dried milk, such as Cow and Gate, for example, a small supplementary feed is easily given where the mother's own supplies are insufficient for her baby. So weaning is avoided.

The dried milk is quite satisfactory with the natural one, and the small quantities required in this fashion are much more easily made up from a dried milk than the more elaborate preparation of a cow's milk mixture.

Again in cases where the mother has one hour in the day when business or social obligations would mean a hurried feed, or if she is too tired for nursing, one bottle feed of a food like this will be far better than giving the baby indigestion, and the mother weaning him in despair.

In between feeds, the baby should be given a little cool, boiled water, say two or three times in the twenty-four hours. Many

(*continued on page 98*)

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

For those women who've no eyelashes to speak of, they are heaven-sent

I'll *tell* you *all* I Know

By Mary Young

If you should happen to see a woman in a green velvet hat, a grey lamb coat, a black scotty, and beautiful eyelashes, it will be me.

The hat, coat, and dog are mine by right of purchase. And so are the eyelashes. Yes, indeed, I had them fixed on to my own. For years I had sworn that false eyelashes were none of my affair. Those I saw looked so much longer than life, so unreal, that I preferred my own nondescripts. But now, in a new West End beauty shop, there are women with magical fingers who can give you the sort of eyelashes you've always longed for. Long, dark, and curling, but not too much of a good thing, making cheek shadows, but looking more real than your own mascaraed.

Fifteen shillings they cost, and forty-five minutes of your time. For those women who've no eyelashes to speak of, nothing even to mascara, they are heaven-sent.

They also do some glorious face packs. As a pack connoisseur I must have a special gush over their honey pack, which has that little extra something.

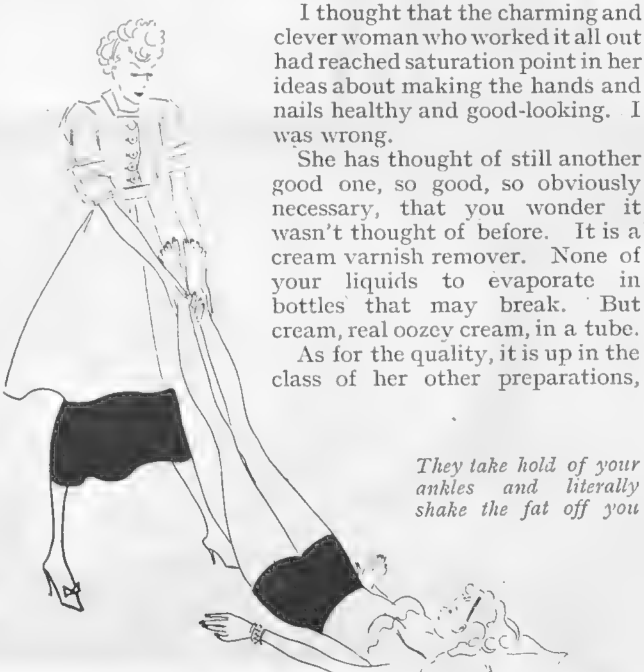
It does all the good business of a pack, removing acids and deep down dirt, gently tightening and stimulating. But it nourishes and softens, too. And it's so pure you could eat it on your bread for tea. It is sold also in two-and-six-penny jars for home use. A jar would last out plenty of treatments.

I liked, too, their blemish lotion. You know how you almost always have a spot or two when you are going out very specially. Ordinary foundation creams and powder won't mask it. This lotion will, completely, and as it is medicated, it heals at the same time.

It is a versatile salon. You can take body treatments of all kinds, mud, brine, iodine, wax, foam baths. And if you live a long way out you can arrange specially to have a late treatment, a bath, a rest perhaps, and dress yourself there for your party.

If you are slim enough, skip this. If you want to be slim without dieting, home exercising, or drugs, read it again and again.

I say without exercising, because *you* don't have to do any. That is the business of the experts who slim you. It is not massage as you and I know it. It is an attack on the superfluous fatty tissue, which, as it were, distributes fat to various parts of your body.



They take hold of your ankles and literally shake the fat off you

The method may be directed to any part of the body, bust, hips, ankles, wadge round waist. The point is that it breaks down the central distributor by frictioning it against muscle and bone.

If it were done by ordinary massage they would have to half kill you by pummelling. As it is, you lie on the floor, relaxed, they take hold of your ankles, and literally shake the fat off you. You don't lose it through the pores, but ultimately, by elimination. And how good the treatment is to constipation victims.

Its success has been proved over and over again in the few years that the method has been in use. I have seen records of really astonishing results, where people have lost four inches off the bust, eight inches off the abdomen.

No treatment is given until your case has been personally diagnosed. Unlike some slimming treatments, you don't ultimately emerge haggard, hollow eyed, and hollow necked.

Fees are based upon your weight and general physical condition. Once decided on, it does not matter how often you go. You continue with the treatment until the result is obtained.

And, so far, they have forgotten how to spell the word failure.

Faithful readers of this page may recall that some time ago I wrote with enthusiasm about a revolutionary place where they beautified ugly nails, not by ordinary spit and polish manicures, but by careful, persuasive treatments and the use of really unique and healing preparations.

They cure, for instance, breaking nails, ragged cuticles, hang nails, white spots on nails.

I thought that the charming and clever woman who worked it all out had reached saturation point in her ideas about making the hands and nails healthy and good-looking. I was wrong.

She has thought of still another good one, so good, so obviously necessary, that you wonder it wasn't thought of before. It is a cream varnish remover. None of your liquids to evaporate in bottles that may break. But cream, real oozey cream, in a tube.

As for the quality, it is up in the class of her other preparations, which is something. As for the convenience, it is obvious. As for the price, it is one and sixpence.

Soon, the way clever inventive brains are going on, there will be a panacea for every trouble.

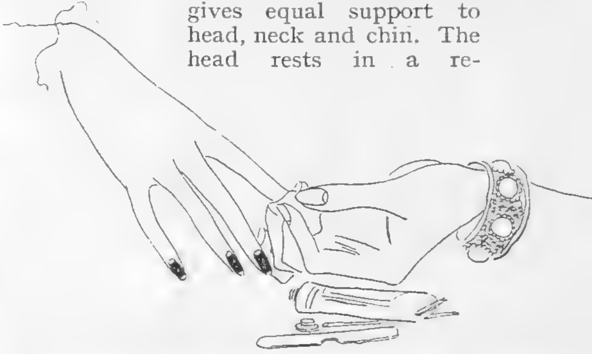
In the meantime, there is still sleeplessness.

When it is very bad, obviously, you have to go deep down to find a cure, but when it is just occasional, when you sleep fitfully, worried perhaps, are overtired, nervy, have bad dreams, you can do simple things to correct it.

First of all get the right pillow.

When you're sleepless, the softest down pillow becomes a lump, an enemy, you can't relax.

I have found a pillow that helps your whole body to immediate relaxation. It is so designed that it gives equal support to head, neck and chin. The head rests in a recessed centre piece, kept in position by two padded wings. The effect is astonishing.



So good, so obviously necessary, that you wonder it wasn't thought of before. A cream varnish remover

I tried it on my husband, always a nervy sleeper given to nightmares. He sleeps dreamlessly on it, like a child, and wakes refreshed and vigorous. Cost, twelve and six.

Domestic Note.—Here are two excellent things that ought to find a place in every kitchen cupboard. First a cover for the milk bottle. It doesn't sound much, I know, but in your home, probably, as well as mine, the milk bottle too often stands about on the table, perhaps, with the cardboard top discarded and dust and germs swarming into it.

This hygienic protector is a neat little thing that fits every standard bottle, swings up when you use the milk, then seals it again firmly and safely. (*One shilling.*)

Second, a carpet shampoo, for those times when your carpets are just a bit off colour, not quite bad enough to be sent to the cleaners.

It is a little miracle worker, this, doing to your floor coverings what a good shampoo does to your hair. Three shillings a bottle, with brush 4s. 6d.

Washing Day . . .

HOME laundering to-day is a different affair from that devastating effort of our grandmothers' washing day. Laundries now are plentiful, cheap and, on the whole, good, while electric washing and wringing machines and electric irons make labour much lighter.

On the other hand, although our garments are fewer and simpler, materials are more varied and they demand more technical knowledge and skill in their treatment.

Linens

The treatment of bed and table linen and undergarments of fine cotton is unchanging.

Remove stains and mend tears. Soak for twelve hours. Wash thoroughly with good soap in two hot waters, turning garments over in second water.

Boil for twenty to thirty minutes in good soapy water. Bleach outside on grass if possible for some hours, keeping damp. Rinse well in warm water, then cold, then blue. Wring, shake and remove creases. Hang up to half-dry. Fold and mangle evenly. Iron with hot, heavy iron. Fold. Air thoroughly and lay away.

Pure Silks

Pure silk crêpes, washing satins and all silks should be gently pulled about (never rubbed) in warm, soapy water. Rinse in tepid water, and roll in a towel. Iron when half-dry.

Artificial Silks

Rayon, or artificial silk, requires to be carefully handled. Wash by squeezing between the hands in tepid water made soapy with Lux or soap jelly. Rinse in tepid and then in cold water. Squeeze well and place in a cloth to become dry or, if heavy, hang up carefully until almost dry.

Rayon of a heavy crêpe finish will require to be lightly stretched into shape during the drying. Press lightly with a cool iron on the wrong side if a dull finish is desired, on the right side if you want it shiny. Iron all lace and double parts first on the wrong side.

Woollies

Woollen fibres, if rubbed, become knotted, giving a felted result which destroys the heat-retaining properties. Also sudden changes in temperature while washing cause the fabric to shrink and lose elasticity. Woollen garments must be washed quickly and not left lying about.

Before washing new woollens soak them in cold water for an hour or two to remove sulphur dressing.

Shake the woollens and wash quickly by squeezing in two tepid, soapy waters. Turn the garment in the second water. Rinse very well in tepid water and in tepid pale blue water if white or blue, with a little vinegar added for other colours. The weak acid helps to make the wool soft and fluffy.

All soap must be rinsed out. If left in, it makes the woollens yellow and encourages moths. A little ammonia may be used when washing white and natural woollens.

Squeeze well from the rinsing water, press gently through the wringer with the tension very loose, shake well, pull gently into shape and dry outside, on a breezy day if possible. Frames may be obtained for jumpers or a padded coat hanger used, otherwise lay the garment out on the grass or on a thick towel on the floor or table, with windows and door opened so as to dry quickly. When dry, woollies may be lightly pressed, not ironed.

Glazed Chintz

This is very fashionable just now and can be laundered successfully at home. Shake and brush the chintz. If the colours are fast, soak in cold water for twelve hours. If at all loose, take through cold, salt water quickly.

Wash quickly by squeezing in tepid water in a good soapy lather. Rinse in tepid, then in cold water, with blue if the ground is mostly white.

Wring the chintz well from the rinsing water and starch in full strength hot-water starch with a little dissolved borax added. Shake very well to remove creases and hang up wrong side out in a shady spot to half-dry. Roll up till ready for ironing.

Iron on the right side with hot, heavy irons—too hot will dull the colour of the chintz.

To polish, remove blanket from table, lay chintz right side up on the sheet, damp a strip with a rag tightly wrung out of water, and with a hot polishing iron—that is, an iron with bevelled edges—polish the selvedge way by rubbing quickly and lightly with the iron.

E. C.

LUX
LUX NOW—lathers instantly even in COLD wa

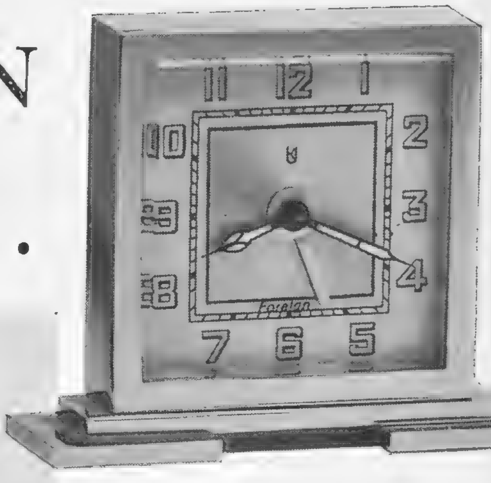
What I have Bought this Month

These two antelope suède bags are really exceptional bargains. Both have marcasite clasps and are fitted with inside divisions, combs and double-sided mirrors. The envelope-shaped one also has a loose purse attached to a chain. In dark green, brown or black, price 21/-. (Postage 6d.)

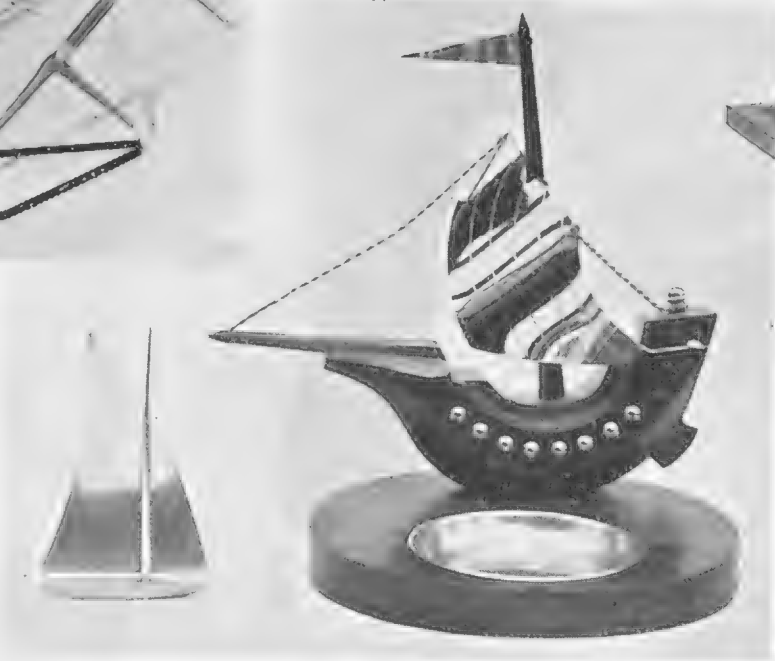
Bird-lovers will get lots of pleasure and feel they are really helping their feathered friends if they hang some of the original H.M.B. Bird Feeders in the garden during the winter months. This picture shows a Peanut Feeder and Tit Bell, price 5/6 complete. (Postage 6d.) The first is filled with shelled peanuts to which the birds get access through two vertical slits at opposite sides, and the Tit Bell contains bird cake which is obtainable in cartons at 2/6 a dozen

BARGAIN PAGE . . .

The decorative value of glass in the home has created a vogue for these delicate little statuettes, carried out in lovely colours. In front the modern Diana and her dog are modelled in a rich sparkling blue (price 7/6), while the figure at the back, greeting the sun, is brown under a palm tree of lovely greens. Price 8/6. (Postage in each case 9d.)

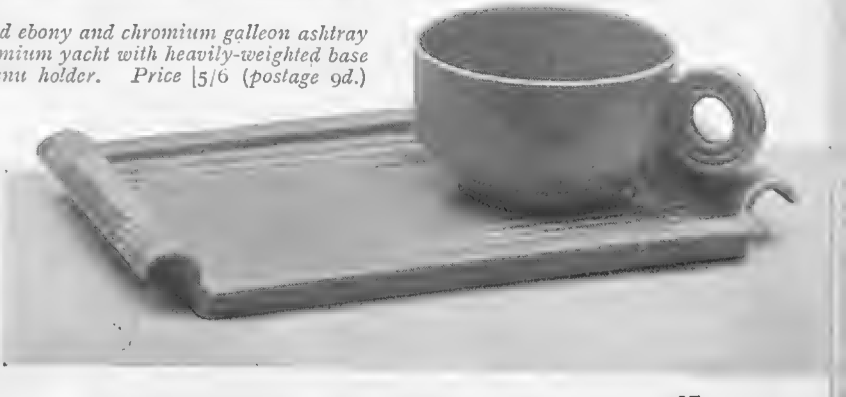


This neat chromium bedside alarm clock will keep you up to the mark on those chill February mornings when waking up is the most difficult task of the day. Price £1 (postage 9d.)



Nautically minded friends will love this red ebony and chromium galleon ashtray Price 26/6 (postage 1/-). The small chromium yacht with heavily-weighted base would make a charming and original menu holder. Price 5/6 (postage 9d.)

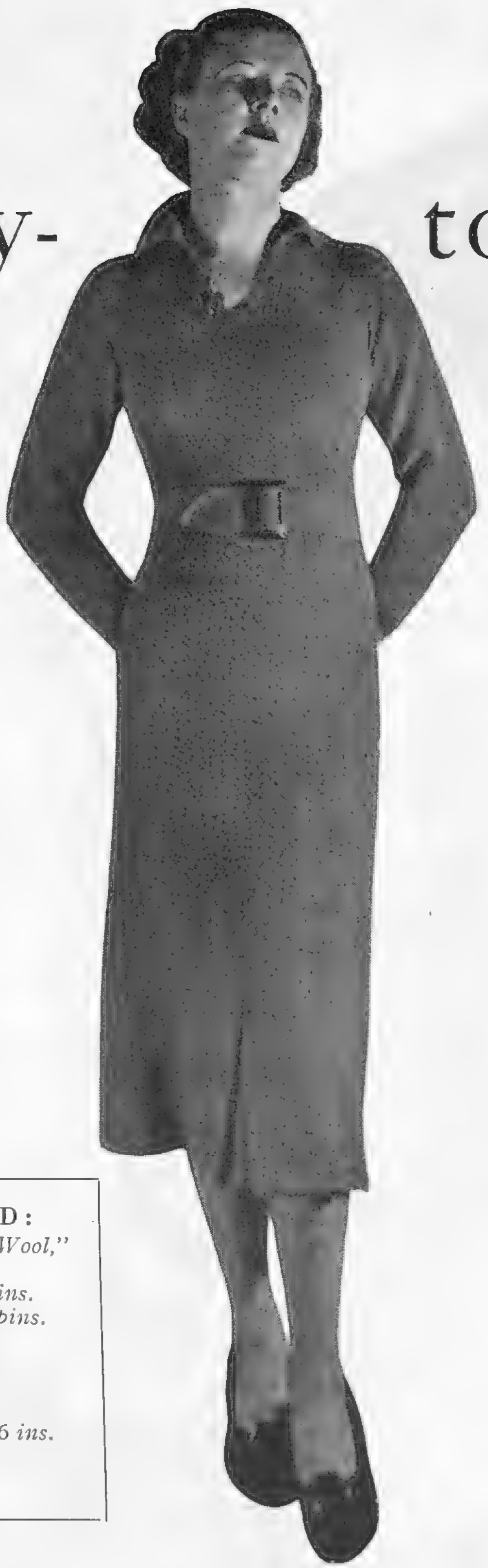
For cosy fireside suppers—a cup of soup and some toast and butter—this pretty glazed china tray and cup with really satisfying capacity is the very thing. In pink or turquoise, price 12/6 complete. (Postage 1/-.)



WRITE to the Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

An Easy-to-Make Knitted Dress



The pattern is simple, the line good. You will fina it fits beautifully, and will not seat. There is an inverted pleat back and front of the skirt. It is made in Golden Eagle Merino Wool

Back.

With No. 9 pins cast on 260 sts. K. 4 rows garter st. Now change to the following pat.:

1st row. *P. 1, K. 3, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. P. 2, *K. 1, P. 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts., K. 1, P. 1.

3rd row. K. 2, * P. 1, K. 3, repeat from * to last 2 sts., P. 1, K. 1.

4th row. Purl.

Continue in this pat. until work measures 8½ ins. from start, finishing on 2nd row of pat.

Now shape for front pleat.

Work 80 sts., cast off 100, work 80 sts.

Next row. Purl across both rows of sts. (160 now). Following the pat., continue decreasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 130 sts. remain. Continue on these 130 sts. until 28½ ins. from start. Then shape waist.

MATERIALS REQUIRED:

15 ozs. Golden Eagle "Merino Wool," 3-ply.
1 pair No. 9 Double Century pins.
1 pair No. 10 Double Century pins.
4 Buttons.
1 Buckle.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length from shoulder to hem, 46 ins.
Sleeve from shoulder, 24½ ins.
Tension 7 sts. to 1 in.

Waist.

With No. 10 pins, rib 3 ins. in K. 1, P. 1, taking together (1st row only) every 12th and 13th sts. (120 sts. now).

When the 3 ins. of ribbing have been worked, change to No. 9 pins and continue in pat. for 8 ins. Then shape—

Armholes.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 6 rows (a dec. of 12 sts. each side). Work on remaining 96 sts. until armholes measure 7 ins. Then shape—

Shoulders.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining 32 sts. for back of neck.

Front.

Work exactly as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Then divide sts. for neck.

Work 28 sts., rib 20 sts. in K. 1, P. 1 (48 sts.). (Slip 48 sts. on to a spare pin.)

Now continue on the 1st 48 sts., keeping the 20 sts. at edge in rib and the 28 remaining sts. in pat.

Work 1 inch, then make a buttonhole. Work the 28 sts. in pat., rib 14 sts., cast off 4, rib 2.

Next row. Rib 2 sts., cast on 4, rib 14 sts., work to end of row. Work 1 inch, make another buttonhole. When armhole measures 6 ins., shape neck.

Neck.

Cast off 8 sts. at neck edge. Rib 12 sts., work 28 sts. (40 sts.). Continue on these 40 sts for 1 inch, decreasing 1 st. (by K. 2 sts. tog.) at neck edge every row until 32 sts. remain. Then shape—

Shoulder.

Continue on all sts. in pat., casting off 8 sts. every armhole end row 4 times.

Return to the 48 sts. on spare pin and work to correspond, with ribbing, buttonholes, etc., at opposite edges.

Sleeves.

With No. 10 pins cast on 56 sts. Work 3 ins. in ribbing of K. 1, P. 1.

Change to No. 9 pins and continue in pat. as for dress for 2½ ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next, and afterwards every 8th following row (by K. twice in first and last sts.) until 84 sts. on pin. When sleeve measures 21½ ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

Collar.

With No. 10 pins cast on 108 sts. Work 2¾ ins. in ribbing of K. 1, P. 1, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off loosely in rib.

Belt.

With No. 10 pins cast on 28 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for as many inches as you want it.

To Make Up.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams of dress. Fold in pleat of skirt and tack into position. Then stitch and press flatly. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Sew buckle to belt. Make slots at waistline for belt to pass through.

Especially for Housewives

Left:
Marmalade-making is simplified and speeded up when one of Spong's slicers is used. This one, price 5s. 9d., is an efficient, well-made machine with only three parts, a cast-iron body, a five-bladed steel cutter and a handle. The blades are set to give a fine, even cut, and the whole has a hygienic lacquer finish and is very easily cleaned. For a further 3s. there is an even better model with twin rotary blades which can be set to cut from wafer thinness up to slices an eighth of an inch thick

Above, top:
This useful and inexpensive filler is a boon to housewives who make their own marmalade and jam, for with its help their conserve can be decanted without any waste or unpleasant stickiness on the outside jar. Price 9d.

Right:
The Queen's Pudding Boiler dispenses with pudding-cloths and the nuisance of tying them on with string. The lid fits closely and firmly to the basin so that steam or water cannot get in and spoil your pudding, and the handle on the lid enables the pudding to be lifted easily from the saucepan without burning your fingers. Basin and cover are obtainable in various sizes from 1s. 6d. for a small pudding to 6s. for a really large family one

All under Six Shillings

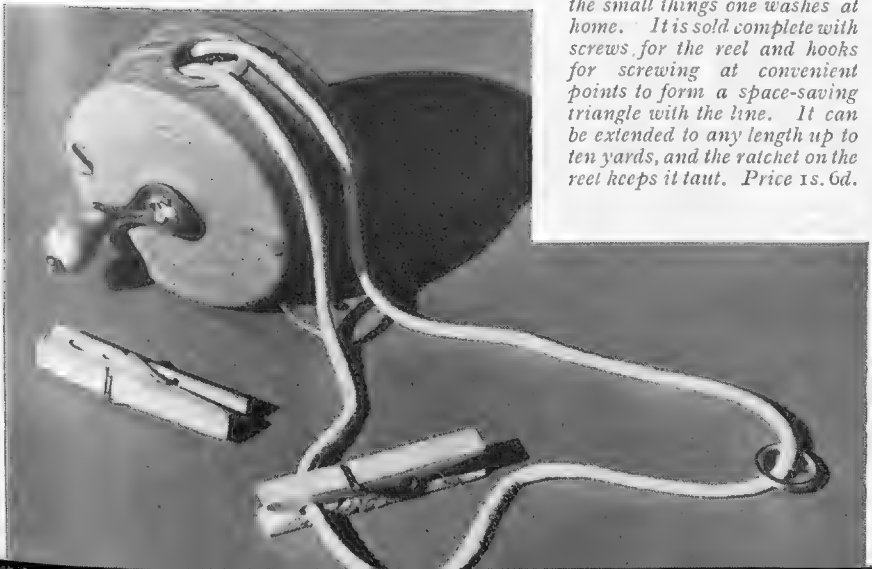
Enquiries relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346 Strand, London, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

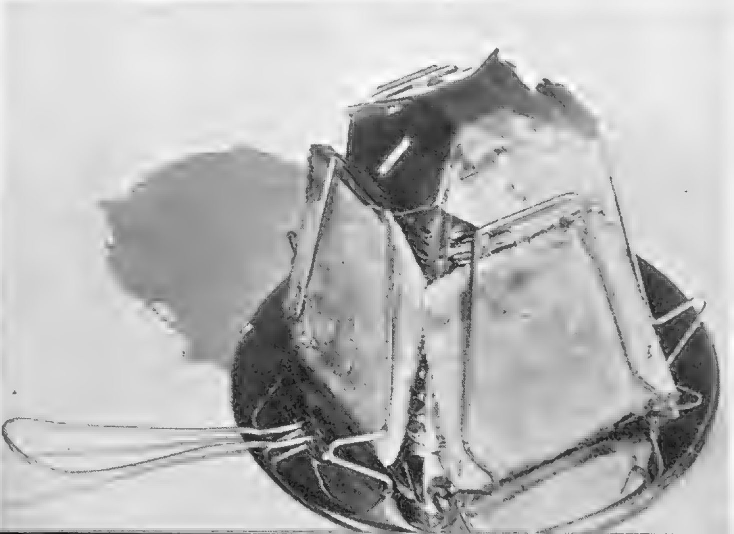
In every kitchen there are a thousand and one jobs for a pair of scissors, and when these scissors are Kumfi-Kut Kitchen Scissors they will do these jobs with special efficiency on account of their special endowments. They are stainless and rustless, have chromium-plated blades, one of which is serrated to give a really perfect grip. At the tip there is a lid-priser, and in the gaily-coloured handle there are teeth which will really get a hold on recalcitrant screw-topped bottles. The price, with all these special utility points, is only 4s. 6d.

KUMFI-KUT
TRIM
CUT
CHOP
SLICE
KITCHEN SCISSORS

Bottom, right:
Thrifty housewives will appreciate this Pyramid Toaster which, when placed over a gas-ring, will make four slices of toast at once, thus saving 75 per cent. of their gas. 1s. 6d.

Left:
The "Tala" Disappearing Clothes-line is invaluable in flats and apartments for the small things one washes at home. It is sold complete with screws for the reel and hooks for screwing at convenient points to form a space-saving triangle with the line. It can be extended to any length up to ten yards, and the ratchet on the reel keeps it taut. Price 1s. 6d.





Apples and bananas are very good fried slowly in butter, served with brown sugar and lemon juice

Out of the Frying Pan

Properly done, frying is among the best of the culinary processes

So many people attack frying, complaining that it is damaging to the digestion to eat something sodden in half-tepid grease.

We have here, in a nutshell, the whole point of their argument. First of all, people with weak digestions must naturally follow the advice of their doctor. Secondly, a piece of fish, flesh or fowl served sodden in anything is badly cooked and would probably be equally nasty had it been boiled, braised, or baked. So that it is quite unfair to put the blame on frying which, if properly done, is among the best of the culinary processes.

Let me start by dividing it into two classes: deep and fast frying, shallow and slow. Here are some general rules about both.

Deep Frying

The fat must be really boiling. This you can judge by watching for a thin blue smoke which arises from the fat. If at all in doubt drop a pellet of soft bread into the fat. If it at once sizzles and turns golden brown, all is well.

Things cooked in boiling fat must be absolutely dry before you put them in. Potatoes, after being cut, are left wrapped in a cloth for about a quarter of an hour. Fish is dried in a cloth sprinkled with flour. The same rule applies in cases where a batter is used to coat the fish.

When frying in deep fat, do not overcrowd. Put in just enough at one time so that the pieces can revolve freely all the time they are cooking.

If you have a proper frying basket, remove it when your things are done. This is a question of a few minutes. You can see the potatoes, fish, fritters, etc., turn from light yellow to pale and then a deeper golden colour, by which time they are ready. Rest the basket on the special hook provided to drain. Salt the things and serve them as soon as possible afterwards.

Best Fats to Use

This is largely a question of taste, but whatever you use must be of the best quality. A good frying oil or lard are equally good, but you can also make a mixture of your own with pork fat and beef fat (from the part surrounding the kidneys) in equal proportions.

Melt these down together, and, having extracted all the fat, pass it through a fine strainer in the frying basket or a deep frying pan, in which you can leave it, using it for two or three weeks.

Needless to say you should not use the same fat for fish and meat or vegetables. If you have a great deal of fried fish, a separate pan of fat should be kept.

The great thing to remember is that in this type of frying the object is to cook the things as quickly as possible, producing a hot, crisp morsel which is perfectly cooked but which is *not at all impregnated with the fat.* This is quite the contrary to butter frying.

Shallow Frying

Here you have quite a different process, though the result is often the same. For this you use butter, olive oil, or good dripping, and you want not only to cook your ingredient, but to let it take the flavour of your frying matter, so you retard the cooking, starting it on a slow fire, giving plenty of time and turning the pieces over several times so that they are nicely browned on all sides.

There are certain exceptions to these rules, notably in the case of kidneys, liver and mushrooms, which are far too often overdone.

Kidneys should not be hard and dry, so you should do them in plenty of butter, putting them in when it is at the foaming stage. Turn them over several times so that they have not time to become "crusty." Five or six minutes should be ample for small kidneys.

Liver you usually dust with a little flour and fry it in the same way as kidneys, but it takes, of course, a little longer. Prick it occasionally, and when you see there is no more blood oozing out, it is time to remove it.

Mushrooms also suffer as a rule from over-cooking. You do not want a sort of messy pulp, black and squashy, out of which nearly all the flavour has been allowed to escape.

To begin with, put in only enough to fill the bottom of the pan tightly—they will shrink in cooking—and avoid, if possible, having them on top of each other.

Fry them carefully, turning them occasionally, and prick them with a skewer to see how they are getting on.

When they are soft right through, but before they are like a wet sponge, they are ready, and you will have a dish of mushrooms, properly cooked but slightly crisp, in which you get the full and delicate flavour.

Sweet Things

Fruit can be fried in either of the two ways, but if you use the "deep fat" method you always dip the things in a batter first. Pineapple, apples, pears, oranges — all make delicious fritters. Drain them well, sprinkle with castor sugar and send them at once to the table.

Apples and bananas are also very good fried slowly in butter. Peel and cut the apples in quarters, remove the core and cook them, turning occasionally till they are soft and golden brown on all sides.

Served with a sprinkling of castor sugar, a pinch of powdered cinnamon, fried apples make a simple though delicious sweet, and bananas pricked all over and fried till soft and delicately browned are also very good with brown sugar and lemon juice.

The Birth *of* Famous *Dishes*

By A. H. Adair

On the question of who invented Crêpes Suzette there are many claimants

FAMOUS dishes which bear the illustrious names of places or people remind us of periods which might otherwise remain forgotten. In fact, you might almost write a little supplementary history book, using the names of chefs and their creations instead of kings, politicians and battles.

Take the case of *Poulet Marengo*, for instance. This was invented, I am told, at the time of the famous battle, by Napoleon's chef.

The transport wagons had been delayed, there was nothing to eat, and the Great Man was hungry. His resourceful chef managed to produce a chicken and some oil from a farmhouse. Garlic and tomatoes were found in the fields, and the Emperor was soon praising this masterpiece. We continue to praise it to-day.

Pommes Soufflés were the result of an accident. A French general was travelling in his special train to some manœuvres, and luncheon was in progress during a wayside halt.

Just as the chef had taken his fried potatoes out of the fat, the train started with a jolt, throwing the basket back into the still boiling fat.

To his amazement and delight, they puffed up like tiny balloons, and we now benefit by this happy misadventure.

We all know that Escoffier invented his delicious dish of peaches for Melba, making what is perhaps the most popular of all iced sweets, *Pêche Melba*; that *Eggs Otéro* were so called in honour of the great Spanish dancer of the 'nineties, but when we come to the question of who invented *Crêpes Suzette* there are so many claimants that I prefer not to enter that battle-ground.

In more recent times there is an amusing story connected with pancakes, and that is the origin of *Crêpes Verlaine*. Marcel Boulestin thought of these in the days when he was at a restaurant in Leicester Square, for the excellent reason that the great poet Verlaine, who was unduly fond of absinthe, had written a poem about Leicester Square at the time he was living in London.

Now I have just heard of a new drink called *Ginger Birdie*, invented by Lady Muriel Beckwith, whose own story I will quote:

"I was racking my brains for a good warming dish to give my friends when they came to see me after long motor rides or a day's hunting. . . . I'm rather fond of using Bird's custard in odd ways, so it occurred to me that it might be possible to make a drink rather like egg-nog with it. I experimented and eventually produced the concoction. . . . I hope you like it. My friends do."

Well, the more dishes people invent the better; and while on the subject of new dishes, I have just remembered a little booklet of varied recipes for dishes sweet and savoury which was sent to me the other day. It is by Mrs. Jean Scott, who is Brown and Polson's cookery expert, and contains all sorts of ways of using corn flour which we probably would never have thought of.

Eggs Otéro. Take some large floury potatoes, one for each person, bake them in their skins, and when done cut off the top and scoop out most of the insides.

Put in a layer of cooked spinach, break an egg in each, season with salt and pepper, and cook in the oven till set. Pour over the yolks a little melted butter, two minutes after they have been put in the oven. Regulo mark 7 for potatoes, mark 5 for eggs.

Poulet Marengo

Heat in a thick saucepan four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and put in one clove of garlic finely chopped, salt, pepper and pieces of the chicken which you have carved raw; the legs divided in two (start these first as they take longer), then the wings and the breast, shake the pan well and turn the pieces occasionally while they cook, which takes about thirty-five minutes.

Meanwhile, chop some parsley, two shallots, half a dozen mushrooms and the same quantity of tomatoes (peeled), put these in a small saucepan with a portglassful of white wine and cook slowly until the mushrooms are soft but not in a pulp.

Arrange the pieces of chicken in a hot serving-dish, garnish with fried eggs—crisply done—and pour over the sauce.

Crêpes Verlaine

First make very thin pancakes, having two or three for each person. Prepare the following butter. Rub one orange all over with lumps of sugar until all the rind is off without getting any of the bitter white pith. Moisten this sugar with a few drops of orange juice and mash it with a fork. Add the same quantity of butter as you have of sugar, working to a paste.

Melt a little of the prepared butter in a pan, reheat the pancakes in it one by one; when they are hot on both sides fold into four and push to one side of the pan, adding more of the butter occasionally until all are done. Now pour in a mixture of brandy and Curaçao, also a good dash of absinthe. Set the spirit alight and let it burn until the flames die out naturally.

The last part should be performed in the dining-room on a spirit lamp.

Ginger Birdie. Take two level teaspoonfuls of Bird's Custard, and mix them with a heaped eggspoonful of ground ginger. Mix this to a smooth cream with sufficient milk taken from a good three-quarter pint of milk. Add a walnut of butter and two lumps of sugar to the remaining milk—boil it and make it into a thin custard. Add a little rum or brandy if you like. The quantities given make two tumblers of "Ginger Birdie." It's delicious, hot or cold.

A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertised Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend . . .

LIVE, natural grape juice, owing to its high sugar content, is a valuable source of energy and has remarkable food value, being rich in vitamins A and B.

It is, therefore, interesting to learn that a new low-temperature process has now made it possible for fresh grape juice to be concentrated, without harming the valuable living tonic properties it contains.

Prior to this new process, it was impossible to do this, as any form of cooking or heating the juice destroyed the vital active elements.

Now the juice of 17½ lbs. of rich vineyard grapes can be contained in a single bottle. This concentrated juice only needs dilution with water to bring the healthful living ferments back to their normal activity.

This fresh grape juice, which, in the opinion of the medical profession, is one of the greatest natural tonics, is entirely non-alcoholic, and can be given with safety to the youngest child.

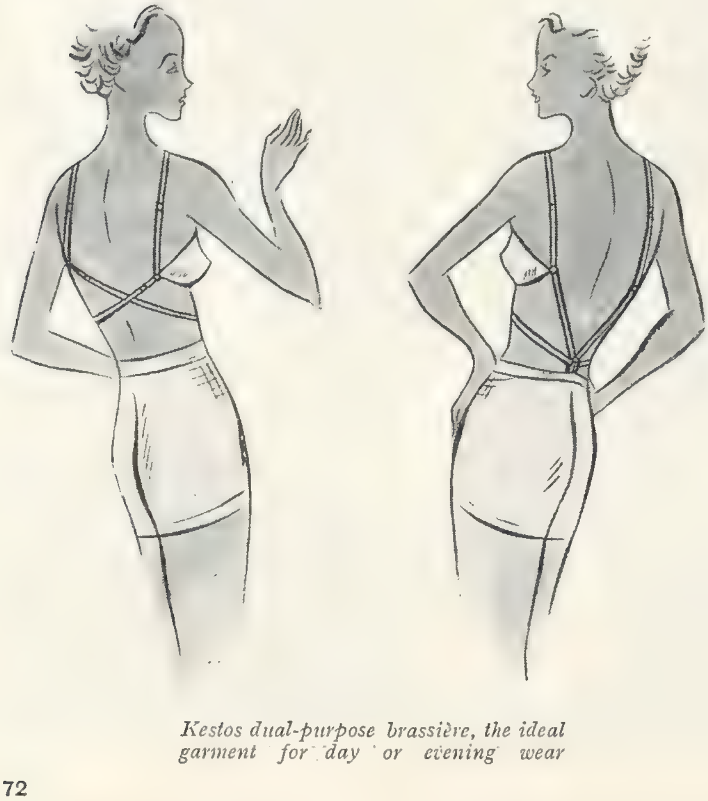
Being rich in iron, it is invaluable in cases of anæmia and has been found excellent for constipation, since it is non-irritant and has a gently regulating, non-purgative action.

Bottled under the brand name of Vita Live Natural Grape Juice, it is sold by chemists, grocers and stores in large bottles at 5s. 3d. and half-bottles at 2s. 9d. In addition to its valuable energising and tonic qualities, housewives will find it a delicious flavouring for trifles, ices, sundaes and fruit salads.

An Interesting Innovation

The popularity of Kestos garments has never been questioned, and the fact that the manufacturers are ever aiming at and introducing improvements shows that they are keenly alive to the exigencies of fashion.

Recently they provided their famous brassières with adjustable shoulder straps, and by means of a simple device on the elastic straps that encircle the body enabled the correct tension to be attained for each individual wearer, so that each garment has all the advantages of one that has been made to measure.



Kestos dual-purpose brassière, the ideal garment for day or evening wear

Now, in creating their dual-purpose brassière, they are giving women the ideal garment for day or evening wear. During the day this brassière is worn in the usual way, as shown in the left-hand figure on this page, but for evening wear (the right-hand figure) there is a small attachment provided, which should be sewn to the wearer's corset or belt, through which the straps are passed (instead of being crossed at the back).

They are then brought round to the front again and fastened on to the buttons provided for this purpose.

In triple ninon, this brassière is 8s. 11d., and in open weave pure linen, 5s. 11d. The latter material is very cool and hygienic, and washes and wears exceedingly well.

Kestos have also recently perfected a new girdle made from triple strand two-way stretch elastic net. It is a delightfully comfortable garment, and the necessary control is given by a front panel of one-way stretch woven lastex.

Panties of similar construction are also available. These have "adjusta" suspenders, the grip part of which can be removed for laundering or for sports wear, when socks are worn and suspenders are unnecessary. They also have clip-in detachable crutch pieces to facilitate washing.

For Your Toilet Table

Daggett and Ramsdell's beauty aids maintain a high standard of purity and can be used with safety and confidence

Cleanliness should be the first consideration in the care of the complexion, and a really good cream is essential at night for the removal of all powder, make-up, dust and dirt.

Daggett and Ramsdell's preparations can be used with safety and confidence. There is one for every purpose.

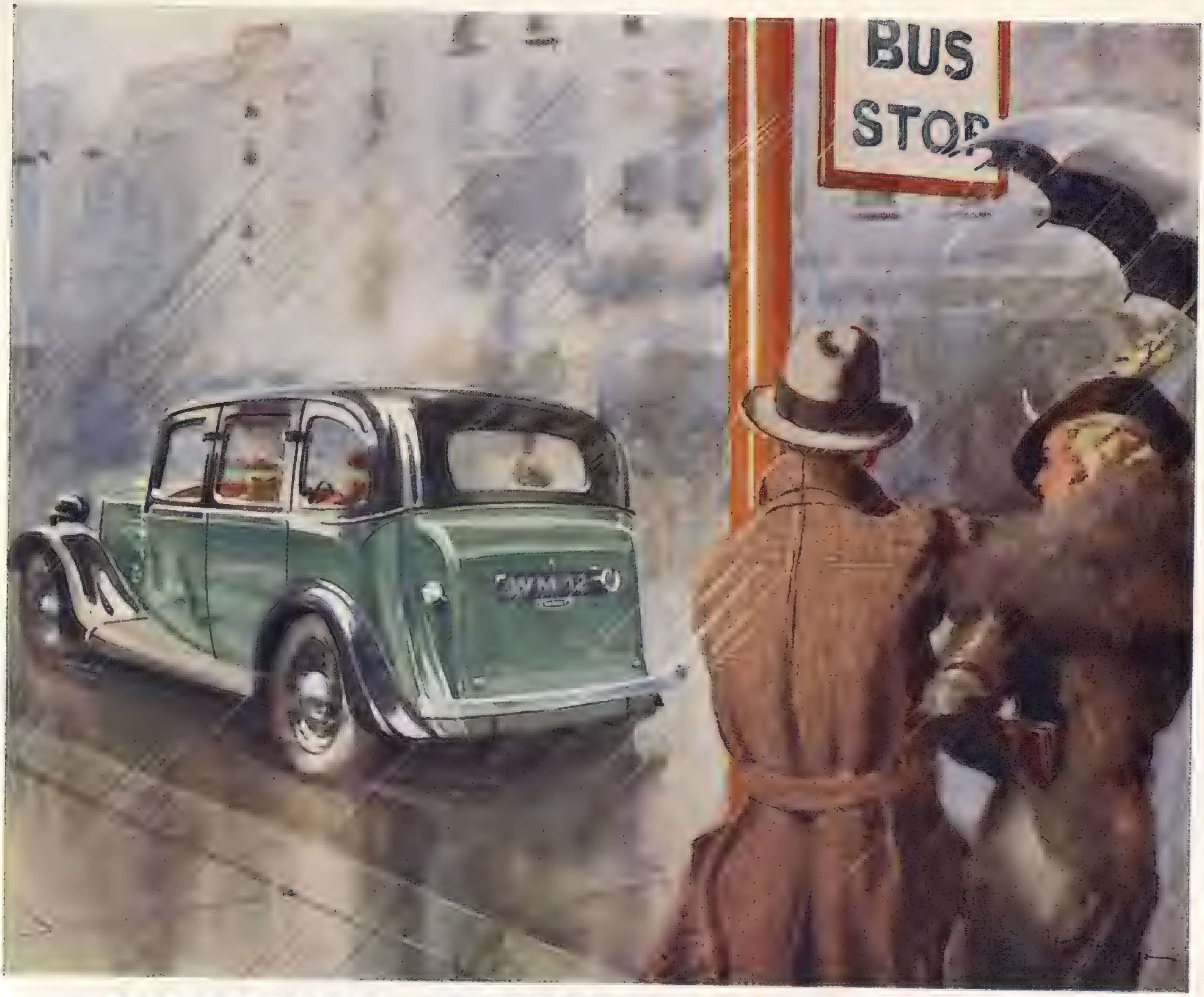
Their cold cream should be applied liberally at night and gently massaged into the skin until every particle of dust and dirt has been dislodged from the pores.

When this has been removed with cleansing tissues, a second application followed by Daggett and Ramsdell's Skin Tonic will ensure absolute cleanliness, and the skin tonic will leave the skin firm and fresh.

Those who suffer from rather dry skins that are inclined to flake will find that a film of Tissue Cream left on overnight will keep the skin soft and smooth. This cream is also excellent for massage to combat lines and wrinkles.

In the morning an application of Vanishing Cream before making up will prove a splendid powder base and will hold powder evenly without caking.

(*Continued on page 75*)



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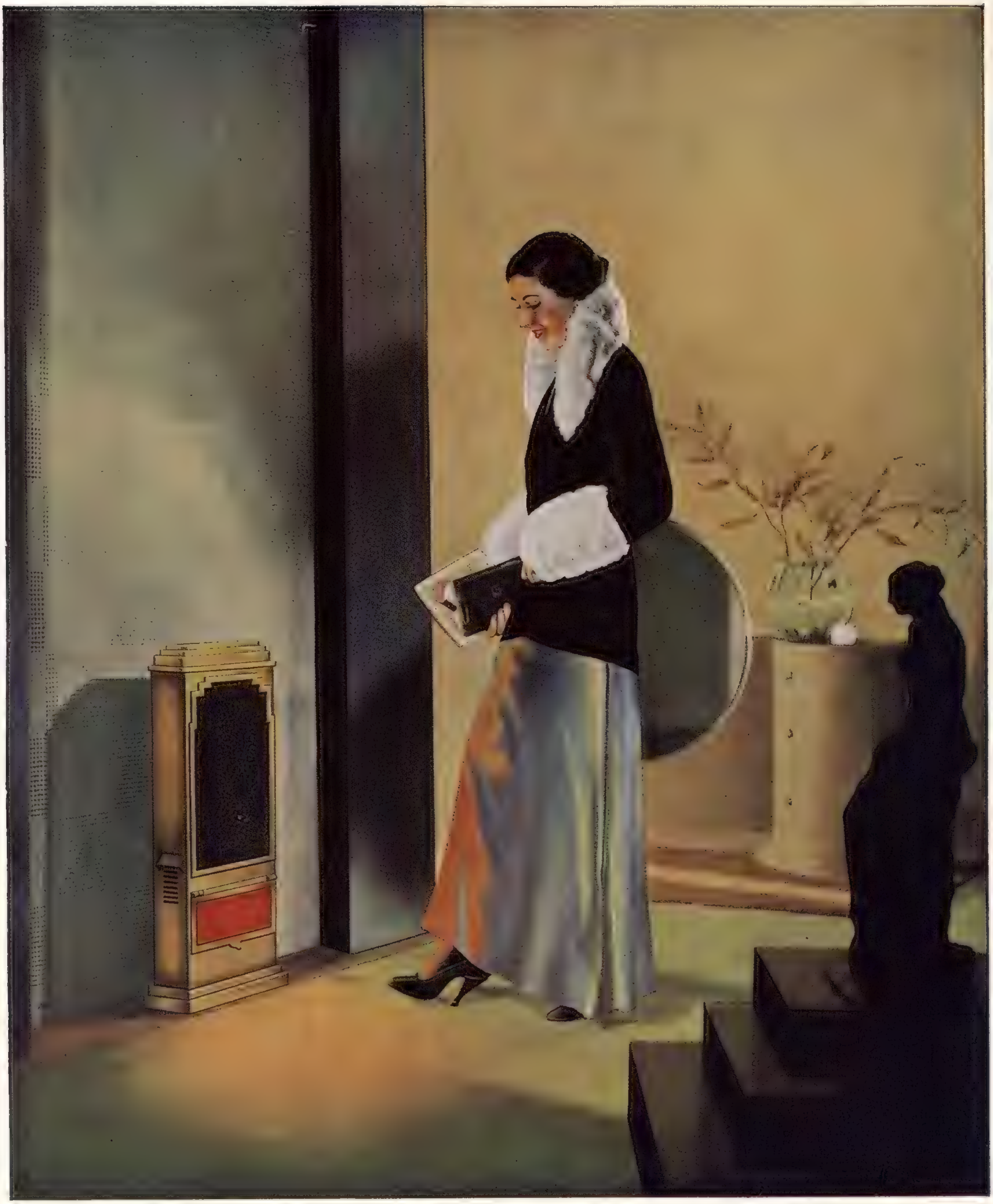

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We Confidently Recommend . . .

(*Continued from page 72*)

Housewife's Choice

Every good housewife knows she has to be careful in choosing butter. Those who decide upon Anchor Brand Butter can rest assured that their choice is a happy one.

New Zealand, where it is made, enjoys an equable climate, and the cows there graze on natural pastures the whole year round, with the result that the vitamin content of New Zealand produce, particularly butter, is exceptional.

By introducing the 1 lb., ½ lb. and ¼ lb. packets of Anchor Brand Butter, each packed in a registered wrapper, the owners of the Anchor Brand Factories in New Zealand ensured that we at home might be able to buy this exceptionally good butter without danger of substitution.

These packets are now stocked by all first-class retailers in this country.

Those who decide upon Anchor Brand Butter can rest assured that their choice is a happy one

Beauty from Within

You cannot have a beautiful skin without an efficient blood supply to replace every worn-out skin cell with a new cell. With advancing years, the renewal of the skin from within gradually ceases; from about thirty onwards the skin becomes dry and discoloured and wrinkles and furrows begin to appear.

Though creams and lotions may do much to preserve the surface of the skin, and greatly aid in protecting it against the ravages of dirt, sun and wind, they cannot impart new life to the used-up cells.

Thanks, however, to the untiring research of Dr. J. F. Kapp, one of the most brilliant dermatologists of the University of Leipzig, there is a preparation which actually rebuilds the skin from within by restoring the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues, thereby regenerating the skin of the whole body and producing a general tightening and rebuilding. The effect of this is particularly beneficial in removing hollows in the skin of the neck and imparting youth and elasticity to the entire body.

This preparation is put up in tablet form called W.5 Brand Tablets. They do not contain any dangerous drugs, do not affect the heart, do not form fat or increase weight, do not influence the growth of hair—in fact, are entirely without harmful effects of any kind.

A free illustrated booklet telling all about the skin, its troubles and how it can be rejuvenated by W.5 Brand Tablets may be obtained from the Gelty Distributing Co., 158, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Wrinkles Banished

Laziness is one of the greatest enemies of a youthful complexion. So many people are alarmed and distressed when they see the first tiny lines appearing on the forehead, round the eyes and from nose to mouth. They decide, vaguely, that something must be done about it. But idleness usually makes them procrastinate, until the tiny surface lines have become deep furrows.

In introducing her Wrinkola, Cynthia Stafford has marketed a preparation which will combat the most obstinate wrinkles.

Her secret formula is of age-old Egyptian origin, and, since results depend very largely on the condition of the skin, those whose skins have become hard and dry from neglect should use a preparatory cream before starting the Wrinkola treatment.

Massage for two or three nights with Memphis Skin Food will soften and smooth the skin and build up the tissues, so that Wrinkola will really have a chance to eradicate the lines and wrinkles.

Wrinkola is 6s. 6d. a jar, and Memphis Skin Food 2s. 6d. Cynthia Stafford will be pleased to send her brochure, describing her preparations and giving a useful massage chart, to all who are interested.

Hair Health. A healthy scalp and active hair roots are essential in the production and maintenance of beautiful hair, and where there is any deficiency in natural oils falling, splitting and dry hair quickly result.

Rowland's Macassar Oil, with a reputation of 143 years' standing and made from the original recipe which was introduced to the public in 1793, is a purely vegetable oil and the nearest approach to the natural oil of the scalp.

By stimulating the circulation and nourishing the roots, it soon restores lustre and flexibility to dry and impoverished hair and is excellent as a preventive of greyness and loss of colour. It has also produced remarkable results in cases of baldness.

Made in two forms, red for dark hair and golden for grey or fair hair, it is obtainable in bottles at 3s. 6d., 7s. and 10s. 6d.

No Mercy for Microbes

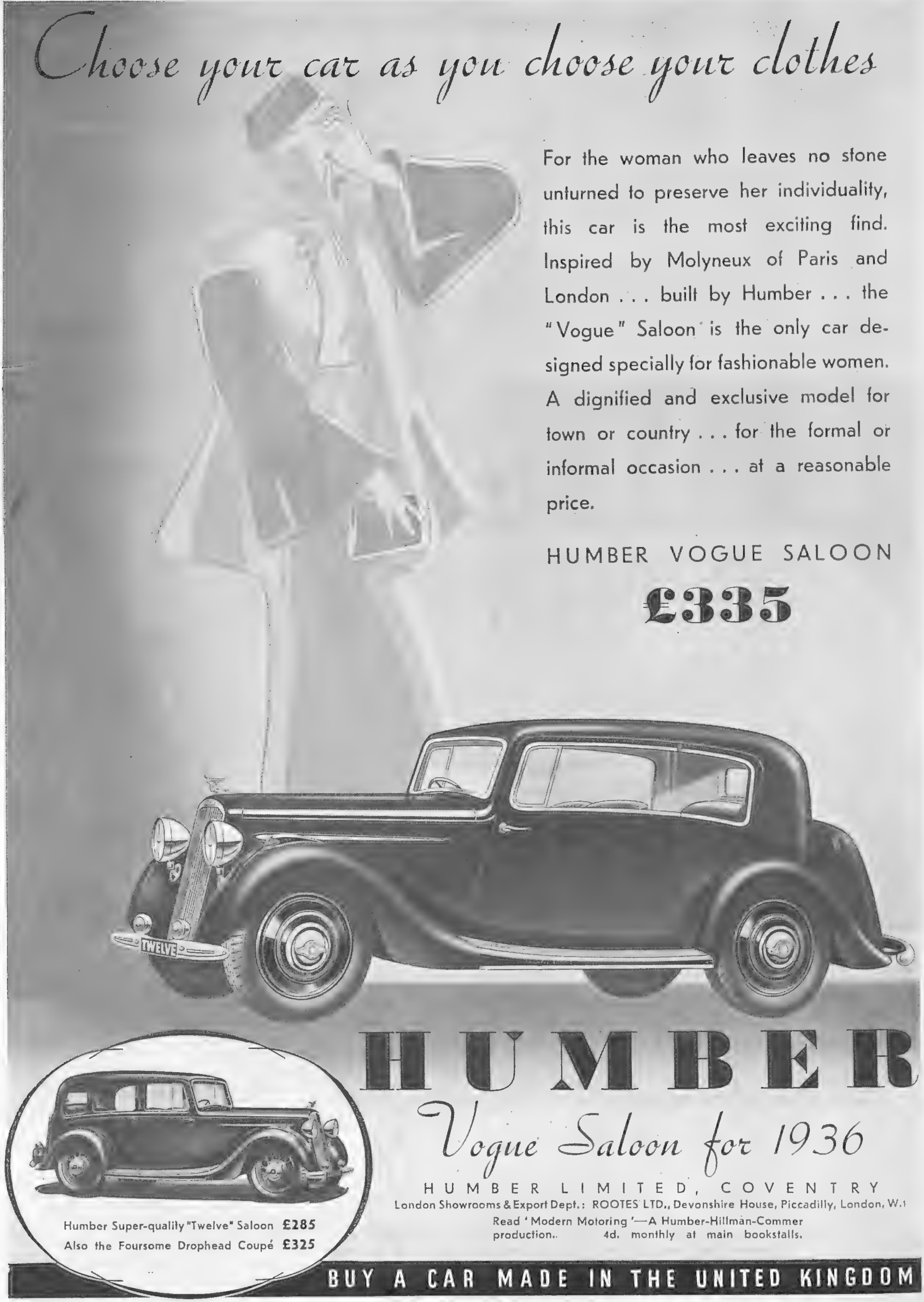
All through life we are menaced by germs, and an analysis of air, water, soil, everything we touch and use will reveal the presence of myriads of microbes.

Fortunately for our sanity we do not dwell upon such terrifying thoughts, but, with the advance of medical science and hygiene, even the most ignorant among us has learnt to take reasonable precautions against infection.

The skin, our first line of defence, is by no means inviolable. Accidents will happen, and a scratch or cut may turn septic owing to germs on the skin or on the instrument which caused the breaking of the skin.

A germicide which is deadly to germs but non-poisonous and harmless to the skin is therefore indispensable in every home, and in Dettol we have it.

This preparation is chemically stable and will retain all its valuable germicidal properties indefinitely. It does not stain, and can be applied to normal skins without discomfort, peeling or straining. The 4 oz. size is 1s. and the 16 oz. size 3s.



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Motor Cars *are* *more* Comfortable

For the Driver, at any Rate

By

The Earl of Cardigan

IF motorists' grumbles could be analysed, it would probably be found that most of them are directed against some defect or other in the matter of coachwork. A door rattles, or a window works stiffly, and we are apt to feel quite disproportionately aggrieved.

We ought sometimes to remember, however, how much the modern coachbuilder and chassis designer, acting jointly, have done for our comfort during recent years. Owner drivers, in particular, have a very great deal to be thankful for.

Does anyone recall, for example, what the driving position used to be like in the small cars of not so very long ago? I drove nearly all of them as they came on to the market, and my recollections are still pretty vivid. Being tall, I often used to suffer intense discomfort on long runs; indeed, there was one very well-known car which I could never drive for more than about an hour. After every thirty miles or so, I had to stop, get out, stretch my legs, and do a few Swedish exercises to restore the circulation!

When I glance through some of my old motoring articles, I continually find evidence of this unpleasant state of affairs. At one time, in reviewing a car, I would always devote a paragraph or more to describing the comfort or otherwise of its driving seat. If a car proved comfortable to drive, I used to mention this specifically in terms of high praise.

MORE often, however, where small cars were concerned, I would make the mild protest that "the driving position leaves something to be desired." I would sometimes add, if wishing to spare the manufacturer's feelings, "Of course, the writer is of more than average height."

What were my chief complaints? First, seat cushions used to be set at most uncomfortable angles. Then, there was generally insufficient leg-room. Also, accelerator pedals used to be most stupidly arranged, in some cases having a vertical movement to which the human ankle could not possibly accommodate itself.

Gear and brake levers were often placed too far off, so that one had to lean forward to reach them. Touring cars and two-seaters, then much more common, had further defects of the same general nature, relating to hoods, side screens, etc. Signalling flaps or windows, for example, through which one extended a hand to give driving signals, were almost invariably located where only a double-jointed person could make use of them.

It all arose from lack of thought. Comfort was not then regarded, except in the large-car class, as a primary virtue. It did not seem to matter whether a lever was accessible or inaccessible, so long as, when pulled, it performed its mechanical function.

How different is the position nowadays! In describing a modern car, one hardly has anything to say as to the driving position. Certain reasonable standards of comfort and convenience can almost be taken for granted.

I DO not suggest that the modern car is flawless in these respects; but it gives very few genuine grounds for complaint. Only cars of the "sporting" type, for instance, can now be criticised in the matter of seating. One occasionally finds a "sports saloon" which is so stream-lined as to give insufficient head-room to the back-seat passengers.

Almost always there is adequate leg-room, even in cars of only 8 h.p. or so. It is a long time since I have met with an awkwardly placed accelerator pedal Occasionally I complain that there is no convenient place for my left foot. This occurs in some cars which have the gear-box or propeller shaft housing above the level of the floor boards, with little space between this housing and the clutch pedal.

A modern "grouse" which I sometimes ventilate concerns non-opening windscreens, or windscreens which do not open far enough. Perhaps not everyone will agree with me; but I always feel that under certain conditions of fog and frost a driver must open his screen if he is to get a sufficiently clear view of the road for safety.

The modern style of having a high bonnet, with close-fitting front wings over relatively small wheels, I do not criticise. I only express doubts as to how the novice may react. The experienced driver, I am sure, can get on quite well, even though both his front wings are invisible to him.

MY impression is, however, that a beginner must experience some difficulty. He cannot know, without visual aid, just how far he is from the kerb or from the garage door. It must be decidedly uncomfortable if he has to perch himself bolt upright on the edge of his seat in order to bring the wings or side lamps into his range of vision.

All these, however, are defects either of minor importance or else so comparatively rare as not to affect the convenience of motorists as a whole. The modern car, according to make, may be more or less comfortable to drive or to sit in. It is hardly ever actively *un*comfortable, as were many of the small cars of the past decade.

With this in mind, we can perhaps afford to be more lenient when next that door starts rattling, or that annoying squeak causes unfriendly thoughts to rise. Even 1936 models may still fall far short of perfection; but cars *do* progress, and perhaps more in comfort and convenience than in any other of their characteristics.

MRS. E. L. PAYTON, wife of the Deputy Chairman of the Austin Motor Company, taking delivery of her new 3½ litre Bentley, Thrupp and Maberly body, supplied by the Car Mart, Ltd. This is the third 3½ litre Bentley supplied to Mrs. Payton, the earlier two being amongst the first of the type produced by Bentley Motors (1931) Ltd.

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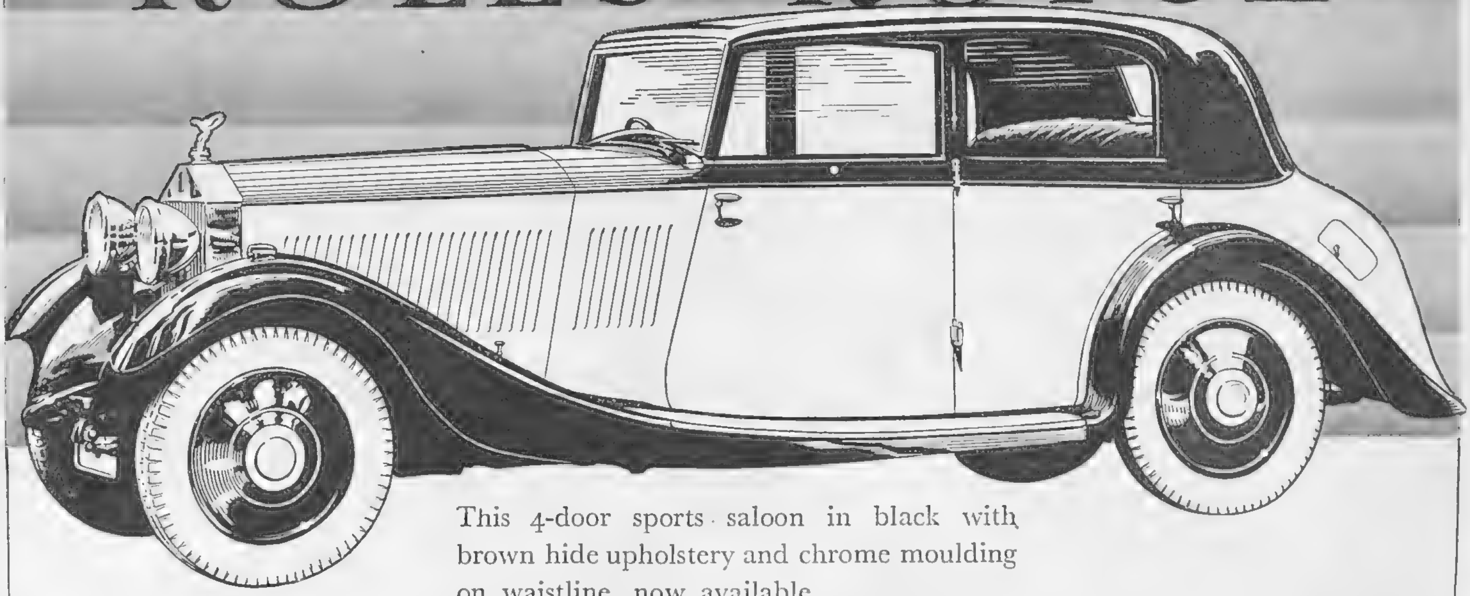

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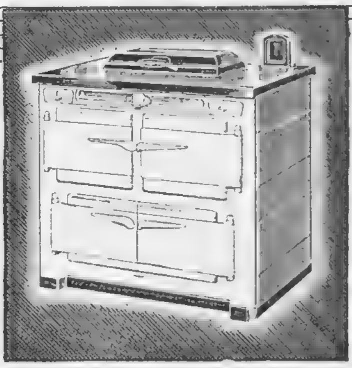

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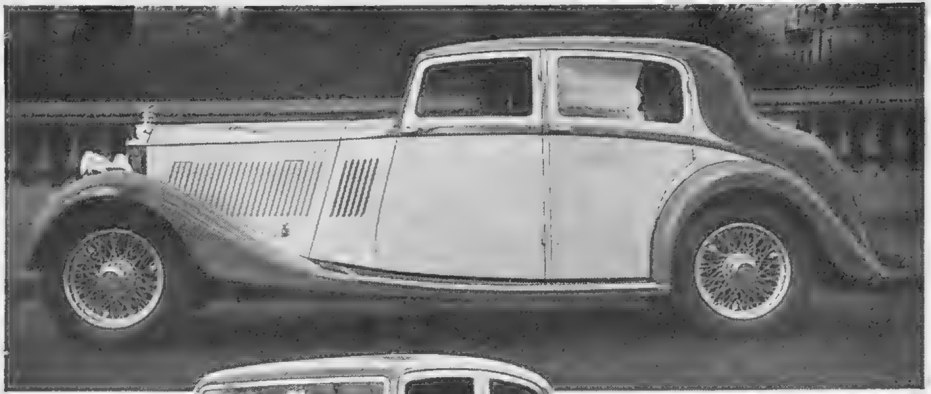
A Rolls-Royce *of still* Greater Refinement

The New 25 h.p. Model



ALTHOUGH the Rolls-Royce Company comparatively seldom bring out a brand new model (it is doing so this year in the 40/50 h.p. class; but this is rather the exception) there is, none the less, a continual process of gradual improvement going on in regard to all existing Rolls-Royce products.

Thus, although a car such as the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce may appear, outwardly, to have remained unchanged for a number of years—actually, the 1936 model will be found, on closer inspection, to incorporate quite a number of valuable new features. Messrs. Rolls-Royce believe—and in my opinion rightly—that it is better to progress thus than to produce annually a car of entirely novel and different type.

To take an obvious example, the springing of the 1936 "Twenty-five" is substantially better than that of earlier models. The shock absorbers are now controlled to a large extent by an automatic device, the effect of which is to make the springing stiffer when the car is travelling fast, and more resilient when it is moving slowly. There is also an over-riding hand control, which enables the driver, at his discretion, to make the suspension extra firm or extra soft, so as to meet any exceptional conditions which may arise.

THE 25 h.p. model is a car which has deservedly won a very enviable reputation. It has all the traditional Rolls-Royce qualities, and is of comfortable, but easily manageable, size

THE front view is strikingly attractive, while being entirely individual. A good and rare point to be noted is that both front wings are so domed as to be visible from the driving seat

The 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, 25·3 h.p., with overhead valves. Ultra-silent.
Transmission: Four-speed gear-box, third and top gears synchro-mesh.
Performance: Third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear 75 m.p.h.
Brakes: Special Servo type, highly efficient.
Steering: Definite, with good castor action.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, with control for shock absorbers, partly automatic.
Coachwork: Luxurious seating and plenty of room.
Price: Sports Saloon model, £1,645.

ALTHOUGH this type of body is termed a Sports Saloon, it provides a very comfortable amount of space, with more than the usual degree of head-room. Behind the back seat is a capacious luggage boot

THE engine is a remarkable unit, exceptionally silent and smooth in operation. At the same time it develops power on a decidedly substantial scale

A NEW refinement. The small lever above the centre of the steering column controls the action of the shock absorbers. Thus the springing can be made harder or softer at will by a movement of the finger

The result of all this is that the 1936 model may justly be described as an outstanding well-sprung car. The whole system is good, and I like particularly the driver's over-riding control of it. This is mechanisation at its best—doing what is needed automatically, but capable of responding to human initiative, where this can be used with advantage.

Another improvement is that better and more silent tyres are fitted. The credit for this must be divided between Messrs. Dunlop for producing the new "90" type, and Messrs. Rolls-Royce for recognising the value of standardising it. The point is that, with so silent a car as the Rolls-Royce, a noisy tyre really *sounds* noisy, and can become a source of legitimate annoyance. With the new Dunlop "90" tyre, this naturally quiet-running car becomes a good deal quieter than it ever was before.

It seems almost unnecessary to praise the engine for its smooth, silent, flexible running. It should be sufficient to say that, in this respect, the car is everything which a Rolls-Royce is expected to be. In addition, the road performance is distinctly good. An ultra-silent car is sometimes given less than its due praise for acceleration and liveliness; but the average speed at which this "Twenty-five" will cover the (*Continued on page 80*)

A Wedding has been Arranged

(*Continued from page* 47)

these are dispensed with, the bridegroom must procure a marriage licence, which will cost him £2 10s.

Other church expenses depend on the size of the wedding, the music and elaboration of the floral decorations. The organist's fee is usually about two guineas and one may reckon about 5s. a head for the choir. There is also a fee of 12s. 6d. for the register and a tip of about a pound for the verger.

THERE is no set fee for the clergyman, but it is customary to make an offering to the Church.

If the family of either bride or groom includes a relative or near friend who is a clergyman, it is usual to invite him to assist at the ceremony.

The groom is also responsible for the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets, but the choice of these is, naturally, the bride's. He also makes the bridesmaids a personal present as a memento. This usually takes the form of some small piece of jewellery. All these presents should be exactly alike.

The duties of the best man are numerous. He should relieve the groom of all care and worry on the wedding day, keep him free from nerves and attend to all business details such as payment of fees and tips.

It is his business to see that the groom arrives punctually at the church and to ensure that the groom has the ring safely in his waistcoat pocket when he stands before the altar.

It is also customary for the best man to see to the details of the wedding journey.

In the church his place is immediately behind the groom as they stand before the altar waiting for the bride's arrival.

The duties of the bride's father, apart from paying the bills, are light. He drives to the church with the bride and she walks up the aisle on his left arm and, of course, he performs the duty of "giving her away" during the ceremony.

Should he be dead or absent for any reason, all these duties are taken over by a brother, close relative, or even a near family friend. They can also be performed by the bride's mother, but this course is not a very usual one.

The bride's mother drives separately to the church with one or two close relatives and should be seated in her place in the front pew to the left of the altar before the bride's arrival.

The groom's parents sit in the other front pew to the right and should also be seated before the arrival of the wedding procession. The groom should provide bouquets for both mothers. It is the duty of the ushers to ask incoming guests "Friends of the bride or groom?" and to see that they are seated on the appropriate side of the aisle.

WHEN the bride and groom go through to the vestry to sign the register they should be followed by the bridesmaids, best man and their respective parents. The bride's father gives the groom's mother his arm and the groom's father leads in the bride's mother.

A few near relatives such as brothers or sisters also go in to the vestry. After the register has been signed the procession is re-formed with the bride and groom leading, followed by the bridesmaids and parents in the order in which they went into the vestry.

The best man slips off unobtrusively to wherever the reception is to be held, to be in readiness should the groom need him.

The guests remain seated in the church while the register is being signed and until the bridal procession has left and then follow on to the reception. The officiating clergy are, of course, asked to the reception.

If the reception is to be held in an hotel it is usual for the bride's mother to give one or two informal tea or cocktail parties at her house to view the presents.

If the reception is at the bride's house, the presents will be on view then. The day before the wedding the bride usually invites her bridesmaids and friends to an informal lunch to display her trousseau and the groom also as a rule gives a small bachelor dinner to his friends.

And, of course, the bride and groom *never* meet on the wedding day until they stand in church, for there is an old superstition that disaster will inevitably befall them if they do.

Where there are many bridesmaids or children attendants it is much safer to hold a rehearsal or two of the cortège.

These are generally held in the bride's house, but a final one sometimes takes place in the church, if the vicar will allow it.

Small children suddenly faced with the excitement of dressing up and a part to play can be smitten with stage fright, which is very upsetting to the bride's nerves and to the solemnity of the occasion; a rehearsal ensures against this. Even so, it is a wise plan to seat the nannies or mothers where the children can see them clearly on the day, and receive reassurance, if need be.

With the alteration in the hours in which a marriage can take place, the problem of the reception is much simpler than it was. With the wedding fixed for the middle of the afternoon it is possible to have the reception from 5.30 to 7, and though champagne remains the traditional drink in which to toast the pair, it often takes the form to-day of champagne cocktails.

At the reception the bride's mother and father receive the guests first, who then greet the groom's parents before passing on to congratulate the newly married couple, who stand farther back in the room.

To-day, bowls of rose petals, either real or artificial, are often passed among the guests with which to pelt the newlyweds as they start on their wedding journey. These are not only much prettier but less harmful than the traditional rice and confetti.

In the case of a country wedding, the procedure is the same as in town except that greater simplicity and a certain informality in the arrangements are more in keeping with a rural setting.

The reception is nearly always held at the bride's home.

If the church is near, the bridal procession may walk to it, but transport arrangements should be made in case of bad weather.

Most guests will come by car and ample parking space must be provided for. It is best to consult the local police about this, so as to avoid any possible hitch. But, for the benefit of guests who must come by rail, a suitable train should be indicated on the wedding invitation and, of course, arrangements must be made for cars to meet them and drive them to the church and after to the house.

Whether the wedding be in town or country, after the bride and groom have left, the guests all leave, with the exception of the bridesmaids, ushers and a few relatives and intimate friends.

These are usually entertained at dinner by the bride's parents either at home or at an hotel.

END.

A Rolls-Royce of still Greater Refinement

ground should serve as proof enough that it is no sluggard in the matter of speed work.

In third gear it is possible to exceed 55 m.p.h., while in top gear the maximum is a good 75 m.p.h. The comfortable cruising speed is, in comparison, abnormally high—so that 60 m.p.h. or more can be maintained as quite an easy pace. Hill climbing is good. From a standing start at the cross-roads I was able to go over the crest of the deceptive Brockley Hill near Edgware, in top gear, at a speed in excess of 40 m.p.h.

THE springing, already referred to, makes the car a good road holder—and the driver gains still further confidence from the highly efficient manner in which all his controls perform their respective functions. The Rolls-Royce is therefore a car which can be, and commonly is, driven fast without seeming at any time to be "pushed along."

The steering is admirably definite, and has a firm self-centring action which is very helpful. The brakes are of special Rolls-Royce pattern, and are exceedingly smooth although capable of bringing the car to a standstill within a surprisingly short distance. The pedal action is light, but progressive.

The gearbox should be mentioned. This is a four-speed unit, having right-hand control. This position for the gear lever is certainly very pleasant—for the right hand has presumably greater manipulative skill than the left—although it results in the off-side door being to some extent obstructed. Third and top gears are synchro-mesh, with second gear of normal type. First gear, also unassisted, is, of course, very rarely required and is more or less an "emergency" ratio.

The Sports Saloon coachwork of the car which I tested was of a type built by Messrs. Hooper to Rolls Royce specifications. The seating proved to be very comfortable, providing ample space all round, with a luggage trunk of useful size at the back. Direction indicators are fitted which act on the excellent principle of dropping automatically after a certain lapse of time. This seems to me in many ways the ideal arrangement—and I wonder that it is not employed more widely.

The complete car costs £1,645—which is admittedly a lot of money. On the other hand, I do not know where one can find a 25 h.p. car—or if such a car exists—better qualified to give the maximum degree of pleasure and satisfaction to motorists of the strictly discriminating type.

END.

Flower Decorations

(*Continued from page* 57)

occupy. Balance is as important as colour and a bouquet of short-stemmed flowers in a lanky vase will deprive the decoration of half its beauty.

Shallow containers filled with short-stemmed flowers are, generally speaking, the most suitable for the dining table. Simple blossoms like pansies, anemones, cornflowers, floating in the water are always lovely, particularly if the bowl itself is beautiful in form and colour.

Glorious effects can be obtained by rare and lovely colour combinations. A brilliant ensemble with spring flowers is obtained with a black vase holding tall yellow tulips and jonquils with purple tulips and hyacinths.

The colouring of the background can do much to increase the effectiveness of such an arrangement as this and should always be taken into consideration when the flowers are selected.

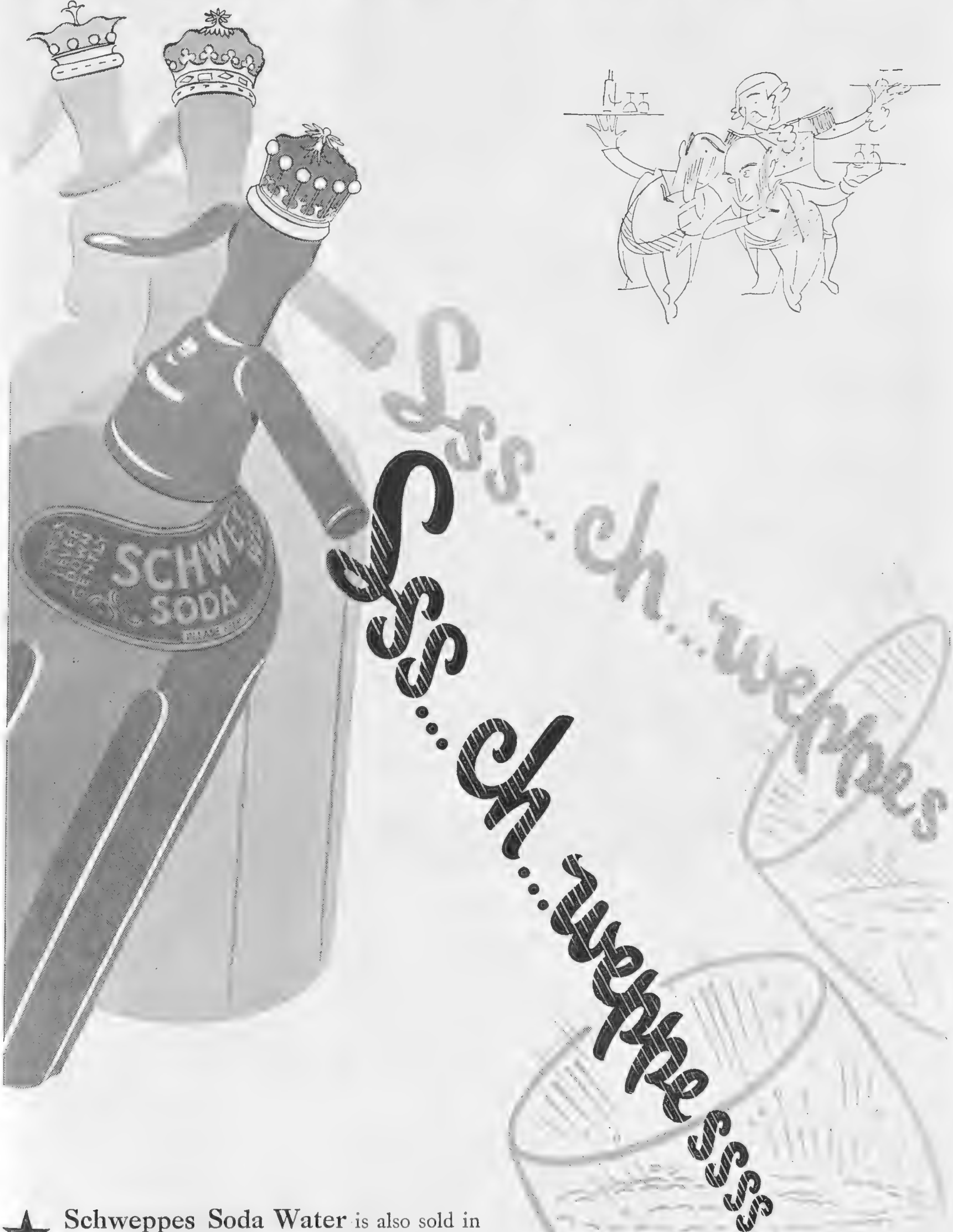
In a varied arrangement of flowers it is safe to say that the flowers with the heavier heads and deeper colourings should be the lowest in the vase. The taller, more fragile varieties (larkspur, apple-blossom and the taller foliage) should form the highest point. Many, so-called, "modern" flower arrangements have been seen since the advent of extreme austerity in interior decoration, but all true lovers of Nature agree that flowers are independent of fashion's phases. Modernism, inasmuch as it exploits the theory of simplicity and restraint, is acceptable in the arrangement of the flowers, but any attempt at artificiality is, to most of us, superfluous.

This opinion is emphatically supported by Mr. Moyses Stevens, the London florist who is responsible for the delightful flower groups on page 57.

Mr. Stevens's flower shops, in Victoria Street and in Berkeley Street, are always a feast of loveliness and an object-lesson in flower grouping to any who care to see.

END.

All the best syphons *say* . . .



Sss...ch...weppes
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★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Hollywood Fortunes—but not from Film Acting

(*Continued from page* 23)

oyal friend, persuaded Marie to give Hollywood one more trial. She wrote *Emma* and *Min and Bill* expressly for the woman in whom she always believed so passionately as a great artist. With the film known as *The Big House* she won the award given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best screen story of the year. When Pearl Buck's novel *The Good Earth* is seen on the world's screens it will be through the adaptation done by Frances Marion.

On my first day in Hollywood I noticed a white-walled palace, Moorish in aspect, standing in solitary glory on the top of a hill. "Whose house is that?" I wanted to know, expecting to learn that it was the home of a Pickford, a Chaplin, a Harold Lloyd. Not at all. "That is Frances Marion's home," was the answer. At that time I confess, with shame, that I had not heard about Frances Marion. I know better now.

AFTER Miss Marion, let the names of two men who are famous as film scenarists be put on record: William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Never heard of them? Maybe not; but they have helped to entertain you, night after night. Bill McNutt is as amusing as his name. What man who has spent forty years careering madly round the globe in an orgy of literary barnstorming, prying, travelling like a prince to-day and a tramp to-morrow, could fail to collect a set of experiences as good as any bound in the most de luxe half calf? He came to Hollywood for what he called "Just a little pause, boys." His "pause" has lasted, to date, something over three years.

He is a big man who earns big money; at birth he weighed 17 pounds, did this Mr. Bill McNutt; at his present age of fifty if he gets his weight down to a hundred and ninety pounds he says he feels like a shrimp.

His partner in the scenario department at the Paramount Studios is Mr. Grover Jones, short, pudgy, tipping the scales at a mere 185 pounds, almost bald, seldom seen without a hat or cap, never without a pair of formidable horn-rimmed spectacles. I have watched these two jesters at work.

At their joint desk sat Bill McNutt, heavy and iron-grey of hair. As he talked—when Grover Jones paused for breath—his voice was interrupted by hacking coughs, which he told me came from a packet of chlorine gas he swallowed during the war. The way McNutt and Jones got together as collaborators, and became one of the most highly paid writing teams in filmland, is a story in itself. Paramount wanted to make a story about horse-racing. What writer could do it? None other than William Slavens McNutt, famous for his racing stories.

So to Hollywood came McNutt, practically on a stretcher, having been dragged from a sick bed in Florida where he was trying to do something for his troublesome health. He wrote ten different versions of that racing story; all of them went into the basket marked "Rejected." Then the powers in command decided to make a Western melodrama out of an Owen Wister yarn; writers were sought. There was a fellow named Grover Jones on the studio payroll, idle. There was this fellow McNutt, with his ten rejected racing stories, and a big weekly salary cheque. All right. Chuck the two together, sit back, and watch the result. The immediate result was *The Virginian*; and the two guys have been working in double harness ever since.

There was once a song called "Please" that swept across mighty continents like some sort of plague. It was crooned to humanity by Bing Crosby; it was written by a couple of bright lads named Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin. Since they put "Please" on the map they have been responsible for such tuneful ballads as "Love in Bloom," "June in January," "Here Lies Love," and a string as long as all the novels of Walter Scott.

The team of Rainger and Robin represents one of Hollywood's major money-making propositions, aside from the game of acting.

Another important song-writing team is Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, responsible for "Two for To-night," "From the Top of Your Head," "Takes Two to Make a Bargain," and half a hundred more.

Harry Warren and Al Dubin write songs that hit the bull's-eye, every time; but when *42nd Street* was emerging from its tissue paper and taking shape on several of the biggest stages at the studio owned and operated by Warner Brothers, Inc., they got badly stuck for a good chorus number. "I'm hungry," said Harry Warren, at last. "Let's go and grab some eats."

"Not on your life," replied Al Dubin. "You'll stay right here till we get the right idea for that chorus number. Send somebody to get a sandwich, and keep on thinking, brother. . . . Wish nobody had ever thought of wanting a chorus number. . . . Wish we were right back in New York, on the corner of 42nd Street and good old Broadway. . . . Wish we—Oh, boy, that's IT!" And so the world heard "42nd Street"; and liked it. The bank manager of the Warren-Dubin combination also heard from his song-writing customers, to the tune of a vast number of thousands of dollars.

In the directing game many fortunes have been made; one of them by a woman, Dorothy Arzner. She was an actress, a writer, then a director; she has done some fine films, of which one of the most recent was called *Working Girls*. She wears neatly tailored clothes, and either a beret or a felt hat, of the homburg type. She is dark and slim and has eyes like two keen gimlets. Thirteen years ago she went with a bunch of tourists through the Paramount Studios. When she left, she had made up her mind to become a director of films. Only one woman had ever directed a picture, then—Lois Weber.

Miss Arzner started at the beginning, as a stenographer in the scenario department. In six years she was handling a megaphone in the very studio she had visited as a tourist. The steps she mounted progressed from the post of stenographer to that of scenario reader; then a move on to become a 'script girl; then another into the cutting room, and finally into the Director's chair. She was chosen to direct Anna Sten in *Nana*, the first film that exotic Continental star made in Hollywood. The fortune Dorothy Arzner has earned through films is a big one, and she deserves every cent of it for the perseverance that has carried her to the goal on which her eyes were set.

WHEN musical films made a dent in the affections of filmgoers it became obvious that a bunch of clever dance-constructors were all set to win fame and fortune. Busby Berkeley handles the chorus-and-dance numbers for Warner Brothers; Leroy Prinz does the same for Paramount. Both of them earn more money than many stars. Leroy Prinz has 150 girls working under his direction; he says it's a tough job to pick 150 out of the 1,500 that are classified as dancers by the Central Casting Bureau.

Marian Switzer goes down on Hollywood's list as the first woman to be appointed assistant to a producer for films. She writes novels and short stories, but prefers the executive work she is now doing, which carries with it a somewhat staggering salary. In the same studio a lovely girl is employed as technical social adviser; her name is Zecil Sylvonia, and her history is as romantic as her name. She is Russian, and her father occupied a high position in the court of the late Czar. Her parents escaped to America with their daughter; the hardships through which they had passed proved fatal to both father and mother, and the daughter was sent to an orphanage.

From there she went to New York, and eventually got work on the stage, ending up as one of the famous Ziegfeld Follies. She came to Hollywood to stay with Dorothy Dell, who was killed in a motor accident just when she had signed her first starring contract. Zecil Sylvonia stayed on in the studios, because somebody found out that she could teach extras and other players how to enter and leave a room correctly; how to sit gracefully; which knife went with which fork at a banquet, and the rest of the bag of social tricks. Thus she became a technical social adviser; but she will face a camera soon I suspect, for she has the kind of face and figure that no cameraman in his right mind could overlook

"Set dressing" is a paying job in every big studio. Samuel Goldwyn employs a woman in this capacity, by name Julie Heron. She ranks as one of the most highly paid interior decorators in a country where this field offers marvellous opportunities to intelligent women.

THERE is a man in Hollywood who could tell the world more about Garbo than anybody alive, if he chose to start talking. He is Adrian, the man who has designed the screen clothes worn by the Swedish Mystery since her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer began ten years ago. Garbo has never worn a dress on the screen that Adrian has not planned with her, line by line. Nobody calls him anything but Adrian; his full name is Gilbert Adrian, and his original intention was to be a painter.

It was as costume designer for Rudolph Valentino that Adrian first went to Hollywood. At the time of his arrival in the film city it was fashionable for a prologue to precede every big film; and so Adrian was asked to create costumes for the prologue to Chaplin's *Gold Rush*, at the Egyptian Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. The day after this film opened and the prologue was seen, Adrian received offers from seven different film studios to become their dress designer! First he went to Cecil de Mille; then to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he has been ever since.

Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Myrna Loy and Garbo—he dresses them all, for the screen. He is said to earn more money than any other dress-designer alive.

Travis Banton does for Paramount what Adrian does for Metro; he creates lovely frocks for lovely wearers. Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Gail Patrick, Sylvia Sidney, Loretta Young, Ida Lupino, Mary Ellis, Mae West—all of them have worn dresses Travis Banton has designed to fit them and the rôles they act for the camera. He is another of the large army of men and women who have made fortunes in Hollywood by refraining from being an actor.

Make-up studios and beauty parlours are profitable institutions in the town of many studios. Max Factor is Hollywood's Make-up King; his genius has given starring contracts to many girls who would otherwise have hammered on the studio gates in vain. Clara Bow was never tired of telling everybody that she owed her jump to stardom to the fact that Max Factor changed her make-up, and with it her entire personality.

There is a chain of beauty parlours known as Weaver Jackson's Salons, where film stars and the wives of millionaires go to have their hair, faces, and hands made lovelier than Nature ever intended them to be. A woman is at the head of this flourishing business, and when Carole Lombard wanted to learn all about manicure for her rôle in *Hands Across the Table*, it was to a Weaver Jackson shop that she went.

So, if you imagined that film fortunes were made only by players, make a note of a few of the other careers I have mentioned in this article. I haven't described *all* the other fortune-producing jobs, by any means, but enough, I hope, to prove that you don't have to act to earn a packet of money in Hollywood.

"A maid's mistake TAUGHT ME THE BEST BEAUTY SECRET I KNOW"

VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD

"IMAGINE my dismay when I arrived late in the afternoon for a house party dance and discovered a bag of mine was missing! The one that contained my toilet things!

"I sent out at once to the village. And the maid came back, not with my usual creams, but with the ones I'd heard my friends talk about so much — Pond's.

"This was the first time I had used them. How delighted I was to find that even one application made my skin feel and *look* softer, clearer, fresher and more radiant than I'd ever seen it! Since then, I have used Pond's Creams daily. I wouldn't do without them now."

You can have a skin as flawless as Lady Massereene's. Just follow her easy, inexpensive beauty care with Pond's Creams.

This is why Pond's Creams make your skin so lovely:

Wake up your under-skin and watch skin troubles disappear

You have two skins. Below the skin you see is your under-skin. In this are countless tiny muscles, blood vessels, and nerves. As you grow out of your 'teens this under-skin gets sluggish. The circulation slows down. Muscles relax. The pores get clogged with secretions and tissues shrink. Then blackheads and enlarged pores appear. Soon lines and wrinkles come.

Follow this simple treatment

You can correct all these skin troubles. Every night, and when you can during the day, cleanse your face with Pond's Cold Cream. *Pat* it in — its oils sink deep down and rouse your under-skin to activity. Circulation improves. Your colour becomes fresh and lovely. Blackheads soon wipe away. Coarse pores close. Muscles are strengthened—making lines and wrinkles vanish. Tissues are braced and no longer droop.

Before you powder and after cleansing at night with Pond's Cold Cream, smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. It is a splendid powder base. Also it contains two substances. One makes your skin satin-soft and smooth. The other nourishes — guards against lines and wrinkles. . . . Start using Pond's Creams today, and see how very lovely you can be. . . . Jars and tubes from 6d.

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FREE: *Write your name and address below, attach a 1d. stamp and post in sealed envelope to Dept* P 33, *Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder — Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.*

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

____

Faith

(*Continued from page 21*)

take advantage of the confusion caused by the Blue Dwarf's attack. " You see," he added naïvely, " I've not had much experience at organising work. I only left the Military Academy three months ago. But why did you stay ? "

" I had to," said Putnam slowly. " My orders were quite definite."

" Do you mean to say," cried Shurof, " that your people expect you to wait for certain death ? Why, it's nothing short of . . ."

" Not my people, but my Chief. He did it Himself, you know."

" I don't understand. No sane man would expect . . ."

" My Chief is not a man, He is God."

The Russian stared at him wild eyed. " You don't actually believe that stuff ? "

" If course I believe it ; that's why I'm here now. Why do you think I came to Sechuan in the first place, if it was not to obey Christ's orders, His definite orders to teach His gospel throughout the world ? "

The Russian grinned boyishly. " I thought that missions were part of your capitalist system, just a form of political and economic penetration. They are too, and you can't deny it—or maybe you needed a job. I've heard there were ten million unemploy . . ."

" I wasn't unemployed," Putnam interrupted. " Besides, I have money of my own. I came to Sechuan because I felt it was my duty. I was warned of the dangers, but that is nothing. I too am a soldier, in a greater army than yours."

The ring of conviction in his voice affected his companion, but his eyes were still incredulous. " You surely know," he persisted, " that religion in any form is simply one of the means by which the chains of class tyranny are riveted upon the masses, that it is reaction of the most subtle and dangerous kind. Why, in the U.S.S.R. the priests always opposed . . ."

" I don't know the U.S.S.R., but you are wrong about America. My faith is not reactionary, and its first principle is the absolute equality before God of all mankind."

" But the Church is a *part* of Capitalism, one of its strongest pillars. Everyone knows that. What does your Church do for people in America or anywhere except frightening them with hell fire and spending in charity a tiny fraction of the money exploited from the workers ? Does the Church cure unempl . . ."

" It preaches love and brotherhood instead of strife and class hatred like your Bolshevism. What has Bolshevism done for you, when it comes to that ? "

Shurof's eyes flashed. " For me, everything," he said simply. " My father was born in a filthy cellar in Petersburg. He was the only one of seven children who lived to manhood. At seven years of age he was working twelve hours a day in a bottle factory—of course, no education—but somehow he managed to live. I was born in an attic, high up under a tin roof, stifling hot in summer, and in winter the snow came in through the cracks. The Revolution gave me everything and my father too. He joined the army, learned to read and write and fight against oppression. He was decorated for courage, and became a man instead of a slave. My mother died of pneumonia that first winter of '17, when I was only three. They put me in a children's home, gave me the food and air and sun and education without which children wilt and perish. They sent me to school and trained my mind and body, taught me games and discipline and collective action, and finally I was sent to the Military Academy as one of the ' Kursanti ' we call them, officers' training corps you would say, to learn to defend the people's cause and our Socialist Fatherland against Capitalist aggression. That's what Bolshevism did for me, as it is doing and will do for countless millions. Now tell me what your Church has done for you. How did *you* live as a boy, and your father before you ? "

Putnam was slow to answer. He thought of the pleasant house near Boston, built by his great grandfather with its early American furniture and shady lawns ; he thought of Groton and Harvard and the smooth sheltered safeness of it all. How could he explain that to this Russian ? But he had to try. When he had finished, Shurof said wonderingly, " But all you are saying is that America and your ancestors gave you what you've got, that Capitalism gave it to you, that thanks to your ancestors you became a member of the privileged class. You're incapable of understanding how the masses live and feel."

" I'm not," said Putnam hotly. " I worked four years in one of the poorest parishes . . ."

" Never mind that. The thing is that your consciousness has been formed by your environment, like that of everyone else, and you owe that environment to your country and your family, not to the Church. What has the Church done for you, you yourself ? I'm not asking now what it does to the American masses because I know the answer to that. But don't you see there is nothing in what you have told me about the *Church* doing anything for you ? You are the product of your class, your privileged class. What part did the Church play in your development as Bolshevism has played in mine ? "

Putnam stared at him in dismay. Honesty compelled him to recognise that there was some truth in Shurof's words.

The Russian pressed his advantage. " Your Christianity has done nothing for you whatsoever, save to give you some ideas, or ideals if you like, which, in your case may be genuine, but nearly always are hypocritical and have no sure foundation in fact or logic. It's a dream, your Christianity, you can't *prove* a thing about it, whereas our cause is real."

Still Putnam was silent. He was exhausted and his arm ached horribly. He could not escape the parallel between Christianity as a belief and Bolshevism as a belief nor refuse to admit how much the latter had done for Russians like this man beside him and how little Christianity was responsible for the life he himself had led. He felt that somewhere there was a flaw in Shurof's reasoning, but he did not seem able to find it.

Suddenly light came to him ; of course there was an answer. " It is strange," he said earnestly, " that you Bolsheviks who lay such stress on planning cannot see that the whole universe moves according to plan and not by accident. We must assume that there is a plan and purpose, which, in the final issue, is what we Christians mean by God. We believe that He has chosen to communicate a part of His purpose to humanity, that there is a spark of His life in our bodies which distinguishes men from beasts and that that spark will never die. Take us now here, the two of us, for this is the final question. What have you to look forward to after tomorrow evening ? At the best no more than sleep."

The Russian nodded. " I shall probably be glad of it by the time they've done with us," he said with a shiver.

Putnam refused to be checked. Now, he felt, he was on safer ground. " At last," he said, " we have reached the real crux of the matter. You can argue and make a strong case of it that Bolshevism has done more for you in life than Christianity has done for me, or for my people at home. In life, yes, perhaps, but that is the least of it, because death is not the End."

" Death *is* the End," said the Russian.

" Well, I know it isn't, and that is why I am happier than you at present. You are stronger than I am, and probably braver. You may die in silence, while I am forced to scream. Yet what does that mean ? To you it means that everything you've lived for and worked for and are ready to fight for, just ends blankly with the slamming of a door, but to me death is not the End, but the gate to Life Eternal. For you a hole in the ground for me the great reward, the glory of my heart's desire. I die joyful."

This time Shurof was silent. He looked earnestly into Putnam's shining eyes. " Do you really think that ? " he asked.

" I know it. In this hour there are no more bars between us, you and me. Both of us in our different ways with different backgrounds have dedicated our minds and bodies to a life of service, to an ideal outside ourselves. For you too, therefore, there is hope, if only you will listen—and believe."

Shurof shrugged his shoulders. " No, no, comrade, that's no good. You can't catch me with your ' Opium for the people '—although opium has its uses ; I wish I'd got some right here now." He paused a moment and continued unexpectedly : " It does seem stupid somehow to finish like a candle that's blown out. I had so much to do, there is so much to do, and I have done so little. Damn it, I'd like to think that somehow I could start again, not in your heaven, I don't care about that, but here on earth. I am not afraid to die, but . . ."

Without sound or warning the door swung open, and there stood a thick-set man not more than five feet tall. He wore a grey silk robe like a kimono buttoned up to his throat ; his hairless face and bald head were thickly pitted with blue-green powder-marks. Behind him two guards carrying torches, huge men in khaki uniform with broad-bladed executioners' swords across their shoulders, hung on a blue cord with blue tassels. There was a blue armband on the left sleeve of their tunics.

" I am Wu-Ming-Fu," he said courteously, " perhaps better known to you foreigners as the Blue Dwarf. No, no, young man, keep still," as the Russian braced himself for a spring. " You are young and strong, but my guards here could break you with one hand. Don't move, I tell you. I want to talk with you." His voice was light and soft but his eyes were hard as he watched them and there was a disquieting nervous twitch of his red-rimmed eyelids. He came forward and one of the guards reached back for a tall gilt chair upon which the little man sat down with his soldiers standing beside him.

For a long minute, Wu-Ming-Fu gazed at his captives in silence, then turned to Putnam. " Why did you come to China ? " he asked.

" To preach the Gospel of Christ."

" To Chinese heathens, I suppose you would like to add, who were civilised two thousand years before your ancestors had got rid of their blue paint. Have you never heard of Confucius ? For what other reason did you come to China ? "

" For no other reason, neither for money, trade nor politics. I came because I thought it my duty to obey my Master's orders."

" Very good. And you ? " He looked at the Russian. " Why did you come here ? "

" To teach slaves to fight for freedom," said Shurof boldly. " To rescue the Chinese masses from their oppressors, native and foreign."

" And enrol them under the Red Flag ? "

" Yes," said Shurof, " the Red Flag—of Freedom."

" Administered by the OGPU as in Russia ? You can keep that kind of Freedom. Tell me now, both of you, did anyone ask you to come to China, any Chinese I mean ? No . . . you come with your White Christ and your Red Freedom to a country that needs neither, that has been set in its own ways for more than four thousand years, and you find . . . me. Now what do you expect from me ? " He looked at Putnam.

" Death," said the American, and the Russian nodded assent.

" Are you afraid of death ? "

" Yes," said Putnam ; " I am afraid, but I am not reluctant."

The Blue Dwarf watched him. " I believe you," he said. " Young fool that you are, I can see a hope for death behind your eyes. What a sorry land America must be that its sons seek death away from home ! Now what has the Bolshevik to say ? " (*Continued on page* 86)

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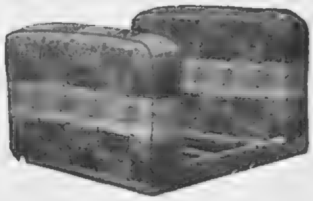

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Shurof waited, then spoke slowly. "I am not afraid, but I am most reluctant. There is so much for me to do, and I have done so little."

Wu-Ming-Fu smacked his hand upon his leg. "Hah, that is good," he said. "The extremes which meet. One seeks death but fears to die, the other dies but does not fear. That sounds good and true to me. It is young and naïve, but it is true, and truth, my young friends, counts more than your white religion or red freedom. With this truth you have bought your lives." He grinned at them and his eyelids twitched horribly, but there was no mirth nor pity in his eyes. "I don't like foreigners," he said, "who come like a plague of locusts to devour my country. I had thought to make an example of you two, to leave you there for the others to see when I go from this city in the morning, not dead, perhaps, but in such a case that the greatest mercy would be bullets for you both. You deserve it, you damned foreigners whom no one asked to come here. But no"—again he smacked his hand upon his knee—"you have entertained me with your childish answers to my questions. Wait here now for an hour or two, because my men are wild and savage—they too hate foreigners. Then your friends will come back. I think they'll be surprised to find you both alive." He made a sign to the guards, who picked up the gilt chair and carried it away. The door clanged and the two young men looked at each other.

For a moment neither could speak; the change from despair to hope, from death to life, was too sharp and sudden. Putnam's whole body was shaking. He tried to control himself, but the strain upon his nerves was over-great. Shurof laughed harshly. "This time it is *I* who win. That devil has robbed you of death and snatched away your martyr's crown. But to me he gave back life and the work I want to do."

END

The King *of* Crecq

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Yes, nudists. They got in when I was away. The Marshal told me about them—he came in just after you went out. And then I went out for a walk in the water-lane, and—oh, darling, I met them. I couldn't help meeting them. And they all walked past me as bold as brass. I didn't know where to look. Oh, darling, it was *terrible*!"

She wiped her eyes and added inconsequently:—

"They're Czecho-Slovakians."

"Good God!" MacMurray saw clearly that they couldn't have nudists on Crecq—least of all Czecho-Slovakians.

"Yes, Czecho-Slovakians. They're all red and—and—fat and—and they have goldy sort of hair."

"But—but how on earth did they ever get in?"

"They came with a cheap trip from France. Nobody knew what they were—they had clothes on then, of course. When the boat went they stayed. They're camping down in the two empty bungalows at La Vallée. They walk about everywhere, the Marshal told me . . . Singing . . . And not a stitch—not one stitch . . . Women . . . men . . . boys. Oh, Murray, we must deal with them at once, at once, at once!"

He gentled her. "Of course, of course. But—you know the ropes here. How do we go about it?"

"You must call the States. We must pass a law at once."

Her husband frowned. "Call the States, eh? Can't we just kick them out?"

"You—the Prieur—can order any *person* to leave the island. I don't know about a whole crowd."

"Crowd? How many are there?"

"Twenty or thirty, I believe. I *saw* a dozen . . . Oh, Murray, they *were* so indecent! So—so pink. Like great babies. But so terribly grown-up too."

MacMurray drummed on the tea-table.

"I don't want to call the States. Not just now."

His Christine looked at him aghast.

"But you *must*. We can't go on like this."

"I don't want to call the States."

"Then I must leave the Island. By the next boat, I'll stay away till they go. I couldn't go on with these creatures here. My beautiful, lovely island. These—*horrors*!"

"Can't I just order them to quit? One by one?"

"You have to give notice—ten days, I think. I couldn't bear ten days of *them*. We must have a law at once."

"What kind of law?"

"Oh—about clothes. Bathing-suits—anything."

MacMurray bit his lip. He began again resolutely: "I don't want to call the States——" But his Christine went into hysterics, and MacMurray saw his fate.

THE States of Crecq met in the schoolhouse, which just held their twenty-five members. The Marshal was there—a man more like a sheep than any of the shepherds of Egar; that snuffy little Avocat, Biche, was there, too. Searching the House, MacMurray looked in vain for a single gleam of intelligence, let alone opposition. "I'll manage them," he thought.

The nudists were dealt with in twenty minutes. Biche—competent little beast!—had produced the draft of an order prohibiting any person anywhere on the island of Crecq from appearing without a covering. MacMurray thought: "What if Chris and I want to do a spot of sunbathing?" But he decided that the Island Police—there were only two of them—would turn a suitably blind eye on any such occasion. The thing was to get the law passed and this infernal meeting dissolved before worse befell. The law *was* passed—without amendment—and then MacMurray gathered up his papers a shade too easily.

"And now, gentlemen, if there's nothing more——"

But there was something more: that little wretch of an Avocat was on his feet again. Despairingly, MacMurray heard the words he had dreaded.

"It is the business of this meeting, M. le Prieur, to authorise the payment of the Droit de Crecq. I move——"

"Curse you!" said MacMurray; but he said it to himself, and no member observed the dark flush of anger that mantled his cheek. Listening, he wondered what he could do, and decided that there was nothing; he couldn't shout out, "I don't want to pay it!" or make an exhibition of himself by dissolving the meeting or braining Biche with the order-book. And, after all, the States' authorisation, while it removed his immediate excuse—such as it was—for putting off, couldn't make him pay. Nothing in Crecq or out of it could make him do that—at any rate till Gibb's report.

MacMurray copied from an old order in the book, "That the Prieur do have authority to pay the Droit de Crecq," and heard himself say gruffly, "Recorded." He instructed Biche to send the Cailleur to serve the clothing notice on the nudists, and then he wandered out into the afternoon sunshine. There the rare weather, the rathe beauty, wrought upon his gloom; after all, he thought, there was no rose without a thorn, no Eden without a serpent. And this *was* an Eden; and such an Eve in it, too!

During the ensuing fortnight the protagonists of Eden ran true to form. Eve was a delight; and the serpent in his double form—Droit and nudists—was a serpent. Another demand, more peremptory still, came down from the British Government, and followed its predecessor into the fire. So much for Serpent Number One; but two days after the meeting the Marshal came to call, and MacMurray asked him

"What are these nudists doing?"

It appeared, nothing.

"But they've had the order?"

"Oh, yes—in English and in French, by the Cailleur and in writing."

"And haven't they complied?"

It seemed they had not. Indeed, indeed they had not—as MacMurray found out for himself the next day when he encountered the entire gang tramping the main road of the island. He counted twenty-two—but perhaps there were more; it was difficult to look too closely. They were led by a robust, care-free young woman clad solely in a bangle and a Hungarian pendant, and flanked by two sulkily handsome boys dignified by sunburn but spoiled by superfluous fat. Behind this vanguard the tribe jostled and sang. MacMurray's foolish attempt to stare them out of countenance was completely unsuccessful; on the contrary, one or two of the more afflicting specimens lowered his own bold eyes. They were, as Christine had said, most astonishingly nude, and their fine Nordic colouring of pink and gold seemed to emphasise this distressing condition. . . . They left him mopping his brow and thinking, "Thank God Chris wasn't with me!"

He went home by a short cut, his walk ruined, and summoned Biche. Conquering his distaste for the nasty little man, he said:—

"These people have disobeyed our order. What's next?"

Biche blinked his pinkish eyelids. "They have committed an offence against the law of Crecq. They can be punished."

"Yes—but how?"

"They can be fined—up to three livres Crecquins."

"Fined nothing! *That* won't get rid of them. Why not arrest the bunch and put them in jail?"

Biche blinked more rapidly. "They are numerous."

"Thirty at most, at very most."

"But we have only two policemen. And the prison only holds two persons."

MacMurray's knuckles cracked as he clenched his hands.

"Well, then, I'll order the whole boiling to quit the island. I can do that, can't I?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And they've got to go?"

"They must have ten days' notice. Then they must go."

"Then draft me an order."

Biche bowed—he was good at bowing—and withdrew. But he left the King of Crecq in a troubled frame of mind. For, thought MacMurray, "if these brutes have disregarded one order, they can disregard another. Suppose they do? They're a husky lot and there's women to deal with, and my entire force seems to consist of two Crecquin constables." Intelligence suggested—you can call in help from outside; and conscience replied—yes, *when* you've paid the Droit. Sighing, he realised that kingship, even of an Eden, had its crosses.

Meantime Christine refused positively to go out of doors. To his "Don't take it like that, old girl; we can send out spies; we can dodge them somehow," she merely shook a resolute head.

"No, Murray, never again; I won't risk it. I'm old-fashioned—I'm silly, but—*no*!"

Five days later—the nudists meantime carrying on as usual—Serpent Number One, in the shape of His Britannic Majesty's Government, moved again. This time it was a demi-official letter written (or at least signed) by a highly placed personage whose name MacMurray knew well. It was a suave letter, yet deadly; mentioning—only to dismiss—the possibility of mistake or misunderstanding, it closed with the politely threatening intimation that unless the Droit were duly paid within ten days, steps would—regretfully, but none the less inevitably—be taken. The writer left the proposed steps to MacMurray's imagination, but conveyed a disconcerting impression of being pretty sure about them himself. Pooh-poohing to keep up his courage, MacMurray none the less felt the cold grasp of fear—that hideous, heart-dropping

(*Continued on page 88*)

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fear that besets the habitual law-abider at the thought of criminal proceedings. What could they do? Nothing, he assured himself; but he didn't believe it And supposing there was a row; supposing, for argument's sake, there was enough of a row to bring Crecq into the cheap press as a kind of joke, what would Christine think of her Prieur? Not too much. "Island Rebellion: King of Crecq Won't Pay." What would Christine say to headlines like these? Something pretty drastic.

The next post brought Gibb's dossier at last. Gibb had traced the history of the Droit into remote mediæval times, and he had discovered two distinct lacunæ or blanks in the payments. At the close of each of these periods the King had boldly demanded and the Prieur had tamely paid; but whether on either occasion the King had any indefeasible right or whether he had one now—that was another and a complicated question. This question Gibb provokingly did not attempt to answer, contenting himself with stating as the only indubitable fact that if King George elected to visit Crecq MacMurray was bound to stand him a dish of lentil porridge and a firkin of wine. Cursing loudly, MacMurray threw down the thick typescript; firkins and porridge—what bosh!

In the matter of the nudists the ten days of the notice period drew steadily to a close. The nudists seemed extremely happy and more than ever ubiquitous; but MacMurray thought he traced an increasing anxiety on the faces of the two island constables. "If they put in for leave," he thought, "I shouldn't be surprised; but they won't get it—by James, they won't! If it comes to a pitched battle, a pitched battle there shall be—if I have to take off my own coat and get down to it." Instantly his too-active imagination conjured up a picture of himself, coatless, struggling with one of the more matronly nudists; despite himself, he burst into laughter. But when Christine asked what he was laughing at, he couldn't tell her. A month of matrimony had taught MacMurray the limitations of a wifely sense of humour.

To the demi-official about the Droit MacMurray replied cautiously that he was prepared to dispute the demand and was taking legal advice. It availed him nothing; his correspondent countered with a snorter which stated that there could be no question of legality at this time of day, and that if the Droit were not paid forthwith steps to enforce it would be put into immediate operation. "*What* steps?" thought the intimidated MacMurray. "I wish I had Gibb here; what can they do? I suppose they'll send someone to see me. And I'll stand him a dish of lentil porridge and send him back. And so on it'll go—till the papers get hold of it. Then Christine'll be angry. *Is* it worth it? Damn these nudists; they've fairly got me down."

The nudists *had* got him down. For if the King of England knew what steps to take in the matter of the Droit, the King of Crecq was blessed if he knew what steps to take with the nudists.

The situation had now developed the simplicity of all great tragedies. The notice period had expired, and the nudists had done simply nothing. Their precise numbers, now ascertained with exactitude, were twenty-seven adults, four children and one infant. There they were—encamped at La Vallée, smiling, happy and resolute to remain. Biche, consulted, had repeated his idiotic remarks about the minority of the police force and the paucity of the prison accommodation. To MacMurray's desperate "Then what the hell are we to *do*?" he could only bow and blink. And increasingly, dementingly, goadingly, Christine wept.

"There's nothing else for it," MacMurray told her. "I must go down and talk to these people myself. If they don't understand, I'll make them." Weakening, he said, "Would you come with me?" But Christine merely shuddered.

MacMurray chose for his visit to La Vallée the hour when the nudists were believed to eat, and he found them at home—very much so. They were sitting and standing and lying about on the green grass round the two bungalows, and in the bright sunshine they shone pink-and-gold as the window display of a ladies' hairdresser. One of the better-developed youths was playing a guitar to the strains of which two upstanding maidens were dancing a rough polka; a very hirsute gentleman—darker than most—was reading what looked like a German newspaper; a stoutish—and elderly—matron was skipping. Taken largely and as a canvas, they were a pretty terrifying spectacle.

MacMurray had fortified himself with the elder of his two constables, but at the sight of his escort's goggling eyes and dropping mouth he halted him at the gate. It would be hard enough not to laugh, he thought, without having that fool-face at his elbow. Advancing alone, he had the sudden, staggering idea that *he* was the figure of fun, *he* the indecency in this assembly; while *they* were normal, proper, correct. The jigging girls threw him a couple of bewildering smiles, the youth with the guitar nodded pleasantly, the skipping matron swung round innocently to give him the full battery of her charms. MacMurray felt the sweat on his brow. "My God," he thought, "aren't they going to take *any* notice of me at all?" Then resolutely he called his harshest voice to the aid of his fainting senses; and instantly the spell was broken.

"Does anybody here speak English?"

The hirsute gentleman laid down his paper.

"Jah. Ay doh."

"Then why the devil," said MacMurray, "haven't you obeyed my orders?"

The hirsute gentleman's eyes rolled mournfully; he looked at the skipping matron and said, "*Verstehen Sie?*" Responding brightly "*Verstehe nicht,*" she went on with her skipping.

MacMurray began to feel the cold breath of failure. But at that moment an immense lady, so blonde and solid that she was more like a huge pink-and-yellow horse, emerged from the bungalow. Smiling brightly and as completely at her ease as if Paquin and not Nature had gowned her, she said,

"Englisch I spik nice. Vat you vant, eh?"

MacMurray hesitated. "Is there no—gentleman who speaks English?"

She shook her head and advanced two paces, MacMurray correspondingly recoiling.

"Nein. All Sherman. Vat you vant?"

MacMurray flourished a copy of his order.

"You've seen this. It says you can't stay here. Must go."

His hostess beamed.

"Bot ve laike 'ere. Ve aire zo 'appi."

And clearly, thought MacMurray, they were; but that was hardly the point. Bracing himself against the astounding vision before him, he said deliberately, a word at a time:

"You can *not* stay here. All must go. Must all go now." Searching, he found two words of what he believed to be German. "*Futsak. Schnell.*"

His German brought down the house. Nudging one another's unprotected ribs, his audience—who had gathered closely about him—repeated rollickingly, "Futsak-schnell. Futsak-schnell." Their happy laughter rippled through the sunshine like the flight of birds.

The pink-and-gold horse-lady seemed taken aback; her rich smile faded a little as she repeated.

"Bot we laike 'ere. Eet ees zo zveet. Vhy ve goh?"

MacMurray moistened his lips, unpleasantly conscious that a solid phalanx of nudists was closing in on his rear.

"This is my island. Mine. I am king-kaiser—here, I say you must go. Or I put you all in jail. Understand?"

The smile on the horse-lady's face faded further. She said vaguely, "*Aber na!*" but what more she might have said will remain unknown, for at that moment an extremely handsome, extremely muscular young man thrust himself between them. MacMurray was just thinking, "By the Lord, there's something to be said for nudism if you get the right people," when he was staggered to hear himself addressed in the Germanised but authentic accents of Hollywood.

"Can that, Bo!" said the new arrival amazingly. "Cut da rough stuff. We've muscled in here; guess we're stayin' put. If you wanna bump us out, call ya traffic cop there an' get busy. *Your* island nothing!"

MacMurray looked into a face of fiendish handsomeness, a pair of steel-blue eyes with flame behind them. He said furiously,

"Why didn't you speak first?"

Instantly the fiendishness and the flame disappeared; smiling stupidly and blandly the young man said,

"Verstehe nicht, Excellenz. Keine worte."

MacMurray said, his hands clasping and unclasping,

"I see! I see your game. I'll knock your head in!" And he might have gone on to try, when the smiling young man was swept from his view, the smiling horse-lady reappeared, a volley of soft German—conciliatory if not endearing—flowed round his ears, two bolsters of bare arms flowed round his neck and the Prieur de Crecq found himself resoundingly kissed on either cheek. Dazedly he heard the murmur—applause? admiration? envy?—that went up around him; dazedly he caught one glimpse of his constable's preposterous countenance at the gate; then with a very white face and his hands clenched very tight in his pockets, MacMurray strode out defeated.

The pleasant laughter of the nudists—rippling through the sunshine like the flight of birds—followed him away.

BY Heaven's grace the British Government played up.

It must have been by Heaven's grace, because they played up to an extent no reasonable person could have expected from the circumstances. Or there may have been—must have been—some secondary considerations or motives; perhaps it was desirable to exercise a certain naval unit, or perhaps the unit was handy or was passing that way in any case. At any rate, Heaven's grace or otherwise, the British Government sent down a destroyer.

MacMurray watched its arrival from a point of vantage on the high cliffs above La Vallee whither he had gone on a final agitated walk to consider any possible alternative to capitulation, to paying the Droit and humbly appealing for outside help against his atrocious invaders. He supposed—though not very confidently—that in such a case outside help was bound to be forthcoming; and he was moderately certain that outside help was his only hope. It was a week since his abortive visit of ejection—a week that had shown him quite clearly his complete impotence. He had come home from that humiliating visit spluttering with fury and vowing to rouse the whole island to his side. "We'll neck those brutes out by main force, we'll manhandle them into the sea." Slowly and grimly he had learned—from Biche, from Christine, from the sheep-faced Marshall—that the island wouldn't be roused. Crecquin opinion, it appeared, divided itself sharply on the question of the nudists; many were shocked and disgusted, no doubt; but, on the other hand, the nudists were copiously supplied with cash, spent lavishly, and haggled not at all. And while the disgust was mild and academic at best, the gold-digging was keen, interested and acute. It became plain to MacMurray that any attempt to rouse the island would rouse only civil war.

"In that case," he thought, "I'm beaten, I'm done. In that case there's nothing for it but to cave in, pay up this damned Droit and send out an S O S. And lucky me if anybody listens. . . ." Thus thinking, he saw—with a curious mixture of terror and relief—the approaching destroyer.

MacMurray, very tall and handsome and kingly, was on the pier of the tiny harbour to meet the naval officer who stepped out of the rowing boat. He advanced with outstretched hand.

(*Continued on page* 90)

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"I'm the Prieur de Crecq. I've a sort of idea you may be looking for me."

The naval officer gave him a long stare. Not the sort of bird I expected, he thought. But the Navy takes things as they come. He said with a smile,

"Well, yes, sir—there was some idea that we might have a little chat."

MacMurray nodded. "Too easy. You'd better come up to lunch. If you were King George I'd have to offer you a dish of lentil porridge and a firkin of wine; but as things are, I daresay we can do better than that."

The Lieutenant fell into step. "I'm not all that keen on lentils; but I mightn't say no to the firkin."

They conversed amicably on the drive and throughout lunch; the Navy, falling for Christine at sight, consumed its *petit poussin* with a growing sense of relief; what had promised to be a queer, perhaps an awkward job, was turning out very pleasantly. It just showed you never knew. At the close of lunch MacMurray produced cigars, coffee and brandy and—to the Navy's disappointment—told Christine to run away.

"And now look here," said MacMurray, "Getting down to rock bottom, I suppose it's that tax?"

The Navy flicked its ash. "Well, sir, if you could see your way—I daresay there's some misunderstanding."

"There isn't. Just my pig-headed obstinacy. I—I think I've been rather an ass. I'll pay, of course. But I want to make a condition." The Navy's eyes narrowed. "Nothing very hard; I just want a show of force, that's all."

"Hadn't you better explain?"

"I'll explain. Do you like nudists?"

The Navy laughed outright. "Doesn't that rather depend on the nudist?"

"Czecho-Slovakian nudists. Pink and fat. All sorts; all ages; all sexes."

"Well—when you put it like that, I should say probably not."

MacMurray dropped his voice impressively. "So should I. They've been making my life hell. And as for my poor wife——" He narrated the story of the invasion, telling it amusingly and well, sparing not himself. Christine, listening from the drawing-room for angry voices, was relieved to hear instead shouts of honest laughter. She did not hear MacMurray, his voice dropping still further, making his business bargain. "You've got to help me out; you've turned up here like a—like a *deus ex machina* and I'm delighted to see you. But I want to make the most of you. Will you be a man and a brother and give me a hand?"

The Navy rubbed its chin. "I could land a boat's crew for exercise. I couldn't do much more."

"You won't need to do any more. A boat's crew will be grand. You land your boat's crew; I'll do the rest. . . ."

When the Navy, replete and amenable, had gone, MacMurray took his hat and made straight for La Vallée. In the later afternoon sunshine the place was serenely quiet and was deserted of half its inhabitants; but the hirsute gentleman was still reading his German newspaper while the skipping matron was pensively smoking a cigarette by his side. To MacMurray's relief there were no signs of his pink-and-gold admirer; further, to his relief, he caught sight at one of the bungalow windows of a fiendishly handsome young face. The face withdrew itself smartly but not smartly enough.

"You there!" shouted MacMurray. "I want a word with you, my American friend."

The face reappeared; smiling blandly, it began: "Verstehe——"

"You'll verstehe all right," said MacMurray. "You'd better. You see that warship out there? You'll verstehe that, anyway." He became uneasily aware that unclad bodies were emerging from nowhere, creeping up behind him; wheeling, he saw that it was so; there they all were, a lurid wall of pink-and-gold and open mouths and gazing disconcerted eyes. Wincing, he went on with his attack.

"*I* sent for that warship; I sent for it for *you*. I dare say you thought you were pretty clever, my Transatlantic Bohemian; I daresay you heard this island was run by a helpless widow and you could do what you liked. Well, Bo, I guess you slipped up. Or didn't you?"

The face gazed at him from the window, more fiendish now than handsome.

"Well now, well now. There's a passenger boat out of this to-morrow forenoon. Either you'll all be on it and out of this island for good, or you'll all be on that battleship and out of it for middling bad. Get me?"

The face said, "Keine Englisch, Excellenz." But its smile was wooden and fixed and a palpable fake. MacMurray permitted himself a laugh.

"That's a pity, Bowery. You'll be nice and sick on the destroyer." He wheeled so suddenly that the pink-and-gold wall behind him split and fell back; marching away through the gap, he thought, "That's that! And now Heaven help us!" But this time no ripple of laughter followed his retreat!

IN the night, the long grim relentless night, MacMurray's exultation faded to depression and fear. Supposing, he thought, these brutes still show fight; supposing they scatter all over the island and hide; supposing we go down there to-morrow and find them all mother-naked and tied to the verandah railings? Will my naval pal stand by me? How far will he go—how far *can* he go? Suppose it comes to manhandling, will he ask his chaps to do it? "Oh God!" groaned MacMurray, gazing at 3 a.m. on his watch, "Am I going to be beaten yet?"

But the day broke fine and heartening, and it lived up to its appearance, for, lo! the nudist rebellion ended in a fizzle after all. At breakfast MacMurray's butler whispered that a gentleman was on the doorstep to see him; and on the doorstep MacMurray found a sunburnt young man in grey tweeds and a black Homberg who now looked neither fiendish nor handsome, but just a plain ordinary cad.

"It's O.K., Sheriff," said this visitor. "You don' wanna throw no pahty. We're quittin'."

MacMurray's heart pounded, but he said:—

"None of your games. I'll see you all first."

His visitor nodded. "O.K. They're right here. You kin see 'em."

MacMurray went to the gate, and solemnly the nudist army filed past him; solemnly he counted them one by one: 27 adults, four children and an infant in arms. Watching, he could have wept: gone was all their glory, all their pink-and-gold radiance, all their joy; clad, booted and hatted, they were simply a shoddy gang of cheap Continental trippers. Only once MacMurray blushed—when he recognised in a large and dowdy blonde the horse-lady of that annihilating embrace. The recollection hardened his heart.

"Got your tickets?"

"Sure."

"Then get to hell out of this."

"Sure."

They straggled away; voices rose in Teutonic recrimination; two of the children began to cry.

The Navy stood by its word; it landed a boat's crew at the harbour and drew them up on the jetty in a businesslike array that caused MacMurray's heart a qualm. Supposing—but one needn't suppose any longer. The boat's crew came no farther; whether they enjoyed any liquid refreshment not contemplated in Admiralty regulations is entirely MacMurray's affair.

In the evening—the incredibly free and peaceful evening—MacMurray walked again in his Eden with his Prieuresse. "It's a rum world," he was thinking, "the way things work out. I was an ass over that Droit; but if I hadn't been an ass they'd never have sent that destroyer, and in that case I'd be struggling with these nudists still. Well—you never know."

He put an arm round his Christine.

"You know, darling, I've been thinking—we've been so busy since we got back, what with one thing and another, we've never had a celebration. You know, I think the islanders expect a bit of a beano. Why not?"

She looked up at him doubtfully. "There ought to be a public holiday. But that would mean summoning the States."

"Well—why not?"

"But I thought you didn't like calling the States?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter now," said MacMurray.

END.

The excellent Indian story entitled "Twenty Minutes' Drive," which appeared in the December issue of "Britannia and Eve," was inadvertently attributed to "Hilton Young," whereas it was written by the author of this story, HILTON BROWN.

Books

(*Continued from page* 55)

that Mr. Browne, as an author, is happiest in misfortune.

The other second novel is *Girl of Good Family* (Secker, 7s. 6d.), by Lucian Wainwright, author of *Waters Meet*. It seems safe to prophesy that Mr. Wainwright's name will never figure in the index of any anthology of Great Prose. In piecemeal, he is not a good writer, having a weakness which almost amounts to a passion for using five words where one word would do. But his lavishness, which shows itself in swollen sentences and crowded canvas, is not entirely unsuited to the busy, thronging, overfurnished, indoor life of cosmopolitan Jews; and the effect he obtains in the end will agreeably surprise anyone who has been keeping watch on his means.

Mr. Herbert Read is known as a poet and a writer on literature and modern art. He has not hitherto written a novel, and now that he has produced *The Green Child* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), he is at pains to have us understand that it is not a novel, but a romance. The distinction makes no easier the already sufficiently difficult task of reviewing his book. It is full of evidence of what we knew before—that the author is a man of real ability. It is also full of proofs, some patent, some latent, that he is not a born novelist, even when he writes a romance. His book has distinction and charm, but a curiously pedagogic note echoes through the pages, and many readers, I think, will be reminded of the hours they spent, as schoolboys, listening to the head master reading to them after tea on Sundays in the winter.

Eagerness that we should not mistake his book for an ordinary novel is also the mark of Mr. John Hargrave, author of *Summer Time Ends* (Constable, 10s.). No doubt the book ends, too, in time, but I must confess that I fell by the way and was not there to see. With this immense volume goes a 12-page brochure explaining how and why Mr. Hargrave wrote his book, and what it means.

After that, let us return to authors who hold a lower opinion of our intelligence and stamina. Mr. J. L. Hardy's *Never In Vain* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is the story of a Black and Tan, but it is not in the least the kind of novel that that description would seem to imply. On the contrary, it consists of a series of careful, controlled, thoughtful studies of the loves of men and women.

Lastly, *Playthings of Time*, by Arnold Zweig (Secker, 7s. 6d.). In this volume are a dozen short stories by the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. They are not all "pure" literature, several of them having been written, apparently, with some sort of social or political aim in view, though the precise object is not always clear. But, in claiming that the reader will recognise "the master hand," the publisher is not overstating the case. Through every line penned by Herr Zweig, a strong individuality shines. By the time you have finished this book, you have seen the world anew.

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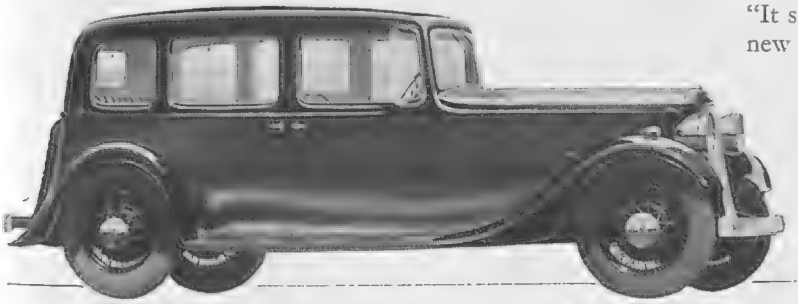

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Women Behind Famous Men

(*Continued from page 11*)

hair greying at 48, resembling her brother only remotely. She has reached the stage of taking eminence for granted, the knowledge of waiting crowds not far away when Adolf is in residence, the pestilent attentions of foreign newspaper correspondents, the sentries the exalted guests. Caught off her guard once, she revealed the difficulties of catering for a vegetarian, non-smoking teetotaler—revealed, too, that Hitler was a quarrelsome child. "Though two years younger than I, he always tried to order me about. We fought and quarrelled almost all the time."

No antagonism to-day, Hitler keeps politics out of his household. His sister's company is reserved for pleasure motoring and for the mountains. She can, however, face heiling crowds with equanimity.

Mrs. Mussolini, on the other hand, fears fame. She would be terrified by official receptions, saluting throngs, bayonets, soldiers—the background of her husband. When she married Mussolini, he was merely a journalist, politically immersed. "Rachele," the Duce has written of her, "wise and excellent woman who has followed me with patience and devotion across all the wide vicissitudes of my life. In the midst of fierce struggle my family has represented to me an oasis of security and refreshing calm." Yet Donna Rachele and her husband now live largely apart. At the Villa Torlonia, she could not accustom herself to the idea that the servants were not hers to control. While the Duce lived in state, he thought it best for his plump, wavy-haired, thoroughly domestic wife to live in a five-room house out near Porta Pia.

She goes shopping with a basket or to church like any woman of the people. She bargains at stalls like any other Italian woman. The curious, and their questions, are combated by an apparent deafness. She has been described, pityingly as "the woman who could not keep up." She has kept up sufficiently to have assumed the responsibility of a seaside holiday with the children of Chancellor Dollfuss in 1934. They were with her at the time of the assassination. Perhaps no other woman, with her kindness, her quiet good sense could have broken the news better.

LINGUAL barriers apart, Henry Ford's wife might find many points of contact with Rachele. Henry Ford was 24 when he met Clara Bryant at a harvest supper in a Dearborn hay-barn. He already enjoyed a certain local glamour as the owner of forty acres of timber land and a saw mill—she was not neglected as the rosy-cheeked daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Corn-husking and finding the red ears that permit kisses from one's partner, singing and dancing to a fiddler paved the way to romance. The opportunities of corn and apple roasting matured it. Clara Ford can look back to a courtship by buggy and horseback and presently by a light red sleigh that Henry had built, or can look forward to a golden wedding in two years' time.

"A wife helps a man more than anyone else," Ford has said; "she criticises him more!" But for his wife's objections, he might have become the world's first manufacturer of 50 cent watches, and delayed the motor-car by a decade. She regarded all those early projects as scatter-brained ideas. She at first merely wanted her new bungalow, the amusement of skating parties, the pleasure of the new home in which Henry Ford read persistently of steam engines. (Thanks to her needs, they still have the bungalow not far from the sloping lawns of their grand mansion beside the Rouge River: "I wouldn't ask any better place to live," Ford has declared, at least for her benefit.)

She protested at the move to Detroit, when Ford wanted to take an engineer's job, and followed him into rooms and then into suburban houses unwillingly. Tears were shed over the building of the first car—because Henry spent so much time with it. That is all an old story. Clara Ford to-day is assuming an old age with dignity, never entering the works year in, year out, content that her one child, Edsel, is a company president. Until very recently, Mr. and Mrs. Ford skated together. They are still theatregoers, though their life becomes quieter. Millions have not changed the mentality of the farmer's daughter.

AN interesting book might be sketched around the activities of the wives of genius. Why so many first wives come to the divorce courts and why a few succeed in keeping their men. Perhaps Margaret Dunlop—in 1936 distinctly matronly—has kept Epstein through years of successive favourite models by the soothing touch. She married him two years after he had arrived in London, 26 and ambitious, and provoked him to gain that epoch-making first contract for the B.M.A. building in the Strand. Perhaps Harriet Kreisler has been successful with her violinist through thirty odd years because he likes children and she has given him eleven, because he needs mothering and she gives him a programme for the day, from announcing practice time to deciding his meals in hotel or restaurant. American, social worker and mother by proxy to thousands of children in Vienna, but dominant, Mrs. Kreisler is the violinist's best manager.

The dark-eyed diminutive second wife of Chaliapin looks after her hero in similar fashion. Soothing the giant when in his frenzies of rage against the careless or the unnecessarily commercial—seeing that he wears a scarf, that he rests, that his life has enjoyment.

Marconi could not get along with his first blue-blooded Irish wife, despite the arrival of three children. With his Italian Marchesa, and a baby daughter, he remains happy after eight years of matrimony. His tall, dark companion of living shares his delight in the sea, in music, in good food and the top in life. A rival of Marconi, the irrepressible televisionary John Baird, strangely enough, has found understanding and companionship, after all his lonely early years, with Cecilia Albu, concert pianist. Oddity, surely, lies in this linking of a man who practically thinks in terms of sight, with a woman whose pleasure lies in sound. . . .

Mrs. Einstein? She stepped into the shoes of a divorced wife, a Slav student married at 24, with whom the Professor had failed. She had seen the first mésalliance. Friend of his boyhood days and his cousin, she had kept contact with him through the years. Her widowhood, balanced against two daughters, did not prevent her second marriage.

"A woman must never forget that some of the things a man thinks about himself are not true," Mrs. Einstein has said. "My husband, for instance, thinks he must have solitude for his work. I know that he needs company. I know my husband better than he." Perhaps, therein, lies the key to her own flair for happiness and protection—so useful when the time came for a scientist to be hunted out of Germany.

Celebrity protection and cool financial control were equally the strong suit of Helena Paderewski, until she died and followed Catherine Wells, Mrs. Selfridge, Margaret MacDonald, Lady Beaverbrook—so many others!—into eternity. The Polish pianist has come to rely on his sister. Gordon Selfridge is fortunate, with Ramsay MacDonald, in his daughters. Mention of wife-held purse-strings also brings into this scheme white-haired Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

The ex-sub-editor had just been hailed as a genius when he met a young American author named Balestier and, through him, his sister, to whom he proposed. The affair produced not only Kipling's first full-length love story, but a partnership binding after forty-four years. The man and woman in the lattice-windowed many-chimneyed Burwash have had their troubles. A daughter died during an American tour. The only son was blown to pieces in Flanders. Sadness passes. Secluded contentment for two, to-day, in their fine Elizabethan manor. The shy literary girl of the 'nineties has evolved into the shyer chatelaine, fond of gardening and wood fires, persuaded sometimes to open a local bazaar but never to approach the subject, "My Genius Husband."

NO bazaars and no reporters for the woman behind Bernard Shaw—sentimental Charlotte, middle-aged, plump, and wearing pince-nez. Carefully unknown, in direct contrast to her better half and yet largely responsible for the success of G.B.S. She had picked up a broken heart somewhere, as Shaw says, before meeting him, and had healed it with books. Books to authors—hence a red-haired dramatic and music critic introduced to her. "Miss Payne Townshend—Mr. Shaw." Hers, originally, the Adelphi Terrace flat. Irish, cultured, moneyed, becoming fond of Shaw despite herself, and he of her. She married through Shaw, a sick man, being afraid to stay at her country house, a bed-ridden guest, lest he compromise her.

To students of cause and effect, Shaw's climb to fame in the next five years and to world renown in ten will be intriguing. Charlotte Shaw is still sufficiently interested in the money-making side of G.B.S. to vet all his contracts. And sufficiently herself to tackle a chop while he toys with vegetables on his side of the table, to prefer Bach to his Wagner, to find great companionship in hen-parties of middle-aged professional women. She is, incidentally, by way of being professional herself with two volumes of translated French plays and several endowed scholarships and institutions standing to her credit.

Shaw married at 42. Noel Coward has thus still time, otherwise one might suspect this modern upstart of the theatre of other ideas. His mother, one time keeper of a boarding house and now a little deaf in the grey-hair stage, has been carted along on trips to the United States and installed in a house appropriate to Coward's income. At the same time, Gladys Calthrop, dark-haired, usually ear-ringed, modernistic and sardonic, plays some part in Coward's life. Their friendship began sixteen years back, springing from advice to an unknown young man on how to cure tummy-ache.

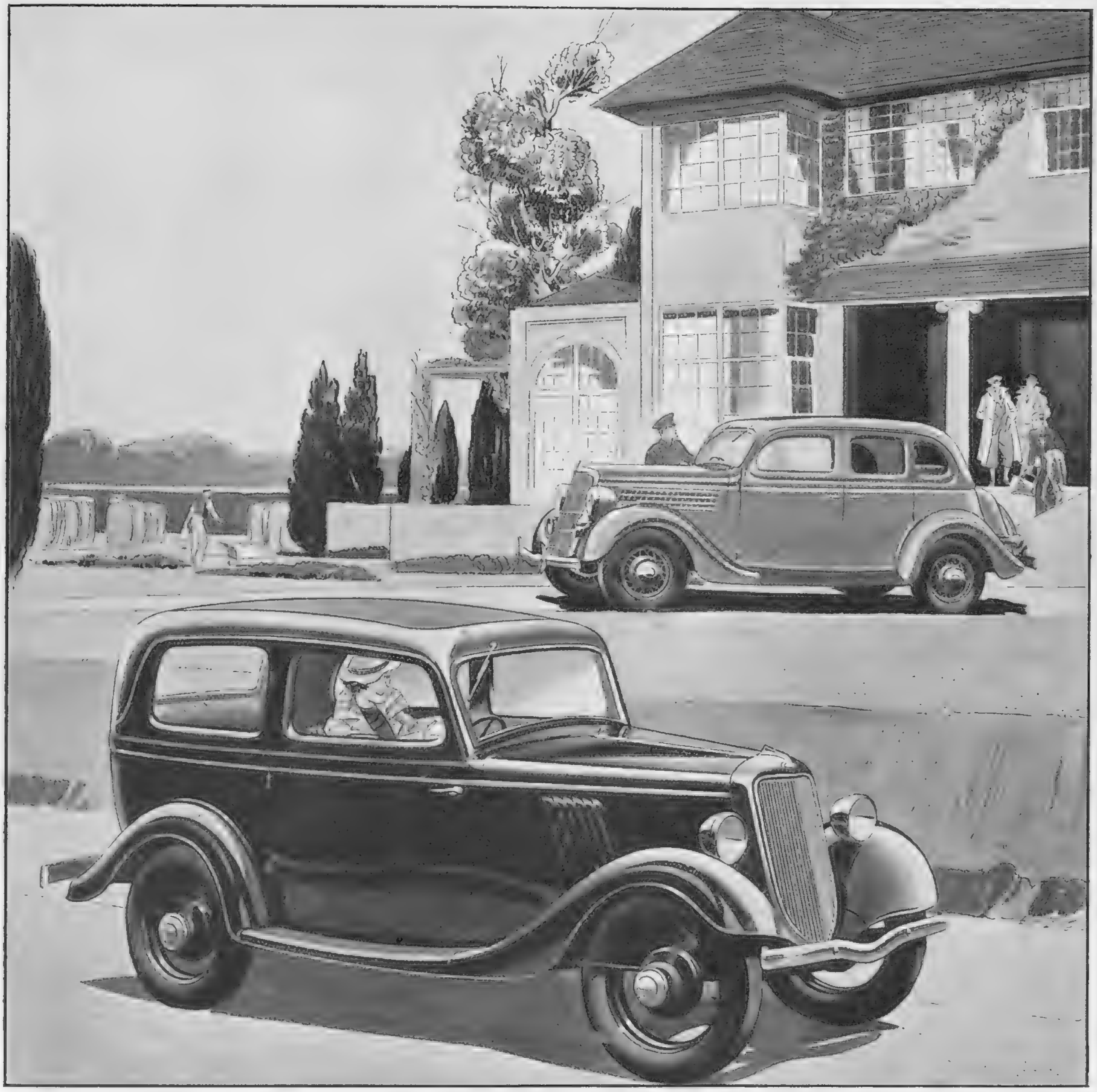
Gladys Calthrop, the one-time artist, has developed into a stage designer, and there is hardly any Coward *décor* which has not sprung from her Westminster studio.

STALIN, womanless since he followed the lonely coffin of his wife, has attempted to wave the mother-love banner with tea-time trips to the 75-year-old spectacled nun-like Keke, who afterwards delivers lectures to the Russian press on her model son. "He jokes a lot when he is with me. He is gay and happy!"

No mention yet of the rulers of our rulers, the ladies who love politicians! Mrs. Baldwin has achieved a certain notoriety for her hats, her child welfare movement and platform eloquence. Few suspect her of former prowess as a first-class swimmer, a fast tennis and hockey player, a woman cricketer, of warming slippers for hubby and mothering six.

While everyone recognises the radiantly humorous face of Mrs. Lloyd George as obviously that of a farmer's daughter, her frequent stance in the Ladies' Gallery makes her seem too intellectual for sewing, garden-pottering, hymn-singing in chapel, bread-baking and similar pursuits. But all these qualities are as typical of the woman who had followed Lloyd George from childhood as politic-dabbling, politician-entertaining, fashion-admiring and book-writing are of Lady Londonderry.

(*Continued on page 94*)



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Women Behind Famous Men

"Then I was married," wrote Winston Churchill, "and lived happily ever after." With a woman of grace and charm, helpful politically, strongly opinionated but completely sympathetic to most of the Churchill enterprises. Her home at Westerham is one of the loveliest in the country, rich in old oak and old brocades, etchings and fine china. Her clothes have the same rich dignity—often in velvet, of mauve, purple or soft grey shades. A good talker, especially to Winston. Good talker, too, is Lady Simon. Irish, impatient, always on the move. Once out-talked her husband and won him over to a cause she cherished—Irish freedom. Unexpectedly plump and homely. nevertheless, beside Sir John. Was trained as a nurse. Speaks most vigorously against slums or slavery.

But any Who's Who of political wives should properly start off with Mrs. J. H. Thomas, one of the most romantic of them all. Not in appearance, for she creates an effect of shrewd domesticity, but in having married on 24s. a week and having risen with her husband to a South London mansion.

Who next? The dark and beautiful Mrs. Anthony Eden, with her eighteenth-century house in Berkeley Street, her tennis rackets and interest in films, her two children and two-days honeymoon before a by-election?

I vowed to omit no "woman to a notable" from this article. The task is defeating me. Who to choose? Anne Dwight Morrow, the Ambassador's daughter who romanced with a young and not unattractive aviator in Mexico, flew with him on a honeymoon, and found her baby missing one night from his crib? The low-voiced Mrs. Temple, fuss-less and flower-loving, perfect wife to the Archbishop of York?

The naïve admittance must be faced: there are almost as many unknown women behind famous men as there are famous men to the world. I stare aghast, torn between writing of Evelyn Cochran, who married C.B.C. against her mother's wishes and has introduced him before now to books worth dramatising, or Helena Pickard, actress whom Sir Cedric Hardwicke didn't recognise when he met her for the first time without stage make-up and whom he married hastily before a matinée. For choice, there's chic Mrs. Culbertson, who never argues about bridge, and brings up her two children as cleverly as she plays her cards.

Pageant of women, content to regulate the cooking and domesticity which—if livers do as much harm as Radio Normandie would have you believe—must in turn regulate the world. Women behind famous men, many beautiful, many intelligent if not intellectual. And yet the vast majority content to share nothing of fame, content to hang on to masculine coat-tails, to lurk behind the masculine scene . . .

Why? Why? Why?

J. Pierpont Morgan

(*Continued from page 31*)

most powerful individual banker in the history of the world, the father of the present head of the House of Morgan, who bears the same name as his remarkable father.

Throughout the 'sixties, the 'seventies, and the 'eighties John Pierpont Morgan hammered away in New York, amassing vast stores of information regarding the financial and political undercurrents of life in the growing American metropolis. Simple, direct, determined, thorough, he knew what he wanted to do and ploughed a vigorous and direct course. During all these years of patient and purposeful work, he wrote a weekly letter to his father in London. In these letters, he made comments on men, markets, politics and philosophy which were extraordinarily informative and pertinent. The father knew this and preserved the letters. Many years after J. S. Morgan had died, the son—now a world-famous figure—came across his own letters in the library of the house his father had occupied. He spent two rainy afternoons reading them over grimly. His children discovered him, found out what they were and exhorted him to edit them where necessary and then have them published. They would be, his children agreed, a source-book of history of extraordinary value and unique interest. The old man knew it was true, only too true; the children went out to a theatre, and when they returned he pointed to a pile of ashes in the grate. The source-book of history had been destroyed—before publication.

In 1894, John Pierpont Morgan at last formed the private banking-house which ever since has borne his name. He took partners, and within a few years his vast knowledge and thorough methods bore fruit. He bestrode America like a Colossus, and it was not long before the whole globe felt his influence. His methods were simple and sweeping; like most great men, he knew how to plunge straight into the heart of a problem, to salt it down to its essentials and cut the Gordian knot without hesitation or reservation.

Before the nineteenth century had come to an end, his name was known in every corner of the world. More than Vanderbilt, more than Gould, Carnegie or Rockfeller, more than any other single figure in America, he had made the United States a tremendous financial, and consequently political power. Bluff, shaggy, forthright, with a steely eye, a red complexion, a walrus moustache and a bulbous nose, he was a rich, rare personality. An experienced man who knew the elder Morgan has said of him: "I have never seen, read of or heard of a human being possessed of such a personality. If ever such another individual trod the earth, history has overlooked him. He moved in a sphere of his own—largely of his own creation. His physical as well as his mental concepts belied preconceptions. Even his eyes appeared to defy Nature's laws. They were deep blue, but when his mind was thoroughly aroused, they seemed to be vivid brown, and they were terrifying." "Character" was the criterion by which all his business was done. If he trusted a man, that man could get almost limitless assistance from him; if he could not trust him, no amount of backing, no guarantee was good enough. "I would rather lose money from trusting a man too much than gain it from trusting him too little," he once said.

The tremendous development of American industry towards the end of the last century, the huge spread of its commerce over the whole world were very largely due to the constructive finance and immense resources of the elder Morgan. There is little doubt but that this man, rightly or wrongly, believed sincerely that the vast power concentrated in his hands was to be regarded as a trust, to be used painstakingly and conscientiously for constructive ends. Under him insurance developed prodigiously. Thanks to his powerful reorganisation and support, the United States Steel Trust became one of the great powers of the modern world. When he formed it, with a capital of over a billion dollars, it was the greatest industrial deal in the history of the world.

He was a hard worker and a man of simple tastes. In one thing alone he indulged himself—he liked to possess beautiful pictures, and in pursuit of them he visited Europe frequently and for increasingly long periods. So many art treasures did he acquire in Italy that eventually he bought a house in Rome to contain them and, instead of taking the pictures over to New York, crossed annually to Rome to be among the pictures.

Naturally, Morgan had enemies. Some of them disliked him because he was richer than they; others sincerely disapproved of his power and feared that its effects must operate against the public good, however honest and well meaning the man at the top might be. Gradually a powerful movement made itself felt in America which demanded that the State should enquire into the conditions under which "Morgan's" operated. Theodore Roosevelt had been elected President because he promised the American people he would break the Rockefeller Standard Oil Trust. This he partially succeeded in doing. Now they demanded that the redoubtable Morgan should be brought to book.

Was there a "Money Trust" which controlled American industry?

That was what the average Yankee wanted to know. It was one of the tensest moments in the history of the American Commonwealth when, in 1912, the rugged old free lance entered the court room to face the most famous and the most savage cross-examiner in America—Samuel Untermyer. Untermyer was the counsel chosen by the Pujo Committee of Enquiry into the conduct of private banking (so-called after Congressman Arsène Pujo, its chairman.)

Every man and woman in America followed the trial breathlessly. Try though he might, Untermyer failed to prove anything serious against Morgan. Innuendoes and semi-accusations were hurled at the 75-years-old banker, who answered them all in strong, curt phrases.

But the strain told. After two days of dramatic cross-talk between himself and Untermyer, he collapsed. Shortly afterwards he took a cruise to Egypt, and then returned to Rome. At Rome he died—surrounded by his beloved pictures.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN junior, was 45 years old when his father died in 1913. Little was known of him, except that since he had left Harvard he had worked ably and tirelessly in the Manhattan offices of the firm, that he had a reputation for loyalty, accuracy and shrewdness, and that his father—a magnificent judge of character—had complete faith in him.

It was clear that the younger Morgan, unlike the elder, was not the swashbuckling type. But it was equally clear that a swashbuckling type was no longer required. Fortune, it seemed, smiled upon this enterprise, giving to it the right man at the right time. When America was "fair game" for any man who cared to wade in and grab, it gave the House of Morgan a go-getter of the best type. When the need was rather for conservation than for further gambles, a steady, sure hand was at the helm.

The younger Morgan inherited the incalculable power and responsibility which inevitably attached itself to the head of "the House" at precisely that moment when the dynamics of world history were about to make Wall Street the financial centre of the world. To the opportunities offered to him of consolidating what his father had built, and even spreading the Morgan net a little further afield, he rose splendidly.

Within a few hours of the declaration of war by Great Britain, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our Ambassador at Washington, rang up the younger Morgan and made an appointment. At their meeting he asked the banker flatly—would he lend all his power and force, financial and commercial, actual and potential, to the British Government? The matter of contracts, commissions and profits could be taken up later. The answer was—"Yes." And thus was concluded the greatest "Gentlemen's Agreement" in history.

Before the year 1914 had come to a close, the effects of the Great War on Wall Street were being felt, and Henry P. Davison, one of the ablest and most vigorous Morgan partners, represented the firm in working out various plans, among them the so-called "Gold Pool," for meeting the sudden financial strain occasioned by the breakdown of much of the existing credit machinery.

Actually the first Allied Power to co-operate with Morgan's during the war was France. Co-operating (*Continued on page 96*)

DON'T BE VAGUE—
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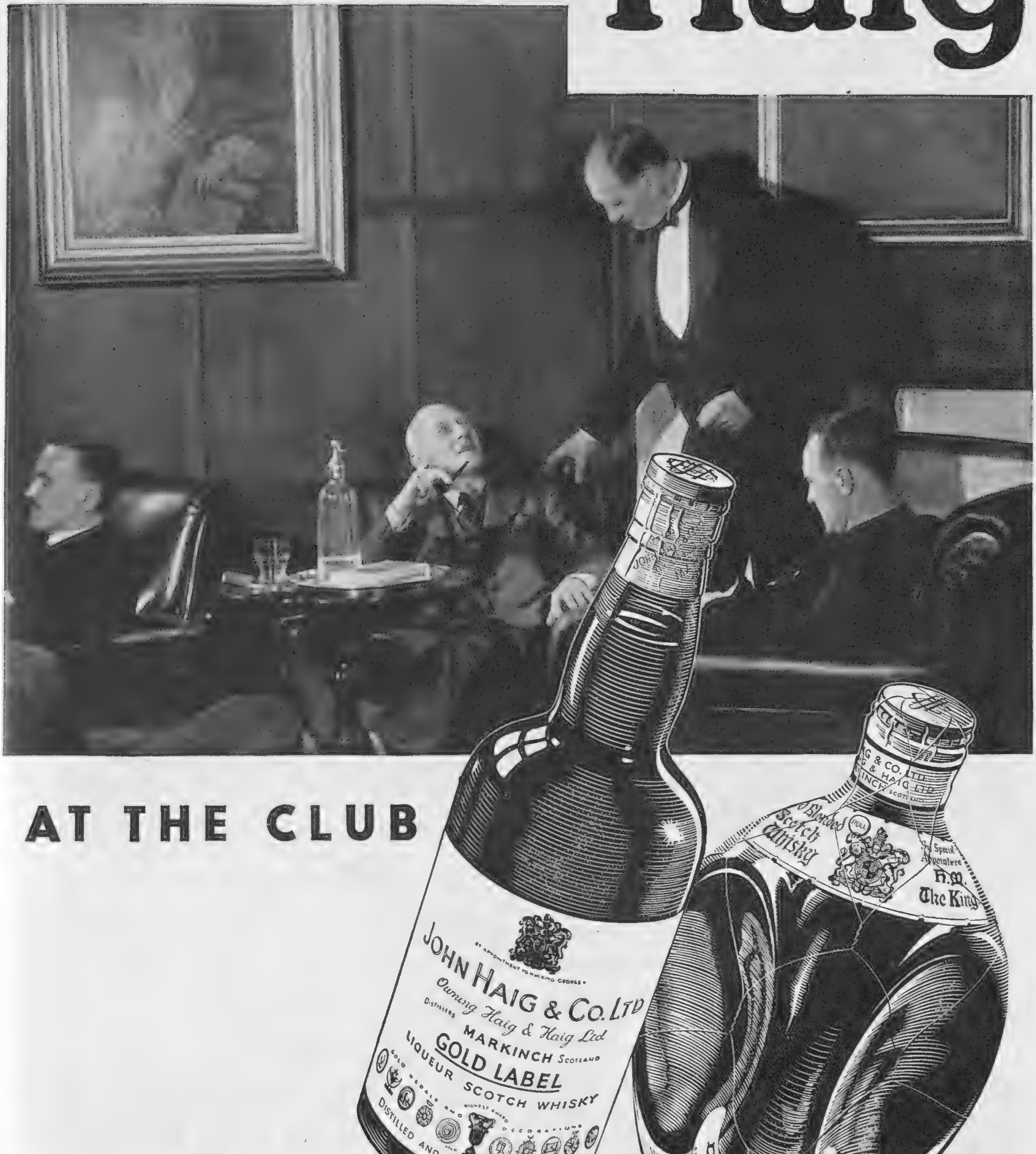
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with the French Rothschilds and acting through the Morgan affiliate, Morgan, Harjes and Co., of Paris, the American firm arranged the comparatively small loan of £6,000,000. This was early in 1915.

By June, 1915, however, British purchases of foodstuffs and important raw materials in the United States had reached such an amount that the existing British cash resources in New York were no longer adequate, and it became urgently necessary that someone in America with adequate authority and resources should assure the American producers that their bills would be paid.

Once more the House of Morgan stepped into the breach. Throughout the remaining years of the war, co-operation between the firm and the Allied Governments went along smoothly. It is not unfair to say that without the help of Morgan's we should have been hard put to it to carry on; it is perfectly clear that the vast stake the American people eventually acquired in the Allied cause, through the agency of Morgan's, effectively ruined Germany's chances of drawing the United States into the war on her side and, in fact, made America's ultimate entry on the Allied side inevitable.

The total loans underwritten, with complete success, by the House of Morgan were prodigious. First of all, a loan of £100,000,000 was arranged, and later five monthly loans, in succeeding months, of £60,000,000 each. Mr. Reginald McKenna arranged for the rapid despatch within a short period of nearly £100,000,000 worth of gold from London to Ottawa and thence to New York, as an assurance of British good faith. The superb organisation of the Morgan office, its tremendous prestige and powerful connections, the ceaseless Allied propaganda and the brilliant work of a number of influential emissaries sent over by us, contributed to the unqualified success of these immense deals. Lloyd George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Munitions Minister and Prime Minister, handled them on this side, and his flair for nominating the right man for the right job was excellently demonstrated in his choice of two delegates. Lord Reading, shrewd, precise, fresh from his period as Lord Chief Justice, was sent over to address gatherings of influential business men in leading American cities. It was a ticklish job, since many of these men were either of German or of Irish descent—in either case frankly anti-British. But he was a dazzling success, exercising superb tact and delicacy. With him went the Welsh coal magnate, Lord Rhondda, a business man with the breadth of view of a statesman, a handsome exterior and a magnetic personality.

American industry was stimulated hugely. American interest in Europe was quadrupled; and America's determination that the Allies must win the war was dramatically shown when, in April, 1917, the United States itself declared war on the Central Powers.

It is clear that from that day to this the relationship between the British Government and the private banking House of Morgan must inevitably have been a close one, and such is certainly the case. Not only His Majesty the King, but the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England are all intimate with John Pierpont Morgan, and it happens that in each case what may be called the "business friendship" is quite genuinely supplemented by a real personal regard.

In appearance he is massive rather than fat, with a thick neck, a round head on which the white hair is thin, rubicund face whose chief features are a white moustache very much tidier than his father's, a nose which might belong to a Jew, small blue eyes and beetling over them two immensely bushy and surprisingly black eyebrows.

Every year now Mr. Morgan visits England, combining business with very real pleasure. Indeed, it is in his love for Great Britain, the country from which his ancestors came, and for which he perhaps has a more profound affection than even for his own country, that the key to his personality is to be found. This man, who may fairly be described as the most powerful single non-British ally the British Empire possesses, the spearhead of our unofficial army in the United States, owns two large London houses and spends about two months of each year in this country. His "town house" is in Grosvenor Square, that last refuge of the aristocracy; his country house is itself on the edge of London, near Watford. In addition, he has a shoot in Scotland every season.

In America he has a house in Madison Avenue, plump in the centre of fashionable New York, and another on Long Island. Nearly every night he returns to the country house by car, sitting democratically by the side of his chauffeur.

His tastes are catholic. He spends huge sums on beautiful objects, and knows a lot about them, unlike so many rich collectors. He owns scores of superb oil paintings. He likes miniatures, although he has sold many of the finest of his collection of these.

In the famous library of his Long Island home are manuscripts from Babylon, Chaldea and Assyria, Chinese porcelains, tapestries, watches, oriental seals, autographs and armorial bindings which would make the lips of any expert water. And J. P. Morgan is himself an expert, a connoisseur and no dilettante, as he would have you understand.

He is not keen on the theatre. His tastes are domestic. He likes his family and is on excellent terms with them. It is one of the very few leading American families which have never been touched with the breath of scandal. No one has attempted that, for the simple reason that there is scarcely a man in America who would believe a word of it. Similarly, though the major questions of policy behind his activities can be and are violently criticised in America, particularly by all radicals and by the anti-British elements in Wall Street and Washington, no hint, even in the darkest days of the American banking collapses, has ever been heard of a questionable deal on the part of the House of Morgan. It has not needed any such policy.

Wholesome at work, and wholesome at home, he works hard and gets back to his house when he has finished. He adored his wife, and was stricken with grief when she passed away prematurely several years ago.

Plain in speech and direct in his reactions to most things, he has a laugh of the type colloquially known as the belly-laugh.

He is affable and good-humoured, and a diplomat of the first water. Although he detests newspapermen, whether armed with cameras or with pencils, as he detests few things, he has been known to unbend even to them. In the course of the famous "Pecora Enquiry" of 1933, in which he had to pass through an even more severe "grilling" than his father in 1912, he could not avoid the Press, and surprised everyone by his easy charm with them. Without actually giving an interview, he made them feel that they had got "scoops" when he merely discussed the weather. He did not lose his poise even when an enterprising Press-agent planted in his lap a midget actress from a circus and had the pair photographed!—one of the most sensational pictures ever printed in an American newspaper.

He is a quick thinker. This characteristic was dramatically shown in the summer of 1915, when an attempt was made on his life by an agent of a group which had reason to hate his financial support for the Allies. Two shots were fired into his body, but a rapid and overwhelming leap at his assailant saved Mr. Morgan's life. In two weeks he was as fit and as busy as ever.

His office is a small, dignified, classical building, No. 23 Wall Street, at the corner of Broad Street. Insignificant in size, and particularly in the surroundings in which it finds itself to-day, these unpretentious offices are probably now the financial centre of the world. (From 1919 to 1933, the firm floated bonds to the value of more than six thousand million dollars.) Visitors who see it for the first time say: "It might be the chief bank in a small town"—an accurate description of the impression it creates.

The reception room is small and dim. There is nothing ostentatious about the place. The office manager, Leonard A. Keys, is plump, bespectacled, quiet. There are many partners in the firm, all of them either Harvard men or Yale men, and mostly New Englanders, of British descent. No Jew or Irish Catholic has ever got into the firm, for its head has a perfectly frank dislike for both, although he does not believe stories about "plots against the world," whether Jewish or Popish. Those make him laugh. The firm's legal adviser, Mr. John W. Davis, is a former Ambassador to this country; one of its partners, Mr. Parker Gilbert, is the former reparations expert. Mr. Frank Polk, another partner, has held high office in the American State Department; Mr. Thomas Lamont, unofficial spokesman for the firm and worshipper of the name of Morgan, has met everyone and anyone who matters in five continents. In this way, expert knowledge and influence of the most exhaustive character are concentrated in the hands of the firm. Mr. Harold Stanley, a brilliant man, is probably the greatest expert in the United States on public utilities, an aspect of industry in which the House of Morgan has at the moment tremendous power (far more than Franklin Roosevelt likes.)

A handsome young man of the name George Whitney has, by his inheritance and through his family connections, vast knowledge of the American and international stock markets, and this partner has probably a more detailed knowledge of the exact business and resources of Morgan's than anyone except the head of the firm.

The team is, indeed, beautifully balanced. Most of the credit for its selection must go to Mr. Lamont, watch-dog and chief contact-man for the firm, though the final decision, in this and other matters, lies with John Pierpont Morgan himself.

In his hands the real power lies.

He is not over-fond of Franklyn Roosevelt or of some of his associates, and is said to have been very angry indeed one afternoon early last year when, at the Union Club, New York, Mr. Montagu Norman informed him of some of the things which the President proposes to do if he is re-elected next year. Although he has a team of usually efficient "scouts" with their ears to the ground at Washington, this particular bit of information, which concerned public utilities (a very vexed question in the United States) had missed them—but not the Governor of the Bank of England.

Whether from Madison Avenue or from Glencoe, Long Island, he reaches his office punctually at 9.30 every morning, but it is not until after lunch that the real problems of the day are attacked. Then a first-class brain, impinging on a flawless organisation and matchless experience, ensures rapid and effective results.

Whether it is the serving of the "permanent interests" of the land of his ancestors, or the heading off, in the 1936 Presidential fight, of the rather too socialistic Roosevelt, which concerns him chiefly, he is a mighty force in the life of the world, a man not unconscious of the enormous importance of the rôle he plays and of the obligations resulting from it. Not so overwhelming a personality as his father nor so single-minded a money-chaser as many of his contemporaries, John Pierpont Morgan is a remarkable and intriguing figure in the strange world in which we live, a figure not without grandeur. That he can see and grapple with problems of world finance in a statesmanlike manner he has shown more than once, and that he may yet save us from further financial typhoons he hinted recently when, in one of his rare public utterances, he said:

"Somewhere there is a diseased spot in the world of international finance, but the ways to it are tangled and complicated. Yet I do not think it will be impossible to trace this spot or to deal with it when it is found."

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The Spies' Social Register

(Continued from page 17)

to keep up with each new development: for instance, of the new German effectives, their expansion, training and equipment. And a keener watch than ever is being kept for new inventions and gadgets such as might totally surprise another Power. The nations are on the *qui vive* as never before, so that none shall steal a march. And spies are the human antennæ of such a *qui vive*. So many secrets are lying round, so many would acquire them and pocket the reward. Which leads on, in turn, to consideration of the social identity of agents now operating. One is tempted (no doubt very rashly) to list them under four main heads.

First there are the trusty stand-bys: naval, military and air *attachés*, consular staffs, reliable residents abroad, well camouflaged by their jobs, officers (or ex-officers) and civil servants spending their leave in foreign countries, business men passing to and fro, distinguished tourists, perhaps of diplomatic connection, and picked and trained specialists of engineering, chemical and kindred bent. Into this category, too, should perhaps go the bought traitor, either serving in a foreign army or employed in a factory of military importance. All this goes to form the high-class product into which may furthermore of late have strayed the better class special correspondent, and even occasional pretty lady, although these two have inclined heretofore to belong to lesser category 3. Incidentally, the "beautiful blonde spy" of the front page is having somewhat of a thin time, thanks to all the latter-day publicity "featuring" her kind. It is more difficult now for her to pump information, though she can still be of use in reporting on the way of life, contacts and so on, of agents in the same service as herself, who may have aroused suspicions as possible double-crossers. A third surviving usage of pretty, and even intelligent, ladies has to do with stealing. You will recall how the Baroness von Berg and Fraulein von Natzen had their heads chopped off one chilly morning for stealing Reichswehr documents. That is Hitler's drastic cure for espionage of the traitorous kind, and the French admit that it has seriously handicapped their spying upon Germany, which is just what was intended. Horrified by the vision of heads rolling in the sawdust, Germans in the pay of France have largely thrown in their hands.

Category 2 of the Spy Social Register has to do with the patriot self-sacrificing agent, and obviously here there has been a major change upon twenty years ago. Patriot spies were few then, if always valuable on account of pure motive. Not far from where I write this, in Brussels, stands the statue to Gabrielle Petit, who, I always think, was No. 1 among patriot agents. Under thirty years old, and able to transform into a youth, or into more than one type of her own sex, Gabrielle kept us informed via Holland, of troop movements in occupied Belgium. Should we have shot her like, in England? I wonder. She did definite damage to the Germans . . . and yet, I wonder? A cynic might hold that valuable women spies were so rare that they should have been preserved for ulterior study. We only sentenced three, in England, and only one to death (reprieved). They had been so harmless. . . .

Patriot spies were few, then, in the past. Yet how many such could not certain Dictators summon to-day at mere finger beckoning? How many, we may well ask, are not being studiously crammed at this present moment? I see that General Goering's newspaper is certain we have a spy school in a "lonely Dorset castle with black towers—Black Castle."

The training course is of four years. Your correspondent was able to obtain an examination paper for an intermediate practical test after thirty months. The task was to remove a document from a desk in a room which could only be approached by crossing a garden and climbing a façade. Various difficulties were placed in the way. The floor was old and creaked, and objects had been placed about that were liable to be blown over by the wind, awakening the sleeper. . . .

After the full course a budding agent can drive a car, a railway engine, or a tractor, fly a 'plane, speak five languages, adopt three different personalities, practise second sight, and completely control his real feelings.

WELL that goes with me; though I can't help thinking that Goering's own youthful patriot spies are being reserved for something more startling and of the times than creeping across bedrooms. I refer to sabotage, which has also been called "combatant espionage," with general objective the war "potential" of the adversary. Combatant secret agents will carry on as so many self-suppressed outlaws, violent and sinister, yet eminently patriotic. They may even seek to assassinate war leaders of the other side. The sabotage agent must be brave, and of iron nerve. As likely as not, he may come to a grim end, not necessarily before an execution squad. For example, he may blow himself up, since carrying in one's pocket one of the latest fire-raising gadgets, the thermite grenade, can be an unhealthy business. Other saboteur agents are certain to inflict death upon themselves through awkwardness in work or too expansive succeeding, while others again may well fall victims to mob fury on bringing off a successful coup. For reflect what some of these coups could be. The saboteur agent is being trained to wreck railways, canals, wireless stations, fuel depots, power plant, bridges and highways, motor-parks and vehicles. He will also direct his attention to water pollution, crop destruction and the impairment of food in storage. Stores in all places will attract his notice. And munitions and other plant. And aerodromes, ports, bases, camps, fortified zones. The main concentration will be on the nerve centres, military and civilian, and nobody knows yet what degree of success or the reverse may attend the newcomer's efforts. It is simply recognised that a grim new factor, that may decide a war, has come to town.

Our next category could be listed as *hoi polloi*, quite good in parts, but apt to be jazzy and unreliable. Its telegraphic address might be "Bloomsbury." Nor is this so far from the mark, since foreign agents have a distinct leaning to that district. This class of agent is heavily marked "working for gain." In it are the bulk of the neutrals who can never be completely relied upon in view of the persistent fear that they may be working for both sides. Other types roped in by those Brahmins of espionage, the recruiting agents, are commercial travellers, students, bar-tenders of quality, *wagon-lits* staff, touring artistes and circulating members of the liberal professions (so many of these grievously hit by the hard times), together with moral degenerates produced by prolonged slump, with its endless tale of educated people (such as White Russians) up against it and prepared to take on most things.

It was probably for the *hoi polloi* breed that the following manual of a spy's behaviour came to be drawn up :—

(1) Never hurry. Take things naturally and easily. (2) Conceal your languages. (3) Never behave mysteriously. (4) Record things innocently. Example—if you note ten guns at such and such a place, note down that your dinner there cost ten shillings. (5) With informers, tire them out. Travel by night with them, if possible. Wear them out and they'll talk more. (6) Stamp to pieces the ashes of torn-up documents and papers: no lavatories! (7) Confide in nobody, and beware of admiration from the opposing counter espionage service. This is done to draw you. (8) Be careful about your personal possessions. (9) Keep cash in hand right down to required minimum: handle and disburse it carefully. (10) Go particularly easy when in borrowed plumes. (11) Never be found in the company of a confederate.

Concerning remuneration of this category, payment by results is definitely bad because it encourages faking. The fixed salary usually works out better. However, governments are now and then approached by free lances, duly "vetted," who receive lump sums.

A free lance type with whom I have lately come in contact is the "trender." Trends, namely, what governments would do in given eventualities as distinct from what they proclaim for the gallery, are of great importance these high-tension times, provided they can be relied upon. The trender I know is thoroughly camouflaged in an international business job, and I have no doubt at all about his being on that chart. For a game like his one has to be intuitive, highly sensitive and a popular mixer, "asked out." On which occasions the expert trender is all innocent niceness and attention to the babble around. But he must not overdo the innocence: that was how I first twigged my man. In sum, such agents know how to manœuvre socially so that they may meet the people they want to hear, over the cigars and liqueurs. That is the time for "trends"; when men open out. The successful trender must continue to get at table with the right people and then . . . before they join the ladies!

The final category on our list is at once pathetic and easy to convey. Preying on refugees. Recruiting from their ranks, under dire menace.

Here, again, we are treading virgin soil. For every political or other refugee before the war, there must be a hundred and more to-day. Fugitive Jews, Liberals, Socialists, "intellectuals," trying to eke out an existence in various capitals—brainy material, note well. It is the ugliest twist in contemporary espionage that we now encounter. These intelligent and educated people, but uprooted and penniless and with little else to lose in this world, are the very stuff for semi-forcible recruiting. Supposing this or that refugee were to agree to work for Blankland? By way of reward he would be permitted to return to his homeland some day! Meanwhile his property there would be respected! The luring can be so easy. So, also, can be the threats. *If you won't agree to work for Blankland, don't forget you still have relatives back there! Watch out for them!* That kind of thing. Ugly indeed: yet only one example of the sort of pressure that is being applied on this unhappy category.

Baby on *the* Bottle

(Continued from page 64)

mothers feel that as water is added to the feeds that should be sufficient. But you must remember, again, to copy the natural feeding as far as possible. The naturally fed baby has more than 80 per cent. water in his milk. On top of that, he is given an occasional drink of water. So bottle babies must follow. Fruit juice—orange, or failing this, grape juice, or even tomato—are all necessary for the bottle baby, because in artificial feeding the milk has to be heated to a temperature that destroys the important anti-scorbutic vitamin. This has to be replaced by fruit juice to protect him from scurvy.

In the same way fish-liver oil is important, helpful even to many breast-fed babies, too, in that it wards off rickets, by supplying the essential vitamin.

The relationship between the qualities found in fish-liver oil and sunshine makes it all the more understandable that every young child should take it during the winter months, not as a medicine but as part of their routine, like fresh air and exercise, to give them resistance against winter's ills.

And at six months you must not forget that the bottle baby, like the naturally fed baby, should begin his education in mixed feeding.

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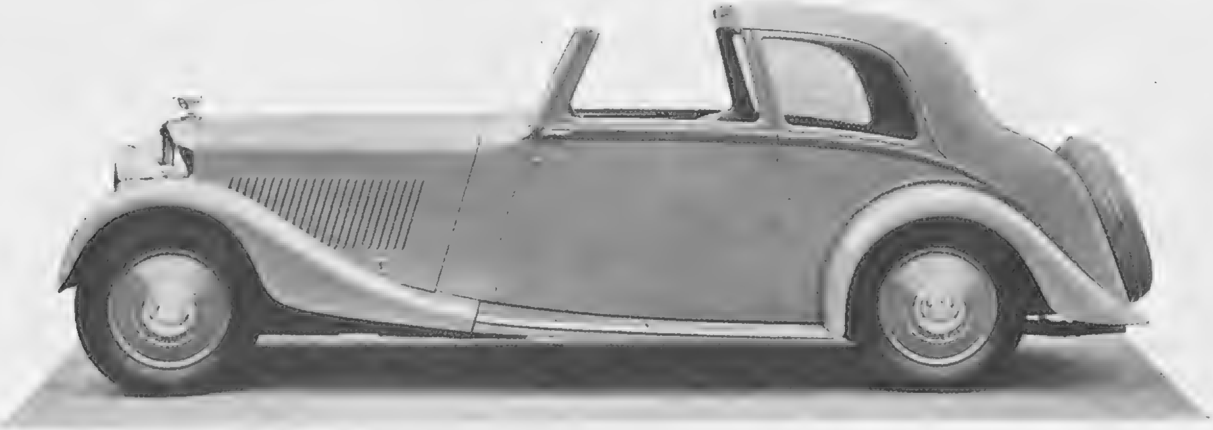

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Expense Account

(*Continued from page* 27)

That's where the tanker saw her go in."

"They saved three," Jennie said. "The rest Mr. Court thinks are dead."

"There's a thirty-five mile wind," Spot Reilly said. "By this time what's left of her may be down past Atlantic City and forty miles out. We'll drag the drift when we get down there"; and he added viciously, "If there's any ceiling left when we get there." He shouted down out of the window—"Stand clear!"

The wind was due east, then, so he merely swung the plane around a quarter-turn and opened the throttle. The air wing was off the ground before they reached the end of the concrete apron.

"Blowing like hell," Reilly yelled. "If this blows one of those fogs in it's going to be just lovely." They climbed to the end of the field and then banked to the left. The canopy of grey above them hung at a thousand feet. Reilly flew south-east at eight hundred. There were street lights below and the green and white Department of Commerce beacon whipped on their tail, and flashed across the windows.

Courvis shouted: "What are you supposed to do, Jen?"

"Colour story."

"About what?"

"About anything we see."

Spot grunted. "Always the optimist, darling."

"To-day is my day off," Jen said. The lights of the broad walk at Coney Island shone below them, and they were low enough to see the long, curved lines of white hammering upon the beach. "I was saying to Luella Dixon yesterday afternoon...." She stopped suddenly, and without warning screamed at the top of her lungs. Both men jumped, and the air wing fell off to the left. Reilly twisted the wheel and the aileron brought her back level. Jenny screamed again and then wailed: "Oh dear.... My hat...." She clapped her hand to her head. Courvis fell back on to the seat and mopped his brow. Reilly turned on the girl angrily: "What about it, you nitwit?"

Jennie's face was pale, and stricken with anguish. "I've got it on...."

"Well, where the hell would you expect to have it?"

"H-home...." said Jennie. "I didn't mean.... I had it on my pillow beside me. Oh dear.... When Mr. Court telephoned I got all excited and grabbed up anything. He said I was to hurry. I... I paid eighteen dollars for it. I never paid eighteen dollars for a hat before. I got bewitched."

She lifted it tenderly off her head. The lights from the instrument panel reflected from her hair. The hat was of shiny, dark blue straw and tilted forward. At the back was a small garland of artificial mignonettes, blue and white. Gathered at the top of the brim, and protruding slightly, was a short, stiff veil.

"It's a good-lookin' lid," said Courvis. "So what?"

Jenny was still wailing, her face grief-stricken. "I spent all my money on it. I saw it in a window. It was eighteen dollars. I thought I put on my old felt. Oh dear, if something should happen to it, I'd never forgive...."

"If something should happen to it, sister," Reilly shouted, "it will also happen to us."

Jennie wriggled around in her seat and said: "Fred, be a lamb and put it somewhere where it will be safe. Isn't there a shelf somewhere?"

Courvis muttered something unintelligible and stowed the hat in the luggage compartment. It was growing faintly lighter. Reilly had crossed the lower bay and was skirting the Staten Island shore.

There were ragged grey wisps torn from the ceiling curling over the top wing, and ahead there was suddenly a grey bulge that hung downward. Reilly pressed the nose down and they passed beneath it.

"She's closing in," he shouted.

"Oh dear," said Jennie. "Freddy, give me my hat."

Courvis fished behind in the compartment and handed it over. Jennie pressed it to her cheek for a moment and then put it on again, and tried to catch a glimpse of it in the rear vision mirror.

"We ought to turn back," Courvis shouted at Reilly.

"Mr. Court wouldn't like it," Jennie said.

Reilly said: "Nuts!"

"Would you like an orange?" Jennie asked.

"My God!" said Reilly. "NO!" Rain was being swept off the slanting windshield, but stuck to the side windows in large drops. The compass showed they were headed due south. They kept on.

THE boat rose, and rose again, its bow pointing sheerly into the fog and driving rain. It dropped first straight and then veered sharply sideways as a wave crashed it. Grey, frothy water poured like lava over one side. The captain spun the wheel to the right and caught it in time to crash it headlong into another grey, sweeping wall, and shouted aloud over the wind: "Bail."

Perry Brown began scooping at the water that sluiced around his feet. Vogel remained where he had been for the last hour, and in the same position, in the stern of the boat, one arm clinging to the gunwales, the other tightly wrapped around his camera. His fleshy face was blue-white, his lips purple. Smallens, the *Gazette-Star* man, raised himself to his knees in the bottom of the boat where he had fallen. There was a dark bruise on the side of his face.

"Bail!" the captain shouted again.

Smallens said: "My arm's hurt. I can't move it."

"Bail!" said the captain. "Use the other one!"

Perry Brown stopped bailing and shouted: "Wait a minute. He'll go overboard." He lurched over, splashing, and threw his arms around Smallens. The reporter's eyes closed. Perry felt all of his weight suddenly. The boat crashed again and threw them both into the stem, Perry beneath.

In a cracked voice, Vogel cried: "Perry! Hey, Perry!"

Perry yelled: "I'm Okay." He wriggled out from under Smallens and stared at the reporter's right arm. The hand was twisted, palm outwards, and pointed away from his body. "His arm is broken. He's out," he called to the captain. "He's out, cold."

The captain stared straight ahead, but with one hand unfastened a length of line and threw it backwards from him. "Lash him," he directed. "Get him between the engine hatches."

Perry Brown looked to Vogel, but the photographer was evidently too paralysed with terror to move. Perry waited for a downward lurch of the boat and heaved Smallens's body sideways between the two hatches, the broken arm uppermost, and lashed him. His left shoulder was under water.

The captain shouted again: "Bail."

The rain, changed suddenly to hard sleet that stung harder than the bullets of spray, shot from the torn wave-tops. The sky was touching the sea, the sea lashed at the sky. The wind tore patches out of the sky and smoky fog filled the gaps again. The boat shuddered horribly to every beat of the engines. The water was dark and swollen and straining and heaving itself as though unbelievable forces from within were fighting for freedom. Perry Brown suddenly noticed something darker.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hey .... Look! captain Borrow ...."

The floating figure was dressed in dark blue. It was face down, the head under water. A movement of the water rolled it, and Perry caught a flash of gold at a sleeve. Behind him floated a small piece of wreckage with a twisted bit of metal sticking up like a mast.

Perry clutched the side of the boat with both hands, yelling again: "Hey! Captain . . . . Get him. It's one of the officers. Oh God, get him."

The captain glanced to the side. He said, "He's dead. We've got our own skins to think about." He drove the boat straight ahead.

"Al . . . . Al . . . ." Perry was screaming at the photographer: "Grab a shot. Grab it. It's one of the crew."

The photographer made a futile struggling little movement like something small trying to break out of a cocoon. Tears welled into his eyes. He found his voice and swore and then said: "I'm stuck, Perry. I'm frozen fast. My hand is frozen. Perry, I'm stuck. Can you get at the camera, Perry? I'll tell you how to work it."

The dark figure swept astern.

Perry was at Vogel's outstretched right arm, beating and tearing at it. He shouted to the captain: "How far?"

"Eighteen mile off-shore."

"Make it?"

The captain shrugged. Vogel's arm came loose. A patch of skin was torn from his wrist.

"It don't hurt none," Vogel said.

"It's gonna, fella," said Perry, and pounded it. The boat yawed and fell away. A grey wall, white capped, sucked past them and part of it reached in and sheared off one side of the tiny pilot house. The captain was swept back on top of Vogel. Perry managed to turn and fall on him, his bulk pinning him down. The boat veered and spun.

"Hell!" Vogel yelled, "my cameras."

The captain fought his way clear, hot eyed. "Burn your cameras," he said. "The next picture you'll make will be in hell."

It was suddenly clear to Perry, and it came almost with a sense of relief. He was soaked, frozen and aching and dog tired. He had forgotten that there was a world to return to, that there was any world but this one of grey, battering, lashing torment.

"How long?" he asked.

The captain hauled himself back to the shattered pilot house. "If the motors stop—right away." He paused, and then continued angrily: "I brought a hundred and fifty cases through worse than this. But we're too far off-shore. The wheel's smashed."

Smallens opened his eyes.

Perry yelled over: "Okay, kid. How long you been back?"

"Coupla minutes. I have been passing the time thinking of places I would rather be than here. There is a bar on 52nd Street that has big, soft, red leather chairs . . . ." He stopped. "Is the arm gone?"

"It's bent," said Perry. "Stay with 'em, kid."

The captain fought his way back again and thrust a tiller bar through a hole in the rudder post. Vogel was in the way and he yelled: "Get out."

"I can't," said Vogel, "I'm froze fast."

"Give way all you can," the captain said, and braced. The boat fought its way out of the deep trough and crashed a wave again.

"I'd like to be sitting at a show," Vogel said, "close up. I never been any farther front than the thirteenth row."

"If any of you can pray," the captain said angrily, "you'd be better off."

They fell silent, a wave pounded and spun them. The captain, cursing, strained against the tiller, and Vogel cried out in pain.

"Lord!" said Perry quietly, "we are frightened. Help us not to be."

Vogel said: "Amen." The captain bowed his head for a moment. Smallens laughed sharply and then said, "Bill, meet the best bar tender in the United States. Two of your specials, Joe."

The captain looked up angrily, but Perry said: "He's off his nut."

Fog replaced the rain. It blanketed everything but the nearest waves. It was a white fog. The captain lifted his head, sniffing. "Hah! There'll be no more wind with this. . . ."

(*Continued on page 102*)

* The truth about *

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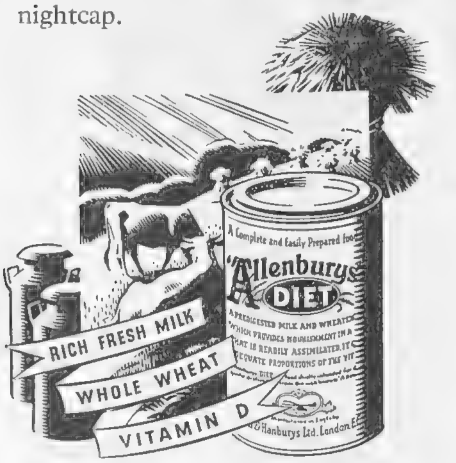
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"Is there a chance?" Perry was too tired to care.

"If she don't sink. Thank God I put real money into them motors. Bail."

Perry bailed. The physical exertion numbed his mind. He was at a task in Inferno, to bail for a thousand centuries. Had the thousand centuries passed so quickly? He heard a familiar voice say: "Ease off. You can quit. We'll be inside in a minute." His last conscious move was to throw the dipper over the side. The blackness was peaceful. . . .

He came back out of the blackness and heard someone say: "He'll lose his arm—lucky. . . ." Perry had no thought but for Vogel and yelled: "No, no, leave him alone. Don't do that to him."

They were in the parlour of the captain's house. There was a large heavy-set woman bending over a figure on a low couch, slapping and chafing a limb. The captain and another man, obviously a doctor, were grouped around someone who was stretched out on the table. The captain was holding up a lamp.

"Vogel!" yelled Brown. "Al . . . . Are you O.K.? Leave his arm alone." He got up waveringly from the chair in which he had been slumped.

The doctor, a dark, elderly man, turned and looked at Brown. "Which is Vogel?" he asked. Perry Brown stared at the figure on the table. It was Smallens, still unconscious. "That's Ed Smallens," he said. "Will he be all right?"

The doctor shook his head. "His arm will have to go. The other man is all right. I can save his hand."

"We had to use an axe to chop him loose from the stern seat when we came in," the captain said.

Perry Brown went over to Vogel. The captain's wife was still working on his hand and arm. His eyes were open. Perry said "O.K., kid?"

"O.K. I coulda got that shot, only my hand was stuck. . . ."

Perry turned back to the table. "What time is it? Did they find the 'Columbia'?"

The captain said: "Half past ten. The fog is still there."

The doctor shook his head again. "Not a sign. There's been hell to pay. A navy blimp went down in the ocean a hundred yards off Seaside, trying to get back in the storm, after searching. Three were drowned and two are in the hospital."

Perry Brown turned back to Vogel, who was sitting up, his face screwed up in pain. "Bad, kid?"

"Needles and knives. . . ."

"Uhuh. That's good. You're lucky. Anything I can do?"

"Hell!" said Vogel, and stopped to catch his breath. "A drink would help."

"By God!" said Perry Brown, "it would. A lot. Is there a drink in the house?"

"Didn't bring anything with me," the doctor said. "Should have."

"I've got a bottle of Scotch," the captain said.

"Break it out."

"Cost you six-fifty."

"For Scotch? You're a dirty pirate. Scotch is four bucks a bottle."

"Six-fifty," repeated the captain imperturbably. "It's pre-repeal. Some I brought ashore off a boat. It's the last. I was savin' it if my old woman took sick."

Perry Brown felt in his pocket and noticed for the first time that he was wearing strange dry clothes. The captain motioned with his head to a sideboard. "Your money's there. We're not thieves."

Perry Brown went over and counted out six wet dollars and a fifty-cent piece and gave it to the captain. The thick-set woman went out and returned with the bottle and opened it. They all drank, except the unconscious man, who twitched uneasily once and then became quiet again. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHER JACK OSGOOD was in photographer's heaven. It had been pure hunch that had taken him to Seaside, when he had been assigned to Asbury, and the same blind hunch that led him to the top of the lookout tower of the coastguard station. He was cold and wet, but he kept his lens covered, and when the cigar-shaped navy blimp came fighting her way out of the storm, beating desperately for land, he was ready. He photographed her bucking a sixty-mile wind, unable to move forward, slipping backwards, less than three hundred yards off-shore. He photographed the coastguard crew and natives on the beach waiting to grasp the ground rope trailing in the water. She caught a moment's slack and beat to within a hundred yards. He photographed her when she buckled in the middle and hung for a minute like a wet dish rag, and he caught her again as she plunged three hundred feet into the fuming sea, and black specks fell from her like ants shaken loose from a stick. Three men died, and he caught the black dots of their heads on the grey sea before they vanished. He was down on the shore, photographing, when the big lifeboat hurled itself ashore with the survivors. And his cup of happiness ran well over when the last shot made, a cab drew up to the coastguard station and discharged a small, sallow man carrying camera and plate case. It was Krauer, of the *Evening Leader*. The *Leader* and its methods were not particularly beloved by the craft. Krauer he especially disliked.

The *Leader* man showed unpleasant teeth as he recognised Osgood.

"Get anything?" he asked.

"A sackful."

"How about a split?"

"Go to hell," said Osgood cheerfully, and brazenly climbed into the cab and said: "Airport. Get going."

THE airport was a small field with one dilapidated hangar with a windsock atop. A mechanic was lying under the fuselage of a cabin plane in one corner. A man was at a work-bench, filing something in a vice. Osgood burst in, yelling: "Hey, got anything that will fly?"

The man nodded to a small open, two-seater plane near the closed hangar door.

"She will. But not in this. Nor will anything else."

"How much to Newark airport?"

"Twenty-five. When the weather's good."

"How much to-day?"

"Hundred."

"Okay. Let's go."

The man went around a corner into an office and examined an instrument and came back. "If the wind drops ten miles, I'll take a chance."

Most of the hour they waited, Osgood spent outside the hangar cursing the gale and the rain. He did not know that it had decreased until he heard the hangar doors rolling back and the man warmed her up. The mechanic gave Osgood a pair of goggles and a helmet. The man said: "Get in." Osgood piled into the front seat after first stowing his plate case and camera. A car squealed to a stop and a man ran out of it. It was Krauer. "I want to hire a plane," he yelled.

The pilot throttled the motor down and yelled back, "Haven't got another."

"Hundred and fifty to go along," said Krauer.

Osgood twisted around in the cockpit and said: "Hundred and fifty to go alone."

The pilot sized up the two men. He was young and had flier's eyes. "Hundred's the price," he said. "She's yours." He called down to Krauer: "Sorry. Chartered. No can do." To Osgood he said: "There's going to be fog. Can you stand hedgehopping? I know every foot of the ground."

Osgood grinned and said: "Yup!"

The pilot swung the ship around. Krauer had a sickish smile on his face. "I hope you make it, pal," he called.

"Yes you do," said Osgood. The motor roared, and the little plane took off quickly and banked sharply. Osgood looked down. The last he saw of Krauer, the *Leader* photographer was pencilling something on the back of an envelope. . . .

(*Continued on page* 104)

"PYORRHOEA? not me!"

NOT MUCH WRONG with *her!* Full of vitality . . . fresh complexion . . . and a smile that reveals a row of dazzling white teeth. She's as fit as the proverbial fiddle—but a *WISER* girl than she was a year ago.

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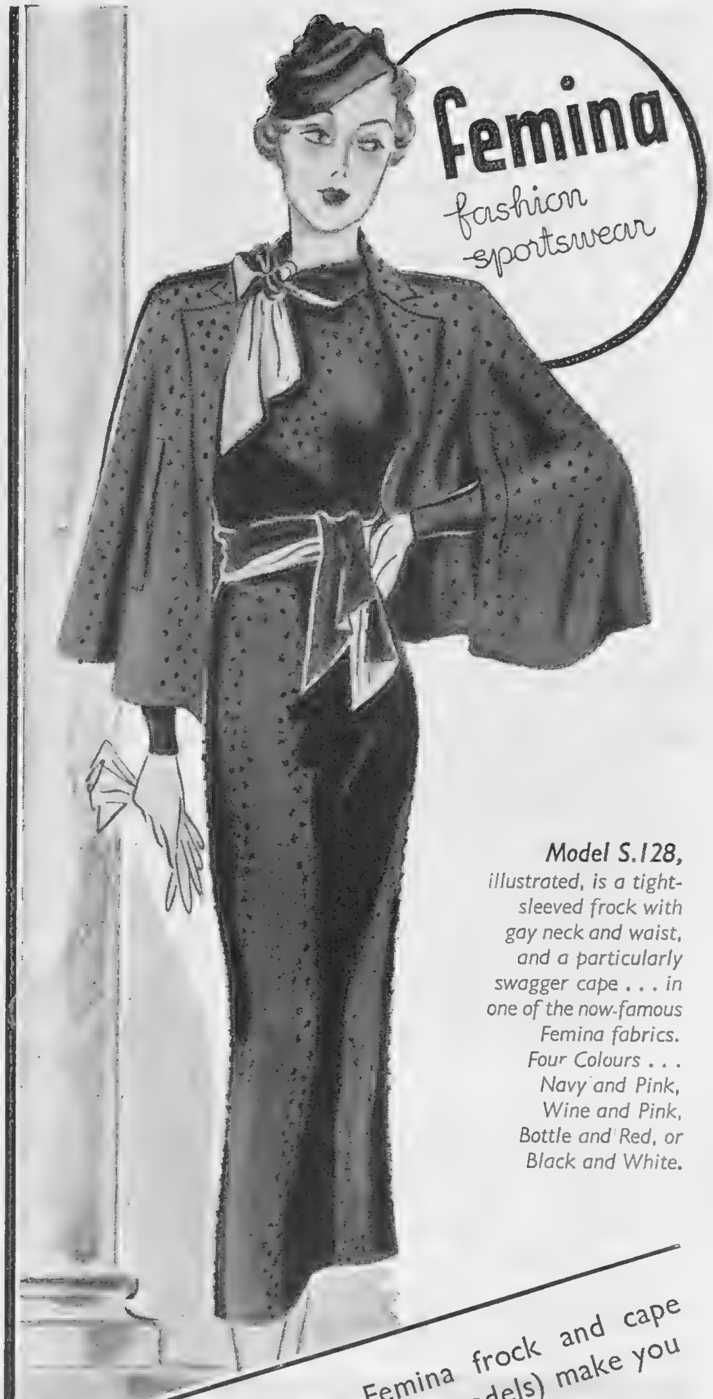

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The altimeter of the air wing registered eighteen hundred feet. Spot Reilly had the earphones of the small receiving set clamped around his head, and his face wore a worried look. His brow was perspiring, and he mopped it every so often. Jennie Jones was peeling an orange and dropping the curling strips of rind back into the bag. She had hung her hat tenderly by the elastic band designed to go beneath the hair at the back of the head, to the hook on the side of the cabin to which the earphones normally were attached. Courvis in the rear seat was shifting from side to side, looking for a hole or the faintest sign of shredding in the yellow-white fog through which they flew. The motor hummed sweetly, the enshrouding dampness an aid to carburation. Reilly tuned a small dial on the receiving set and concentrated. His frown deepened and beads appeared on his upper lip where his waxed moustache left it bare, as well as on his brow.

"Nice programme?" asked the photographer, sympathetically.

"Lovely. She's closed down all along the coast. No planes in or out of Newark. What a sucker I was to go out."

Jennie gave him her sweet, bright smile and asked: "Will we be there soon?" and stuffed a triangle of orange into her mouth.

The pilot glanced at her savagely and yelled, "We're there now. How do you like it?"

Jennie said quite innocently, after looking out and down from her window: "I can't see anything." Reilly bit his lower lip and ignored the remark. Jennie continued: "Don't you think we ought to fly lower where we can see something?"

"The Department says it's right down to the ground—and filling up basements," Reilly said.

"They aren't always right," Jennie said seriously. "They once told me the weather in Tulsa was fine, and when I got there it wasn't."

"Do you want to take a chance?" Reilly addressed Courvis rather than Jennie.

Courvis shrugged his shoulders. "If there's a surface wind we may get a look."

Reilly whipped off his earphones and bawled at Jennie: "Get that damn lid off there, will you?"

"Oh, dear," Jennie wailed. "Wait a minute." She wiped the orange off her finger-tips and lifted the hat down tenderly and held it in her lap. Reilly throttled the engine back sufficiently to lose flying speed, but not entirely, and began to inch down, in a wide, delicate circle, his eyes leaping now to altimeter, now to the window and the impenetrable fog without. It was easier to talk now that the engine was quieted, but no one did. Courvis examined his Ullmann camera with the fast German lens and inspected the shutter and film-changing mechanism. It was no lighter at a thousand feet. They circled slowly. The altimeter showed two hundred feet. Reilly called out, "From here on it's guess-work. Hold your hats."

"I am," Jennie said simply. She hunched as far forward in the seat as her belt would permit, and cradled the hat with her arms and body. The plane continued to sink. "There's no bottom to it," Courvis said, his face pressed to the glass.

"Hey!" yelled Reilly suddenly, and half his cry was drowned in the roar of the engine as he jammed the throttle bar home. The plane nosed up at a forty-five degrees angle. For the fraction of an instant they caught a glimpse of a grey, wallowing sea and white crested peaks that moved with incredible speed. Then they were back in the fog again. Reilly waited until the altimeter was at five hundred before he reduced the angle of the climb. He was white. "That's your look," he said. Courvis, too, was shaken, but he managed to grin and touch Jennie on the shoulder.

"You've got your hat on backwards, Jen," he shouted.

Jennie turned around and looked at him blinking. "I was scared to death," she said, and tried an unconvincing smile. "I don't remember putting it on." She adjusted it again in the rear vision mirror.

"How far off shore?" the photographer asked the pilot.

"About twenty-five miles. I can't tell how strong the drift is."

"Let's get back."

"You're telling me!" He nodded his head towards the compass. The black ball had slewed around from south-east to due west, the white "W" showing exactly at the centre line. At two thousand they stopped climbing and flew along in silence. The pilot looked at his watch. It was a quarter past seven. Twenty minutes later he glanced at it again and said, "We're on shore." Then he took the earphones down again and adjusted them, but hung them up again immediately with a frown, saying, "The next weather won't be until eight."

At eight o'clock Reilly took the weather report, and hung up the earphones without saying a word. Nobody asked him what it was. The engine throttled down to its lowest possible cruising speed; they flew blindly, in wide, groping circles. At half-past eight, Courvis inquired "How much gas?"

The pilot checked his tanks and merely said, "Plenty."

Courvis repeated, "How much?"

Reilly said, "Half an hour—maybe."

"Chutes?" Jennie inquired.

"Two. You and Fred bail out if you have to. I'll get her down somehow."

Jennie looked at him wide-eyed and smiled sweetly but earnestly. "Oh, I couldn't really," she said, shaking her head. "I promised mother I'd never make another. I broke my leg, you know."

"Don't be an ass," Courvis said to Reilly.

The chutes were not mentioned again. At five minutes to nine the engine popped, faltered and picked up again. Reilly, who was heading west, circled the plane around. "The wind probably shifted due to east when it brought the fog," he shouted.

"I'd better get ready, hadn't I?" Jennie said. She readjusted her hat in the mirror and then opened her handbag and took out lipstick and powder compact. She touched up her mouth with two firm strokes, and patted her nose and then examined herself with great pleasure in her hand-mirror "I'm glad I bought it," she said, definitely.

Courvis was unscrewing the lenses from his two cameras, the Ullmann and the big Bertha. From a side pocket he took some half-greasy waste and wadding and wrapped them carefully. The large one he stuffed into his coat pocket, the smaller one inside his suit coat. The engine popped twice and stopped. The plane nosed down. There was then three thousand feet on the altimeter. "This is it," Reilly said, shouting first, and then dropping to normal as his voice rang too loud through the cabin. "Bail, Jen, you've got time."

"Hush," said Jennie. "Fly your plane."

A thousand feet vanished into the fog.

"Keep your seat belts fastened, but keep your left hand on the catch," Reilly warned. "When we hit, throw your right arm up in front of your face. We'll find out how lucky we are in a minute." He reached over and flicked off the switch, and said, "Switch off." All three sat with their eyes glued on the altimeter. At two hundred feet Reilly saw Jennie stiffen and called out, "Relax. You won't break so easy. Let yourself go." His next was a shout, as the smoky fog suddenly thinned. "Hey, hey! Trees! I'm going to squash into 'em. If they're heavy enough, we'll be okay. They were low over a wooded patch. It was just below them; grey-green skimmed beneath them for a moment as Reilly levelled the plane off. There was no place else to go. He began to ease the nose back. "Easy does it. The tail will hit first." Higher and higher rose the nose of the plane.

There was a slight shock and a tearing sound that suddenly became a terrible, ripping crash. They were pitched violently forward, then upward as though they had gone over a short rise on a roller coaster again, then forward again. (*Continued on page* 106)

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The forward thrust that snapped her head down almost to her knees saved Jennie's life, because the piece of broken bough with a point as sharp as an assegai that stabbed up through the cabin floor was pointed for the back of her head. Then they came to rest, and were rocking gently back and forth.

Reilly flipped the catch on his belt and leaned over and opened Jennie's too. "Come on," he yelled. "Get going. Fast. There's no telling how long she'll hang here. We've got to cash in quick. Freddy, go first and find the quickest way down. Move." The photographer opened the door gently and fastened it back. Both wings were crumpled, how badly he could not tell. There was a parent bough to the limb that had speared through the bottom of the plane that led to a sizeable trunk and which came up close to the door. "This will do it, this one right here."

"Get going," Reilly yelled, "and fast. I'll be next and hand Jen down. If she slips we've both got a chance to break the fall. Will it hold ? "

Courvis called up, "Okay, okay." Reilly reached out and wrapped an arm and a leg around the bough and reached back to the door, calling—"Fast, fast, Jen, and don't be squeamish. You're gonna tear the hell out of your clothes, but you'll live to tell about this one." The girl was still in the cabin. "But you gotta be fast, Jen," Reilly yelled. "Please—if this load slips, we're cooked. Kick off your shoes and throw 'em down to the ground." He heard Jennie say "O.K., Skipper. Coming."

He dropped a little lower and reached up and held Jennie's foot while she clambered on to the bough. They slid to the trunk.

They hung and caught the next lower branch with their feet, then slipped, slid and scrambled lower. The branches increased as they neared the bottom. The photographer was on the ground, reaching up and saying, "Jump."

"And run like hell when you hit the ground until I tell you to stop," Reilly added. He jumped, reached up and caught Jennie, as she hung, and dropped. The three of them set off on a dead run for what looked like the edge of a clearing.

Reilly stopped and panted—"Got it. Okay." He glanced quickly at Jennie who was unhurt except for a long scratch on one arm. She was gazing at him still with her bright smile. "Spot," she said, "you're a pilot."

The photographer was patting his breast, and his right side pocket. He grinned. "Saved my lenses," he said.

Jennie's hands flew to her head. It was bare, and the thick coil of ash hair was sliding loosely down her neck. Her lips parted.

"Look," said Reilly. He pointed upwards. Some ten or fifteen yards away they saw the cream-coloured plane pinioned at the top of the still swaying trees. Both wings had been ripped loose from the cabin and were folded sharply back, but still held. A streak of white showed where a huge limb was cracking. A wing tore completely loose, and fell to one side. A branch broke, and another, and the tail of the plane began to slide towards the ground. Jennie screamed once, a dreadful scream, just before the tail hit the ground and, with a final shocking smash, the heavy engine crashed its way down through the cockpit and cabin and burst like a shell from the ruptured fuselage and rolled to rest a few feet away.

Reilly mopped his brow and looked at the photographer, whose teeth were bared and whose face was very white. Then both men noticed that Jennie was on her knees between them, her face in her hands, sobbing.

The pilot dropped to one knee beside her with an arm around her shoulder.

"Hi, Jen," he said. "Nix . . . . Come on. You're out of it. You're alive. It's all over. Come on, cookie, nix on the hysterics. They told me you were different."

The girl uncovered her face. "I'm not hysterical. I'm not. I'm not. Oh dear, oh dear." Her body swayed as she cried, and the knot of hair gave way and fell about her shoulders.

WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET MARRIED
NO, I CAN'T CONSENT TO YOU AND LUCY GETTING MARRIED JUST YET. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOU'RE EARNING DOUBLE YOUR PRESENT SALARY
OH, DENNIS, DARLING, ISN'T THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN EARN MORE MONEY?
WELL, YOU KNOW, A FEW MONTHS AGO MY FIRM TALKED OF SENDING ME OUT AS HEAD OF THEIR CALCUTTA BRANCH. I'M STILL HOPING-
FRANKLY, WALKER, WE'RE NOT SO KEEN ON SENDING YOU TO INDIA AS WE WERE. YOU SEEM TO HAVE LET YOUR JOB GET ON TOP OF YOU LATELY. I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU— PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR...
AT THE DOCTORS—
YOU GO TO BED EARLY, BUT YOU FEEL SLACK ALL DAY? M'M, YES, THAT MEANS YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' YOUR BODY BURNS UP ENERGY EVEN DURING THE NIGHT, YOU KNOW. UNLESS THIS ENERGY IS REPLACED AS IT IS USED, YOUR SLEEP DOESN'T REST YOU PROPERLY, AND YOU WAKE UP STILL TIRED. HERE'S MY ADVICE..
AND SO, AFTER TWO MONTHS
ARE YOU STILL TAKING YOUR HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT, DEAR, AS THE DOCTOR SAID?
RATHER! IT'S GRAND STUFF— MAKES ME FEEL FINE. THE BOSS TELLS ME I'M WORKING MUCH BETTER, TOO. I'LL GET THAT INDIAN JOB YET!
LATER—BOAT TRAIN TO TILBURY
WELL, MRS. WALKER, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE MARRIED?
IT FEELS GRAND, DARLING!

ARE YOU SPOILING YOUR CHANCES THIS WAY?

If you arrive at your work in the mornings feeling half asleep, if you have no "drive" and seem apathetic and dull, this almost certainly means you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." Your body needs nourishment even while you sleep—it burns up energy all night long. If this is not replaced, naturally you wake up tired—"Night-Starved."

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation"—builds new stores of energy in your body while you sleep. You wake up feeling alert and vigorous in mind and body. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and has a most fascinating taste. It is economical, too—the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S
HORLICK'S

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

"Well, then, what is it, sister? Are you hurt?"

Jennie shook her head. She took her hands again from her tear-marked face, and caught her breath for a moment, her features grief-stricken. Then she wailed—"My hat. My beautiful hat. My beautiful, beautiful hat!"

"Oh, my God," said the photographer. "Where is it?"

Jennie's anguished wail rose again. "I—I—left it—I was afraid I would spoil it climbing down. I thought it would be safe in the plane." She looked up helplessly at the two men— "I—I never had a hat like that."

PHOTOGRAPHER Osgood waited outside the Oilco hangar at Newark for the cab for which he had telephoned. The young pilot had left him there because he said the air lines did not like private planes taxiing up to their ports. The cab station was just across the field, and as he watched he saw one detach itself from the cluster behind the main building, back out, turn, and head down the main road. It was about half a mile away. He grinned and lit a cigarette, and sat down on his plate case.

A limousine drew up in front of the Oilco hangar. Five men got out and walked over to where he sat. He recognised one of them as Young Suez, a former prizefighter and now a circulation slugger for the *Leader*. Photographer Osgood flicked the cigarette away and got up with his plate-case under his arm, his fingers feeling for the strap buckle. He was cursing himself. Why hadn't he telephoned the *Blade* to have him met at the airport? He swore again. He remembered Krauer pencilling something on the back of an envelope or a piece of paper as he had taken off. The cab was a hundred yards down the road.

"Hello, Jack," said Young Suez. The other men stood around him with their hands in the pockets of their overcoats.

"Hello, Suez."

"Understand you got some pretty hot stuff."

"Nope," said photographer Osgood, knowing it was useless to lie, but hoping to gain time. "Light was bad. Most of the plates are fogged."

"Now listen, Jack," said Young Suez, "we think we ought to have a split. Why don't you be regular?"

"I didn't get anything. I tell you the light was bad."

"Now, Jack," said Young Suez, "we know different."

"Oh, hell!" said one of the men. "Quit wasting time. He's asking for it."

They closed in, but photographer Osgood had the catch to the plate-case open. He smashed half a dozen by crashing them in a bunch to the concrete apron in front of the hangar. The rest he spilled to the ground by turning the plate-case upside down, and was stepping on them when they reached him. Young Suez struck him in the mouth with a piece of lead, and he felt his teeth smash and was sickened. But he managed to pick up his heavy camera and hit Young Suez over the head with it and the slugger fell to the ground. The other four reached him. There was no sound but heavy breathing, scuffling of feet, and blows. One of the men kicked photographer Osgood in the stomach, and he went down. Another beat him over the head, and a third kicked him again as he lay unconscious. The fourth examined the shattered plates and said: "You dopes. They're all busted. Come on."

Two of them dumped Young Suez into the rear of the limousine and climbed in after him. They all climbed into their car, turned it around and drove off. The cab passed them on the way out. The cabdriver pulled up to the side of the hangar, goggle-eyed. Then he began to blow his horn and yell: "Hey! Hey. You guys in there. Hey! There's a guy been slugged!"

Men came running from the hangar and around to the side.

"NO," repeated Wyatt Court. "Not what you might call a conspicuous success." He sighed a little

(*Continued on page* 108)

"Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think—'Ah, Aristoc!'"

That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

Manufactured by Aristoc Ltd., Nottingham
and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd., 4 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

"I've joined your army of regulars, Jane Seymour"

This is a tale with a moral—but I can't help it! A woman came to my Salon not long ago and said: "I'm in despair. I spend a small fortune on my skin. I'm always trying new things—and yet it doesn't look half as nice as my friend's. She says you prescribed a simple home treatment for her which is frightfully inexpensive. Can't you do the same for me?"

"I'll try," I said. "You know what your skin needs is a regular diet with a few preparations of the same family. I should advise my Cleansing Cream, Juniper Skin Tonic, and Orange Skin Food. Be firm with yourself and use them regularly, and you'll be able to see your skin improving day by day."

I also gave her my book "Speaking Frankly"—I do wish you'd ask your shop for it or write direct to me. It will show you exactly what to use for your particular type of skin—and it's good reading, too!

Well, I didn't see our heroine again until yesterday, when she came in looking radiant. "Look at me!" she said, "I've joined your army of regulars! Oh, how it does pay!"

And the moral is—a little regular treatment is worth a ton of chopping and changing!

You can get my preparations from all smart shops—and do see my new Non-Spill Powder Box with Dry Skin and Greaskin Powder. It's a minor miracle at 6/6, refills 3/6. If you'd like personal advice, call—or write to me at my salon, 23, Woodstock St., Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

wearily, and closed the thin line of his mouth, and then curiously his eyes too, for a moment, so that Dodd could not see them. He was thinking of the young men and women who went where he sent them without a question and did what he asked them to do to the best of their ability, and came wandering back to lay their adventures on his desk. He could still hear Perry Brown saying to him the day after he returned from Atlantic City: "Listen, Boss, say something nice to Vogel. He's heartbroken because he didn't get that shot. He thinks he muffed it and you're sore. Honest, they chopped him loose from that boat. He couldn't move."

He was remembering Jennie Jones as she stood at his desk, an old felt hat pulled down over her ash hair, her mouth tremulous, and then breaking into her bright smile, and the smile vanishing again as she said: "Do you think it would be all right, Mr. Court. . . You see, it's more than I ever spent. . . . I know I shouldn't have done it. . . . But I just couldn't resist it. . . . They didn't find anything of it in the wreck. . . ."

And he was remembering how Osgood had looked.

"Well," said Mr. Dodd.

Court opened his eyes with a little start and said: "Well, what?"

Mr. Dodd tapped the sheaf of expense accounts—"These."

Court turned his head slowly, and looked at the cold, dry man. He looked at him through quite narrowed lids, and with the shadow of a smile on his own thin mouth. Then he said softly: "Go upstairs, Mr. Dodd, where you belong, and stay there. I have no scruples about hitting an old man."

The auditor started. He saw that the City Editor's right hand was neatly clenched. He swelled with anger. Court pushed back his chair gently. The auditor began to back away, white with rage. Court was still smiling faintly. When Mr. Dodd was a few yards away the City Editor suddenly picked up the expense accounts and held them out. "Take these with you, Mr. Dodd," he said. "And be careful how you handle these. There's blood on them. . . ."

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 37*)

and bitted with gold, and the saddle was inlaid with precious stones; two little golden lions were fixed on it, in place of a crupper: they were figured with their paws raised in the act of striking one another. In this attire, Richard, who had yellow hair, a bright complexion and a figure like Mars himself, appeared a perfect model of military and manly grace."

At the close of the ceremony, Isaac's daughter cast herself at the King's feet. "Lord King," she cried, "have mercy on me."

With that courtesy that was as characteristic of his chivalry as his valour, Richard helped her to rise. His eye rested on her beauty.

Greece had decayed. Her men were decadent. But her women were superb. Six hundred years later, English Byron was to sing with admiration for the women of Hellas, and a lash for the Hellenes he was to lead to freedom:

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves
To think such breasts must suckle slaves."

Just such a woman was degenerate Isaac's daughter: a Greek cast in the heroic mould of Pheidias. The chroniclers have hinted that Richard exchanged Navarre for Greece even on his honeymoon: Richard, mighty in love as in war, Richard, who forestalled the title of Charles II as "Father of his

Country "—or at least of a good many of his countrymen!

But Richard was the flower of chivalry. And the sole eye-witness states that "Richard sent the lady directly to his Queen, from whom she never parted until after their return to Europe."

Isaac was captured from his mountain stronghold. He was cast into gaol. He was outraged at the fact that he was loaded with chains.

He implored Richard to restore to him his daughter. He besought him to make his captivity more suited to his rank.

Richard had the coarse humour of the age. He refused to release the princess, but he granted the latter request in his own boisterous fashion. He ordered the iron fetters to be struck off—and replaced them by heavy gyves of solid silver, specially cast . . .

Isaac, subtle Greek, robbed Richard of his roar of laughter—that hearty guffaw that echoes down the vaulted centuries to us to-day at mention of his name. He took the jest as a compliment—or affected to do so. He wrote an elaborate letter thanking the Lion Heart for his clemency in conferring so exalted a distinction upon a captive king.

Not one chronicler, no single historian has sensed in the stilted, flowery phrases the sting of satire, the self-wounding bite of sarcasm. They ascribe it, one and all, to an eccentric, vainglorious, but sincere appreciation!

THE conquest of Cyprus—a British possession to-day—the dethronement of Isaac, the "captivity" of his daughter, was considered by Richard as an isolated incident of the Crusade, with no consequence on his genuine campaign. But it was not to be . . .

Cyprus was an island with advantages of both nature and civilisation. A Greek court meant a luxurious court. A Crusading conquest meant an exploitation of every advantage available. Not war, but revelry was the order of the day. Richard in Cyprus rivalled Heliogabalus in Rome in the magnificence of his entertainments.

Armour gave place to bright garments; the gardens of the island were gutted of their flowers. From the stores of war, the soldiers produced musical instruments in the mass—the English were musical in the high middle ages: even in the last war they were a singing army. Local minstrels met the invaders in friendly rivalry. The flaxen English looked like gods to the dusky beauties of Cyprus—blent of Greek, Phœnician, and Egyptian blood—and were accorded a divine reception.

All things went swimmingly—swimming in the wine of Cyprus, sweet, cloying, aptly named the treacherous wine of Venus, the Cyprian goddess: mild to the taste, fatal to the head.

Richard was no Marc Antony. He lusted strongly but briefly. His heart was, save for Berengaria, in the camp, not the lists of love. He reorganised and revictualled his army; he reorganised and reequipped his fleet. It was ready to sail at a moment's notice.

He took leave of his Queen. He inspected the galley reserved for the trio of royal ladies: Berengaria, Joanna, the Cypriot princess, before the three graces of the expedition embarked for the three-hundred-mile voyage to Acre, key of the Holy Land, where the chivalry of Europe awaited them.

Glittering with banners refurbished and devices repainted on snowy canvas re-spread, again the pride of England set sail under the white wings of a Mediterranean breeze. The mail and plate of the warriors scintillated in the southern sun. The red Crosses on their tunics burned like scarlet fire.

So they went, the Crusaders: sincerely striving to serve the Prince of Peace by waging war; a body of humanity striving in the height of faith to reconcile in unity the two things that Christ Himself sought to separate, even though, by His own words and by His own life and death, both are His gifts to mankind: the sword and the Cross.

(To be continued)

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NEW OVEN GLASS

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too, in many ways. It's more CONVENIENT *for cooking. It's unconditionally* GUARANTEED. *The modern shapes designed by* ELIZABETH CRAIG *look well on my table. And look at the beautifully* POLISHED SURFACE—*easy to clean*

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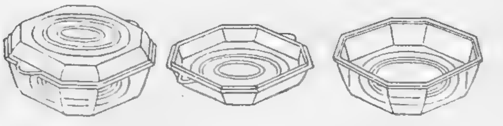
SEE THE PHOENIX THREE-PURPOSE DISHES



1. *Complete with lid, this is an ideal casserole dish.*
2. *The lid can be used for cooking and serving vegetables.*
3. *The base makes an excellent pie or pudding dish.*

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CLEAR *and stays* CLEAR
ALL PHOENIX DISHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED
RANGING FROM AS LITTLE AS 6d
Made in Birmingham

'I told her to stop giving them "stodge"!'

SAYS LADY MURIEL BECKWITH

Lady Muriel is a great enthusiast for good cooking. The recipes given in these articles are entirely her own invention. Many of them have been in use in Lady Muriel's own house for years.

A friend of mine brought her boy and girl to see me the other day. I'd never seen them looking so bonnie.

"How much sturdier they've grown!" I said.

Their mother smiled. "I've got you to thank for that," she said. "Don't you remember when I was so worried about their health, you told me to stop giving them 'stodge' and put them on to Birds Custard and fruit?"

I'd forgotten. But I couldn't have given better advice. Mothers are often so anxious to 'fill' their children, that they forget that the heaviest food is not always the most feeding.

Birds Custard makes an ideal diet for children. It's the purest 'whole' nourishment—in its lightest form. More feeding than milk alone, and easier to digest. And how the smooth creaminess and delicious flavour of Birds wake up lazy little appetites!

If you want to see your children thrive—always see that your daily milk ration includes sufficient to make a pint of Birds Custard. Serve it with fruit, of course, but try making puddings with it, too. Let me give you the recipe for a very delicious one I've invented. It only takes a few minutes to make.

ALMOND HASTY PUDDING

1 pt. pkt. or 2 measures Birds Custard, 1 pt. milk, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 oz. butter, 2 ozs. ground almonds, 1 teacup breadcrumbs.

Mix the Birds Custard with 3 dessertspoonfuls of milk. Boil the rest of the milk with the sugar, and when boiling, pour over the paste and stir thoroughly. Stir in the butter and then add the breadcrumbs and ground almonds, and re-boil. Serve hot in glass dish or custard cups.

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!

Oh, by the way, I hear Birds are offering a large free sample of their well-known Blancmange—enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. C. 14, Thames House, Millbank, London.

IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE!

BIRDS CUSTARD

is smoother . . . has more nourishment!

The Return of the Apache

(*Continued from page 8*)

only interrupting the interminable game for a whispered conversation at the end of which a thin paper packet sometimes leaves his waistcoat pocket in exchange for a crisp hundred-franc note.

His lady friends have also changed. They now wear cheap fur coats instead of woollen shawls. They wear smart shoes, silk stockings, and silk dance-frocks. Sometimes their necks are adorned with real pearls. Only their faces and their eyes recall the shrill-voiced, passionate and loyal creatures who shared the capricious affections of the lordly master of the bad lands in pre-war days; their cheeks have the same unnatural colour, their eyes the same unnatural brightness, the pallor and the brilliance of girls who live their waking hours in artificial light, in foetid air, in the heady atmosphere of cabaret and dance-hall, and whose distended nostrils and trembling hands and nervous gestures betray their precocious addiction to the white drug that kills.

SUCH is the modern gang-leader of Paris, the natural successor to the furtive pre-war Apache. He owes much to the American gangster of the newspapers and the movies. He owes to him his sudden preference for smart women, smart cabarets, and guns instead of knives. Lately, too, the Paris gangster has given evidence of another technique borrowed from America—the technique of the fast car. The car is usually stolen. Cars acquired legally for the transaction of so illegal, if profitable, a business as tobacco smuggling across the Belgian border have a painful habit of falling into the hands of the police. The smugglers have lost too many cars that way to be able to afford the luxury of paying for them. Nowadays they steal them off the street.

Another profession acquired from the gangsters of America is the racket. Kidnapping is utterly unknown in France. Even the Apache has the Frenchman's weakness for children—even other people's children. Moreover, the country is too small, too well docketed, taped and measured, its gendarme and identification system too precise and efficient. Bootlegging is, fortunately for France, unnecessary. There remains the simple expedient of the racket. It is so far in its infancy. It has not progressed yet beyond the fairly amateurish blackmail of Montmartre tradesmen. But in this nocturnal quarter of Paris it is practised with deadly efficiency. The gang-leader, accompanied by one or two lieutenants, enters a small bar, café or cabaret whose proprietor likes a quiet life, and whose customers like it even more than the proprietor. At a busy moment in the evening, when visitors from the provinces and respectable Paris business men are taking a night out away from their wives, the gangster edges up to the stout lady behind the cash-desk, who is by invariable French convention the proprietress of the establishment, and informs her curtly that he needs a little money. Not much. But regularly. Perhaps a thousand francs a week. Otherwise . . . and he shrugs his shoulders and winks at his confederates.

The stout lady understands. If she does not her husband, the pallid man with a black moustache and a diamond stud in his white shirt-front, understands perfectly. The money is handed over. After a few weeks of this blackmail the stout lady grows impatient. Her husband is angry. The gangster raises his price, and she refuses to pay it. The next night there is a sudden uproar in the prosperous little cabaret. Strangers drinking champagne at the gay tables rise and fire off guns at one another. The mirrors are wrecked. The big drum of the orchestra is ruined. The strangers leave before the police arrive, and on their heels flee the respectable business men, terrified at the thought of figuring in a night-club brawl. Nobody has been hurt—except the proprietor. Temporarily, perhaps permanently, he is ruined. If he is able to conciliate or buy off the police and keep his establishment open, he never again makes the mistake of defying the gangster.

BUT in Montmartre, as in New York and Chicago, there are gangs and rival gangs. No longer is the Paris Apache or his successor undisputed in his sovereignty over the night life of the capital. His hunting-grounds have been invaded. Ironically enough, his rivals come from Corsica, which has recently been swept free of banditry and blood feuds—after military operations in which artillery, machine-guns and hand-grenades were used by the French authorities, and which lasted three years. The bandits were cleaned up in Corsica. They fled to Marseilles, where they found local competition too fierce for them. Finally they descended upon Paris. The Corsicans introduced a new element into the gang-wars of Paris—the element of racial solidarity. They fought together, with Corsican ruthlessness, Corsican disdain for death, Corsican loyalty. The Paris Apache sometimes betrays a friend or an enemy to the police. The Corsican rarely or never. Hence a redoubtable solidarity. Blood is thicker than water, even when to the water has been added a large shot of yellow, dangerous-looking, dangerous-making pernod.

The result is that the streets of Montmartre now echo in the small hours to the fusillade of rival guns. Challenges are issued and accepted. A gang seeking vengeance enters a café frequented by members of another gang. Few words are exchanged. Both gangs leave the café for the greater safety of the street. There the battle is fought out. The dead are left to be picked up by the police. The wounded are carried away to a place of concealment.

Sometimes the blackmailed victim of a racket attempts to evade his extortionate blackmailers by seeking the "protection" of a rival gang. A case in point occurred in a well-known Montmartre cabaret a few weeks ago. The proprietor appealed to a Corsican gang-leader, who promised to take the threatened establishment under his friendly wing. The ejected gangster decided upon reprisals. There was a battle of revolvers in the cabaret itself, with several men killed and wounded on each side. The friendly Corsican was himself dangerously hurt. The police entered, searched the place, found nothing. During their visit the gangster lay hidden in a secret room, separated by but a thin wooden partition from the police, while the owners of the place trembled lest the wounded man's groans should betray him.

POLICE tactics against the modern Paris Apaches are of varying degrees of severity, efficacy and zeal. In the main the police allow the gangster considerable latitude. He is given so much rope that in the end he hangs himself—or goes to the guillotine. While he confines his homicidal activities to acts of vengeance against his fellow-gangsters, the police stand benevolently, but nevertheless vigilantly, by. Thus during a gang battle in the streets of Montmartre at night the police may be seen discreetly sheltered in doorways, waiting for the men of the *milieu* to empty their guns upon one another. When the fusillade is over the police emerge, their own guns at the ready, and show great energy in searching the bodies of the slain, interrogating the rare spectators, and conveying the wounded to hospital for medical aid and interrogation.

But when the Apache breaks loose beyond the invisible frontiers of his own domain, when he robs, threatens or murders an ordinary citizen, the police intervene with ruthlessness and efficiency. It is not difficult to identify the man they want. The leaders of the underworld are known. Their habits are recorded. Their goings and their comings are easily traced. Their own followers cannot be trusted to betray them: the penalty of betrayal is almost certain death. But the very large liberty of questioning and detention allowed to the French police provides it with a weapon more sure and deadly than the casual indiscretions of witnesses, the frightened admissions of the gangster's girl friends, the studied reticence or mendacity of his intimates.

(*Continued on page 112*)

"She's got a wretched skin— in spite of all that make-up"

Until she overheard that remark, Helen was enjoying the party. She'd been flattering herself that her new foundation cream had hidden those nasty spots of hers. Now she was miserable. Dejectedly, she left the drawing-room, and went upstairs to put on more powder. She found Rose there.

" Oh, Rose," she said, " I'm fed up. This wretched skin of mine makes me feel so self-conscious."

" It's those spots you're worried about, isn't it ? " said Rose sympathetically. " I notice you nearly always have them. Why don't you take Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' every morning—and get rid of them ? "

Helen looked a little put out.

" Please don't be offended," said Rose. " My skin was far more unsatisfactory than yours till I began taking Eno. You know, we girls don't take much care of our health, do we ? With late nights, no exercise, rich food and all that, it's obvious one's system must get sluggish. And Eno's by far the best thing for keeping one up to the mark."

Well, Helen was a sensible girl. She realised there was a lot of truth in what Rose said. She started taking Eno every morning. How pretty she is now ! Eno has washed away all the impurities which had collected in her system. Eno has purified her blood and cleared away all her blemishes. She not only looks a different being—she feels it too !

Don't take a short-sighted view of beauty. Take Eno's ' Fruit Salt ' every morning—and keep clean inside. Eno forms no habit. Contains no harsh aperients to upset you. It will keep you toned and tuned and give you a skin just like cream and roses.

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

Suspicion falls upon a member of an underworld gang. He is challenged to account for his movements on the day of the crime. If he cannot produce a watertight alibi he is taken to the depot of the Police Judiciaire—the Scotland Yard of Paris—and kept for questioning. His record is usually on file in the Identification section—his photograph, his tattoo marks, his finger-prints and other anthropological details.

He is kept under surveillance for a day, several days, even several weeks. In the middle of the night his cell door opens and a detective walks in. He is awakened from sleep, and challenged to admit his guilt. The process is repeated, at all hours of the day and night. He is questioned by different officers, and is confronted by one with the statements made to the other. Often, almost always, he makes a mistake. Finally, he admits his guilt.

If he is too cunning or too obdurate to confess he is sent to the Sante prison to await investigation and trial on another charge. Usually there are several other crimes hanging over his head.

His sentence varies with the nature of the crime and the social status of the victim. If the man or woman killed is a member of the underworld and has been slain in revenge, in jealousy, or as the result of a drunken brawl, the assassin is let off lightly. A year or two in prison if it is his first offence. Sometimes, even, if the defending counsel is eloquent enough, complete acquittal. If, however, the motive of the murder has been robbery, and the victim, man or woman, belonged to the non-criminal world, the result is in no doubt.

The death sentence, a cigarette and a glass of rum in the chilly dawn, and the grim, shadowy pillars of the guillotine. The Apache, to do him justice, smokes the cigarette to the end, refuses the assistance of alcohol, and walks unaided and jestingly to the knife.

AGAINST the social menace of the gangster the police occasionally retaliate in kind. They descend upon the underworld, like their enemies, in *gangs*. The police raid on a haunt of criminals is sensational, swift and dramatic. Half a dozen uncovered police lorries are drawn up at midnight in the yard of the police headquarters in Paris. A hundred uniformed men crowd into them, smoking cigarettes, jesting, with their pockets stuffed with extra cartridges for the revolvers in their holsters.

A couple of cars full of plain clothes detectives lead the way. A commissary of police, with his badge of office, accompanies them in his own car.

In the small hours of the morning a cordon is drawn across the ends of a narrow street full of dance-halls, shady restaurants, and bars in which cocaine is suspected of being handled. The commissary and his men burst into the first of the dance-halls, brandishing guns and uttering curtly the gangsters' traditional cry, or its French equivalent, of " Stick 'em up ! " Proprietor and guests sullenly obey. The detectives go through the pockets of the men for concealed arms, dope, or forged or inadequate identity papers. The women are not searched, but asked for proofs of their identity. All who look suspicious, or who fail to produce papers proving that they are as yet unwanted by the police, are bundled into the waiting lorries and driven off to the central police depot.

There the net is drawn more closely. Few escape its meshes, and those who do are fortunate, or are released because the police, some day, will have need of them. It is the gang raid, the reply of the police to the men who defy it in gangs. Nevertheless the leader usually escapes. It is difficult to pin anything on him. The police regard their defeat with equanimity. One day, in the not very distant future, another gangster will do their job for them. The life of the modern Apache is no more immune from the bullet of a rival than it was from the knife of pre-war days.

END

Watch for that misty dullness as carefully as furniture dealers do

Has your furniture got

How many times have you passed your fingers across that misty dullness you see so often on furniture without realising it is stealing the beauty from your home? For it is nothing more than damp—dampness from the atmosphere and ruinous to polished woodwork. Only if it is given a damp-resisting surface can you prevent a network of tiny cracks appearing soon. Watch for " Blue Bloom " as carefully as furniture dealers do, and give your home the protection of Stephenson's, specially made for the purpose. Stephenson's Furniture Cream contains special waxes in liquid form that give a glass-like gloss "Blue Bloom" cannot penetrate. It keeps your home in showroom condition—*and it does not finger-mark!*

Stephenson's FURNITURE CREAM

In glass or stone bottles, 4½d 9d 1/6 3/-

STEPHENSON BROTHERS

STEPHENSON BROS. LTD., BRADFORD

COLDS & 'FLU

often start with a sore throat

Beware the raw, tickling throat which precedes a cold or 'flu. That is your signal to take Cephos and banish headache and feverishness and stop the attack immediately. From all chemists and stores in powders or tablets 1/3 & 3/-. Single dose 2d.

Your safe and certain cure is

Cephos Pronounced See-foss REGD THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

Not a SINGLE drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician and cannot affect the heart.

2D. SINGLE DOSE Powder or Tablets

FREE sample of Cephos sent on receipt of p.c to Cephos Ltd., Dept. 2.T W. Blackburn.

A Message FULL OF SENSE AND MEANING

USE **ONE-O-ONE** for HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

ONE-O-ONE
CLEANING 101 POWDER
CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING

FINE FOR BATHS AND PAINTWORK

Does not scratch the surface

KIRKWOOD, CRAIG & CO., Ltd. 8th Avenue Works, London, E.12

SIXPENCE LARGE DRUM

Fashion's High Finance

(*Continued from page 29*)

the nostrums devised by academicians pale beside a major change in women's fashions.

Expenditure on beautification constantly rises. Authorities regard it as still far from the potential peak. Beauty parlours are increasing. Saturation point in the beauty-preparations market is decades off. Five years hence, a 1935 world expenditure of £200,000,000 for powder, cold cream, perfumes, lipsticks and other aids to female attractions, will look like a depression figure. An annual figure for Britain of 10,000,000 boxes of rouge and £1,250,000 worth of hair-colouring substances (only a fourth of American expenditure) will look modest.

The nature of the revolution wrought by the harnessing of mass-production technique and high-pressure salesmanship to the fashion business is neatly illustrated by two fashion-drive incidents in an English setting. One pre-war day, Premier Asquith's brilliant and individualistic wife allowed her favourite Paris dressmaker to hold a fashion show for her friends at No. 10 Downing Street. On the economic side this meant nothing, for fashion then was monopolised by a small world of aristocrats, plutocrats, smart actresses and expensive demi-mondaines, buying at high prices.

Two more decades were to pass before the fashion lords, realising that they must move with the times or pass with the mastodon into the museum, linked up with the masters of the mass-production machines, thereby enabling the small-income woman to buy at a big store a copy of an authentic model frock, coat, hat or scarf—an article of raiment of a cut and style which formerly was available only to those women who had acquired, by fame, marriage, inherited, or gouged money, the large financial key to the fitting-room of a Schiaparelli, Patou, Worth or Molyneux.

Late in 1934 a member of our Royal Family sponsored a fashion movement in cotton fabrics. The Royal initiative was not linked to any propaganda to aid the depressed cotton industry. Nevertheless, sales of Lancashire cotton goods in the home market rose nine million yards in four months. A leading cotton man calculated that if only petticoats could be charmed back to favour, the industry would regain all of the 200 million yards it had lost in the home market: a loss which has been rayon's gain.

WHEN Mussolini recently announced that "fashion is more powerful than dictators," and that a régime which seeks to dictate or to repress fashion is only making itself ridiculous, he was acknowledging a heavy defeat, as well as registering a protest against a Nazi anti-fashion drive calculated to damage export sales of Italian face powder, cosmetics, trinkets, silk, and rayon. Early in his régime he was applauding "naturalism" in women. The régime frowned on plucked eyebrows, rouge, lipsticks and "that Paris look." An attempt was made to build up characteristic Italian fashions. There were official designs of approved gowns. The consensus of opinion among the younger women of the régime was that they were terrible.

In time, Mussolini discovered that women cannot be dragooned as easily as men, and that to interfere with women's ideas of how to look attractive is to make a worse blunder in human psychology than the one made by the American political leaders who tried to outlaw alcohol. Neither Italian industry nor the State finances could stand the strain; and now the régime does as much to encourage fashion as it does to encourage production of babies and motor-cycles.

The Nazi drive against cosmetics, silk stockings, and other appurtenances of the fashion-conscious female, was ended by an official ukase to the effect that Nazi zealots must not go about washing synthetic tints off ladies' faces; and, further, that a nice taste in chiffon blouses and lipstick is not incompatible with (*Continued on page 114*)

A great 'find' for the Sick Room

M.D., Harley St.

VITA
GRAPE JUICE
LIVE
Grape Juice with all the essential vitamins, digestion-aiding ferments and tonic minerals unharmed

"THAT grape juice is now available for everyone in this form, constitutes one of the greatest advances ever made in the science and art of healing." A Harley Street doctor wrote these words about Vita LIVE Grape Juice. He believes, with thousands of other doctors, that the wonderful new process that has made it possible for the uncooked juice of 17½ *lbs. of grapes to be concentrated in a single bottle*, will be a great aid to the national health.

Everyone can now DRINK grapes the Vita way—at a cost of *less than one penny* for the juice of a *quarter of a pound*. The same doctor sums up—"I find your grape juice highly nutritive. It is excellent on an empty stomach as a restorative and I am sure it will do good in all forms of invalidism, debility, lowered resistance . . . it should be a great 'find' for the sick room.

Your doctor, too, recommends Vita Grape Juice, because it is Nature's greatest and quickest tonic. It is non-alcoholic and 'keeps' indefinitely. Ask your chemist, grocer or store for Vita LIVE Natural Grape Juice.

THE CONCENTRATED UNCOOKED JUICE OF

17½ lbs

OF VINEYARD GRAPES FOR

5/3

Small size containing the juice of 8¼ lbs. of grapes.

2/9

Vita is also available in Jelly form as a Conserve—2/6 and 10½d. per jar.

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Live Natural
GRAPE JUICE
CONCENTRATED

Vita Products Limited, 39-45 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

VITA
Live Natural
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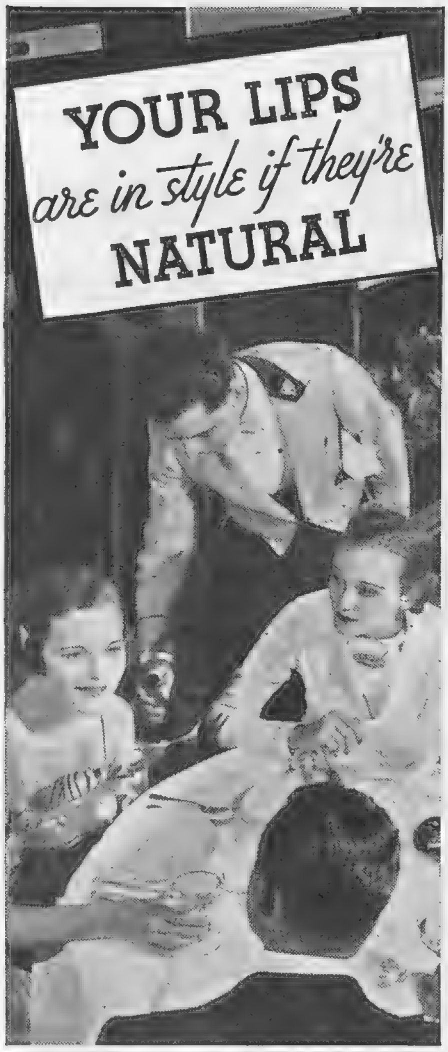

YOUR LIPS
are in style if they're
NATURAL

Yes . . . naturalness is the newest note in make-up. Bright red lips are out of date.

● This year, the vogue for *natural* make-up is particularly noticeable amongst leaders of fashion. Wherever the smartest people meet, you will notice that bright red lips are out of style.

And that means more women are using Tangee! For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint*. Instead, Tangee accentuates your own natural colour . . . makes your lips more appealing . . . makes you more alluring to men.

Tangee stays on for hours. Its special cream base keeps your lips soft, smooth and prevents chapping. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle

LUFT-TANGEE LTD.
88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

loyalty to the Leader. Dr. Schacht, the economic-financial boss, had intervened. Too much damage was being done to the economy of this highly industrialised country by the contraction in demand among 25,000,000 consumers in the fashion market. Nazi Puritanism was killing one of the most prolific of the geese that lay the golden eggs of national revenue.

AUSTERE Socialists who thought that the women of the New Order in Russia would be content to wear a "rational" uniform dress have been sadly disappointed at a widespread reversion to the old Eve, with all its dangers of incitement to individual competition, growth of external social differentiations, and thoughts flying away to the gayer and lighter side of life. However, the practical rulers of the Soviet realm, out to develop the latent industrial power of that enormous area, find they cannot neglect a market of 40,000,000 women. Fashion and the beauty cult must find a place in any industrial programme.

Hence the vogue of the lipstick noted with strong disapproval by Lady Passfield (Mrs. Sidney Webb), on her visit to the U.S.S.R. It was the vivid external symptom of the Government-fostered rise of a State perfume and cosmetics industry.

The Red Commissariat of Education now has its fashion department; and the State publishing department has its range of women's fashion magazines—with models mostly copied from those of Paris and New York. The prosperous Soviet lady (she exists) pays 300 roubles for her "exclusive model" gown; the factory girl gets her mass-produced frock for 30 roubles. Production of European model clothes, produced in Russian factories equipped with British machinery, has had to be stepped up to meet the demand from the women of the provincial urban centres.

Very ingenious and adroit are the fashion caterers everywhere at promoting new necessities and encouraging new luxuries.

A craze comes for artificial flowers, and women in France, Britain and America spend £3,000,000 on them while the vogue lasts. Someone put over glass armlets, and the men in the trade pocketed £1,000,000 in a season. "Long gloves are being worn," and up bump long-glove sales in England £300,000—from £250,000 to £550,000. Then a film star wears plaited sandals, and all the women see them and hanker after them; and the commercialisation of that human desire nets £2,000,000 for the manufacturers inside a few months.

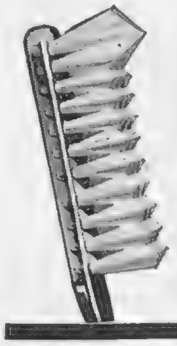
Pyjamas are not essential to enjoyment of the beach, but a girl must have them or feel out of it; and that, in money terms, means £750,000 in a year in Britain, where beaches are not so hot, but £3,000,000 in America. Shoes withstood the fashion drive for some time. A good-looking shoe was a good-looking shoe, and wearable for just as long as it held its shape and sole. But now shoe fashions are changing almost as rapidly as frock styles, and may yet reach the velocity of change of hat modes; and this is estimated to have made a difference of around £25,000,000, to the shoe business in the last two years.

It was short skirts that first made women stocking-conscious; and on that consciousness huge businesses have been erected whose taxable profits are an important item in the national finances of Britain, Canada, Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, France and the U.S. A vogue for gunmetal stockings is estimated to have put £2,500,000 into the pockets of the stocking manufacturers in the three chief national markets. Stocking fashions in general mean many millions a year. The popularity of flesh-coloured stockings brings a very large revenue to the manufacturers of special soap products; for women now wash their stockings almost as habitually and regularly as they brush their teeth.

In the beautification programme the cult of the hair stands high—and costs much. Platinum blonding, for example, came to women like a new revelation. A whole

Don't be a
BRISTLE PICKER

Perma-Grip
REGD. TRADE MARK
Pro-phy-lac-tic
REGD. TRADE MARK
TOOTH BRUSHES



The bristles stay in—fastened securely by Perma-Grip—a Pro-phy-lac-tic invention.

ADULT'S SIZE - - 2/-
YOUTH'S SIZE - - 1/6
In three textures. Hard, Medium and Soft.
CHILD'S SIZE - - 1/-
Medium and Soft only.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Sole Distributors in England and Northern Ireland for Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes.

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The above model in "Crepilla," with self or contrasting smocking, 4½ Gns. Many other models.

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Short House Smocks from 15/11
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complex of new industries, and fashion needs and ideas have grown up around it. Change the colour of a woman's hair, and you make her hair-conscious; and once you do that you start a train of ideas which run from eye brow plucking (large new market created for fine steel tweezers and eyebrow pencils) at one end, to toe-tinting (new line for the chemists and purveyors of beauty preparations) at the other. It involves fiction styles, and advertising lines, and comedians' jokes and, one way and another, has an effect on the heavy dye industry and its satellites quite as important as the current fashion trend in the military field.

The vogue for tinted heads that started with the sizzling advent of the original platinum blonde is not going to begin and end with the yearning for primrose-pale hair. Having got over the idea that females who dye their hair must necessarily belong to the fast set or the world's oldest profession, women may go on to add their hair to the general décor scheme into which they weave the tints of frocks, face paint, belts, gloves, hats, ornaments, finger-nail varnish, and even—although it seems unnecessary except in the case of street accidents or a high wind—lingerie. Smart women have lately been seen with mauve hair; and we may yet see them changing their hair tints at least as often as a film star changes her hair-cut styles.

Fashion designers have found apparently inexhaustible mines of inspiration in the different periods of European and Asiatic art, and in the peasant modes of Mediterranean fishing villages, Basque hamlets and Austrian mountain resorts, where the blasé sophisticates go in search of sun and the simple life.

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

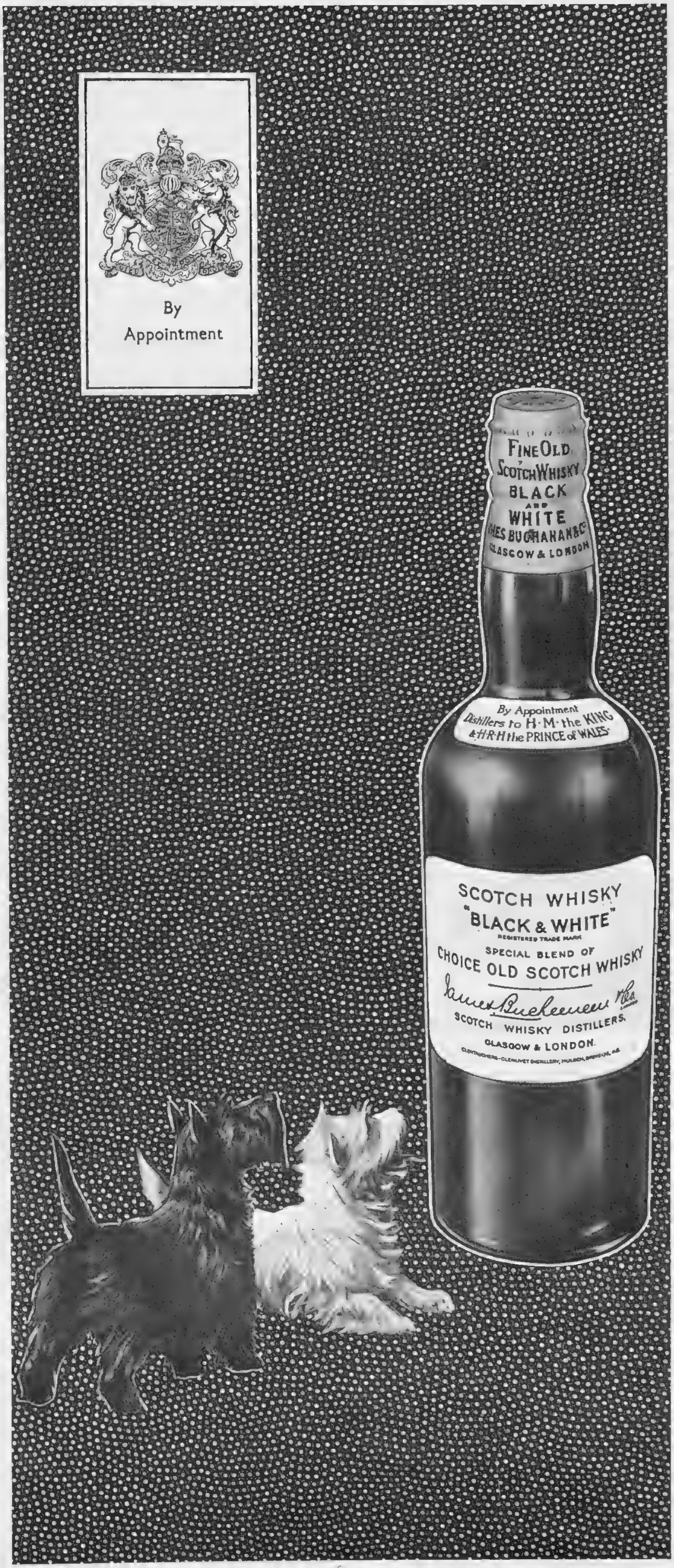
Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

But more and more the great American film factories, with their synthetic and enormously popularised beauties, envied and studied by tens of millions of girls and women, and their highly-paid, experienced, and adroit fashion artists, are influencing women's fashions, both directly and indirectly. Madge Evans is shown in a film buying a new-style hat, Jean Harlow is photographed trying one on in bed, Greta Garbo is put into a scene where she puts on a new sort of hat especially created for her—and another new fashion sweeps in on the wave of a huge feminine demand. The old-fashioned feather boa that Marlene Dietrich shrugged about provocatively in one of her films started a rage for feather boas among the smart set in London and Paris, and the feather trade made a fortune.

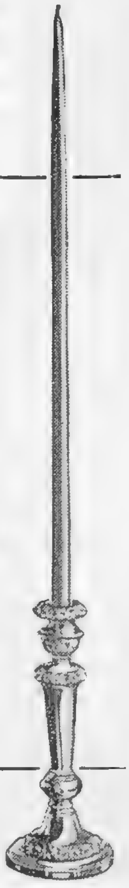
Austere moralists and sociologists have deplored the ever-rising figures of fashion and beautification expenditure. But our civilisation could not now go Puritan and rule out frills, fal-lals, perfumes, face-paint and powder, and fashions. Its debts, and its industrial life, would not permit it.

Indeed, although women are already more ornamental than they have ever been before, it may be that the era of colourful women is only beginning, and that the peacock, the rainbow, and the tropical butterfly will look washed-out and timid beside the gorgeous female of the *homo sapiens* species of the later decades of this century.



There is nothing quite so soothing for dry harsh throats in damp, wintry weather as an Allenburys Pastille It clears the throat and wards off infection

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3



May, Countess of Limerick
insists on

Nell Gwynn
(SOLID DYED)
candles
for decoration and illumination

From leading Stores, Stationers and Chemists everywhere at prices from 1/- per box.
J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E.1.

The Secret World

(*Continued from page 51*)

Now one poked its nose from under the duck-hull. Its whiskers quivered as it scented the air; its little beady eyes peered towards the fox. Nothing stirred. The cloudbank obscured the moon once more. When it passed another rat was there, and together the two of them moved haltingly forward across the snow, emboldened by the stillness, forced onward by their unsated hunger. With little runs they came and went, hesitated and advanced anew.

Suddenly Grey Fox was all life. His free forepaw shot out and scooped the leading rat towards his gaping jaws. Almost in that same instant he whirled about, despite the agonising burden of the trap, and struck the other. Then ravenously he fed.

With the coming of the laggard dawn the snow began to fall again, heavily, ceaselessly; and the rising wind drove it so that it plastered the trunks and stems of trees and piled yet deeper in the drifts. To the utterly exhausted fox it came as a shroud. Through bloodshot eyes he watched the tumbling flakes, dark against the lightening sky, white against the background of the copse. All his efforts had been in vain. He was as fast held now as when first the trap was sprung. And his strength was gone. Only one thing remained: to gnaw off the imprisoned foot and seek a doubtful freedom on three legs.

He watched the slow-increasing light as though speculating how long he could delay the inevitable. The snow matted his already bedraggled coat. His brush was likewise matted, a heavy mass of dirt and ice. The red-raw wound was caked and frozen, too, as were the bloody jaws of the trap. He was a sorry sight; a grisly parody of the strong, lithe form that but a few hours before had bounded lightly down the fell and picked its way most daintily across the snow and hunted in the moonlight and the dark.

Within the nearby hull the ducks now quacked and shuffled, well aware the day was at hand. From the farm came other sounds of life and movement. A dog barked, cattle lowed, a cock crowed. The bleating of folded sheep in distant intakes rose in a ululation of lament for the forbidden freedom of the fell. At that Grey Fox was stirred to tug and scratch again. His efforts were so slight that he barely clawed away the freshly-fallen snow. He nosed the imprisoned leg. Once he bit savagely at a hanging strip of skin and tore it off. Blood spurted and he licked the place. And in that moment a bird flew past, wheeled, and came back screeching.

It was a jay. It saw the trapped and weary fox, and set about to mock him with its cries, to sweep and swoop so that its wings almost brushed his head. All the time it screamed its rasping call, and other birds took up the alarm.

Beneath this vocal onslaught Grey Fox kept still. His impassivity emboldened the bigger birds, so that they swooped yet closer, until, at last, the magpie jabbed his beak against his flank. He did not stir, only his teeth bared swiftly. But suddenly his ears pricked up. He stumbled to his feet and turned to peer through the trees beyond the duck-hull. There was little sound, yet the birds flew off, still chattering and screaming.

Grey Fox sensed the coming of the thing he feared. . . .

VERY cautiously a man stole between the white-encrusted trees. Only a soft crunching of the yielding snow betrayed his movements. His glance roved everywhere as he advanced towards the glade, for he had heard the tocsin of the birds, and knew that something was afoot. Grey Fox saw him coming before he himself was seen. He did not seek to hide, to crouch against the snow; he remained as he was, standing, rigid, the trapped leg stiff before him.

So Michael Fletcher came upon him.

For uncounted moments they gazed at one another, and a great pity held the youth as he realised

(*Continued on page 117*)

Write more Letters

"And oft the pangs of absence to remove by letters, soft interpreters of love" PRIOR

Yes, it's never that kind of letter that doesn't get written. It's the letters to mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and friends. What a good conscience you would have if you sat yourself down with a good supply of Basildon Bond—and wrote! Go to your Stationer and ask to see some.

BASILDON
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We should like to tell you all about
LILIA
... in the right company and in the right place...

And we do feel . . . that your home is a better place than the pages of 'Britannia and Eve' for the telling of all we should like to tell you about this *better method of sanitary protection*. So, if you will send us your name and address, we will send you a little book which is written by a woman doctor. It will tell you a great many important things which have a close bearing on your freedom and your looks, as well as on your comfort and health. If you would like the information to be accompanied by SAMPLES sufficient to enable you to test all our prideful claims for LILIA properly, then send us also stamps or a P.O. to the value of 1/3. And if you have a little sister or a young daughter—of 12 or thereabouts—whom you would wish to save from fright and bewilderment on the dawning of her womanhood, ask us also for a copy of "Growing Up"—the most sane and helpful book which has ever been written for little girls . . . . You can give it to any undeveloped girl-child with an easy mind. There is no reference to sex in it. Address: Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S23), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.

LILIA
THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them).
Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

the fox's plight. Pity gave place to silent rage, and rage to action. He went towards the stricken beast cautiously, murmuring softly as he would to an ailing dog. Grey Fox watched his every movement. His lips were still drawn back, snarlingly; his fur bristled behind his ears, and a low growl rumbled in his throat. Weary unto death though he was, shackled by trap and chain and stake, he stood defiant, ready to defend himself against the speedier death he now anticipated.

Michael had no wish to be bitten. He dropped on one knee not very far away and spoke soothingly in a low monotone. Grey Fox did not relax. He waited. Suddenly his head shot forward, snakily, and his jaws snapped. At that Michael got to his feet and ran swiftly, hoping to get behind and seize him by the scruff of the neck and so hold him while he released the spring of the trap. But Grey Fox was as quick. He whirled about, clanking the chain, and again his jaws came together viciously, so close that Michael felt the hot breath on his hand.

Michael hesitated, wondering what next to do. Every moment's delay made it worse for Grey Fox. Men and dogs would shortly be about, and the stricken beast would stand little chance against them.

At last Michael took off his overcoat and, holding it in both hands, flung himself bodily upon the fox, which snarled and bit and used its free legs to kick and scratch. But the coat enveloped it, and Michael, his weight upon the twisting, wriggling, squirming body, groped for the trap. It was not easy to undo. Blood and mud and snow had frozen hard upon it through the long hours of the night. Spring and jaws alike were stiff and clogged; and all the while the victim fought like a thing possessed. Eventually, however, the youth got his heel upon the spring, and as he pressed and dragged the teeth apart Grey Fox, feeling his release, sprang forward with a mighty bound that rolled the other in the snow.

It looked as though it were his last effort. He staggered and fell, and lay there, gasping painfully. But as Michael clambered to his feet Grey Fox staggered up, too. For another long-drawn moment they stared each other in the eyes. Then, pitifully determined to make one final bid for freedom, the stricken beast went slowly across the glade. He reeled drunkenly on three legs, the fourth held up to dangle and trail upon the surface of the snow. Again he stumbled and fell; again he staggered up, to gaze at the moveless figure of his rescuer. He reached the trees at length. Michael watched him till he disappeared in the distance; and watching, wondered.

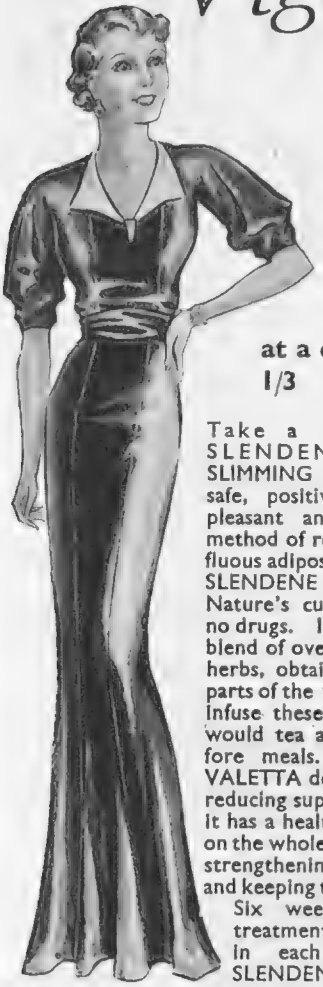
Slowly, steadily, the snow continued.

IN the secret world of winter's solitude on the high fells there is peace companioned by ineffable beauty. There is silence, too: not utter and complete as in the illimitable space of the upper heavens or in the sombrous deep of the unfathomed seas, but relative, a silence wherein the sighing of the wind is sometimes heard like distant flutes or whispering hosts of penitents. Peace and beauty and silence were on Buckbarrow as the dawn-star gleamed above the snowy crest. No life, no movement showed; no sound was heard. The fell was virgin in its solitude.

The twilight strengthened and the stars grew pale. A little dawn-wind fanned its icy breath upon the crystal covering, and was gone. High overhead there swept a wedge of birds with long-stretched necks and beating wings, all white against the steel-grey sky. Swiftly they cut the still and frosty air, and as they went they called like hounds that hunted in full cry. The wild geese travelled to the south, and those who saw or heard them in the valley far below said there was wilder weather yet to come, although there was no other portent from the heavens. Bright and clear was the dawning, so that when a pair of ravens rose from some crevasse where they had spent the night and wheeled across the fell, their shadows ran across the white-clad slopes.

(Continued on page 118)

Regain Your Youthful Grace and Vigour



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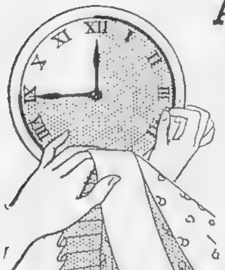

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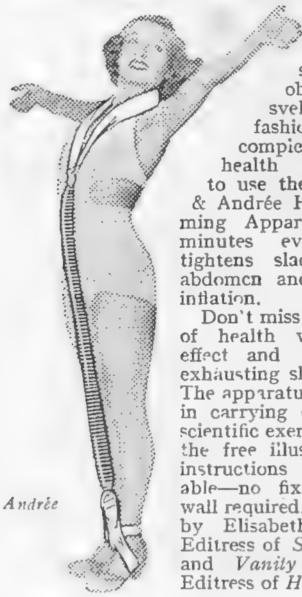

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In the ghyll, where the water softly tinkled, another shadow moved, very furtively. It was a fox: a small red fox. Well hidden, it scrambled up the waterway, taking full advantage of the protection of the bank, as of the easier-going snow-free stones. There was a purposefulness about its going. Once it crouched, then sprang upon a tiny, velvet-coated water shrew that had been running in and out among the icicles which hung along the verge. The little creature did not sense the presence of the fox until too late, and paid the penalty with its life.

Having eaten, the fox drank and cleansed itself, then continued up the ghyll. Near the crest it bounded lightly up the bank and paused, half crouching, before slinking towards a cluttered mass of rock. From there, by devious ways, it reached a steep and slippery slope that ended in a black, forbidding precipice that dropped sheer down the face of the fell. With mincing steps and outflung brush the fox went very cautiously towards some stones that stood upon the brink. It sniffed among them, then whined. Nothing happened. It moved restlessly, uncertainly. At length it turned and went back to the ghyll. As it did so there came the clamour of a hunting pack from the intakes at the foot of the fell.

The little red fox heard it. For a moment it paused, then climbed out once again and made swiftly for the crest, where the black and jagged rocks were free from snow. At a steady lope it moved, now bounding lightly down some snow-held scree, now clambering up a steep, ribbed face, now pausing to look back along the way it had come, its head upraised to test the air. The crying of the hounds rose clear and distinct. There was no doubt the scent was strong. They were running fast, with never a check, pounding up the beck, splashing through the ice-cold water, thrusting at each other in the narrow places.

There was no keeping up with them. In no time they were at the top; and there they checked, then split into two lots, one of which ran towards the cluttered stones on the brink of the drop and there came to a halt—as they had done on several previous occasions, for this was the entrance to Grey Fox's impregnable ledge. But while they nosed and ran about, voicing their impatience and their fury at the check, the others continued strongly along the crest. It was not always easy going. From time to time they slipped and stumbled, slithered down the coated rocks and floundered in the drifts. Yet on they went, and when the huntsman reached the place where some had checked he whipped them on to follow in their wake. So once again the pack was in full cry and running swiftly.

The little fox was nowhere to be seen. It, too, was travelling fast. The huntsman and his fellows did not attempt to follow; they climbed out on the topmost crag, whence they could look along the dale. The lake lay far below, jet black amid the whiteness of the land. The towering fells were capped with snow; their slopes were also covered, save where the wind-swept rock and scree stood out in piebald mottling. The winding road was lost at times beneath the wintry mantle. And ever there came upon the rising wind the joyous crying of the running hounds.

The sky grew overcast. A thick grey cloud descended on the far-off peaks and blotted them from view. It travelled swiftly down the dale, and soon the watchers on the crag were seeking cover. They were not a moment too soon. With startling suddenness the storm whirled and shrieked about them. There was little respite, even in those first few minutes; yet every now and then, above the roar and whistle of the wind, there could be heard wild peals of music from the pack.

There came a lull: brief, pregnant, affrighting in its stillness. Then, in darkling gloom, all might and fury burst upon the crouching men close-huddled in the lee of any rock and boulder they could find. Shrieking, roaring, booming, wailing, the (*Continued on page* 119)

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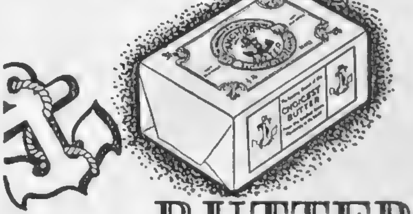

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GOOD NEWS FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

There is a letter-box in a model factory on the Great West Road that receives some of the most genuinely grateful letters that were ever penned. "Your powder saved me from an operation," says one. Another says, "I was really worried and anxious, but your powder has made me fit and well again." From another; "But for your marvellous remedy I should not be here to-day."

The letters are from men and women of all ages who used to endure dreadful stomach trouble—some even had gastric and duodenal ulcers. The powder they praise so unstintingly is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the greatest reliever of stomach pains that has ever been invented.

Do *you* suffer from stomach trouble? Get rid of it! Take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, and soon you will feel you simply must tell your friends how good a standby Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has been to you. 1/3, 2/-, 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

blast ravened the fell. Snow whirled before it in dense masses, impenetrable to the eye.

Heaven and earth were blotted out. And the darkness of the noonday was most terrifying.

Gradually the storm abated. Gradually the wind dropped and the darkness cleared. The huntsman crept out from beneath the boulder that had partly sheltered him and one other.

"We'd best be gittin' back, Lanty. There's mair to come," he muttered through chattering teeth.

"Aye. What about t' hounds?"

"We mun hope for t' best. There'll be some missing, I doubt."

"Aye."

One by one the others crawled forth, numb and half frozen. They said little. They knew that to stay might mean death and that to go was a risk. They chose the risk. Stumbling, slipping, falling, running and sliding, sometimes barely crawling, they followed the huntsman as he led them down the fell.

It was a nightmare journey. They had not gone far before the storm broke out again, if anything more fiercely than before. They dare not halt. They kept together, holding on to coat, or stick or hand, a human chain that wavered fearfully and broke from time to time. Step by step, yard by yard, they fought their way through driving snow that caked them all from head to foot, that blinded and beat the breath from their bodies.

At length they gained an actual wall and groped their way along its length to find a gate because they were too weak to tackle the loose-piled stones. So they came in due course to the hill farm they sought, and stumbled to the kitchen door where dogs yelped and barked at them and a servant girl cried out in fear and amazement as she opened to their knocking.

As the last man was entering he turned to look back. He, too, exclaimed, and gripped the arm of his neighbour and pointed through the whirling flakes. A dim shape was moving under the lee of the wall. It went slowly, wearily, heavily. It was a small, red fox.

WHEN Grey Fox reeled across the glade into the dimness of the coppice, a watchful jay again sent forth his rasping warning to the Wild. The sore hurt beast paid not the slightest heed. He never raised his head: he could not if he would. Painfully he slunk along, his one desire to find some place where he might rest—or die.

The copse, however, was bare of cover: only the hazels thrust up their grey-brown stems, with here and there a clump of scrub oak or a rowan. So Grey Fox made for the wood beyond, where there was undergrowth of holly, laurel, rhododendron, into which he might crawl. With every step his exhaustion pressed more heavily upon him. Again and again he stumbled, to lie prone; and each time the effort to regain his feet was greater and more painful. The useless forepaw made it difficult in his weakened state to keep to the line intended. He veered to the left where, at the foot of a steep slope, the river ran broad and swift, with here and there a deep black pool that swirled noiselessly and carried froth to the edges where the current circled backwards. So it happened that he reached the edge, tottered, slipped and rolled over.

He could do little to save himself. Instinctively he curled up to protect head and wounded leg. Like a bundle of hay he went down, bumping against one thing after another till, with a jolt that left him well-nigh breathless, he brought up against a boulder near the water's edge.

For quite a while he lay unable to move. When he did make the attempt he found it impossible to climb back. With every effort his little remaining strength was drained till at last he desisted and crawled round the stone to gain the shelter of the over hang. Here Fate

(*Continued on page* 120)

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BEWARE—

BEAUTY'S CROSSROADS!

Standing at the crossroads—Madame Forty-Odd? Wondering which way to turn? The signposts are almost undecipherable—and you want to get to Beauty! Then over you go—watch the beacons to beauty and you'll get there in safety. *No, no,* you mustn't dally or you are going to be left behind. Let us guide you across beauty's highway.

POSTPONE MIDDLE-AGE.—If you want to follow the path to beauty, you Getting-On Ladies, do beware of the danger signals. Those premature lines and wrinkles, that unbecoming middle-aged sallowness—both can be avoided. You can keep your complexion fresh and youthful, banish lines and wrinkles if you will, but take a little trouble. All you have to do is to get rid of that ageing outer skin of yours—and it is as easy to shed as an outworn frock. Just get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist and smooth a little over face and neck nightly. That's simple enough, isn't it? While you sleep the wax works its magic, gently and imperceptibly absorbing the ageing complexion, revealing in its place a new young skin, fresh and flawless, radiant with youth. Give it a brief ten-day trial—and see your skin at its loveliest.

SHAMPOO WITH SAFETY.—If you find silver threads among the gold you must choose your shampoo with care. Harsh shampoos are productive of grey hairs. Let your choice fall on Stallax and you can be assured of hair beauty, whatever your age. Silver locks, blondes, brunettes, or copper-tops—if you covet beautiful hair, Stallax is the shampoo for you. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water—and you have a shampoo-de-luxe. It literally washes beauty into the most neglected tresses, revitalising tired "perms," coaxing straight hair to a hint of curl, and encouraging natural waves and curls to new beauty. And Stallax is most inexpensive in use. Try it for yourself and see your hair blossom into beauty.

DANGER SIGNALS.—One of the danger signals of middle-age is that dread growth of superfluous hair on mouth or chin, which tends to coarsen as the years go by. But to-day, no woman need suffer this embarrassment. Unwanted hair can be removed *safely, simply.* Just get half an ounce of Sipolite from your chemist and mix a little to a paste with cold water. Apply this paste to the unwanted hairs, and see them vanish as the paste dries. They shrivel away, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished. Sipolite may be recommended with confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

LASH LOVELINESS.—When your eyes begin to lose their loveliness pay attention to your lashes. Framed by long, luxuriant lashes, they may still lay claim to beauty. And if you want the secret of making nondescript lashes grow to luxuriant loveliness, try Mennaline. Brush your lashes and brows with it twice a day and see how they grow! You will find Mennaline enhances the colour, too.

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was kind. There was more than overhang: there was an opening. He crept inside, regardless of everything save the pressing need for covering and concealment.

It was an otter's holt. Grey Fox was not to know the owner had deserted the river for the estuary now that frost and snow had made it well-nigh impossible to win a living in the upper reaches. His nostrils told him otter had been there. He moved a little further in, very cautiously, knowing full well he would be at a serious disadvantage should the other return. Yet he must have rest. Step by step he went and reached the empty den. There, in a corner, he slumped.

The night was far advanced before he stirred again to watchful wakefulness. He did not move: all movement was to be agony at first. But he lay with eyes half-open, to peer through the gloom the while he brought his other senses into play.

With difficulty and the most exquisite agony he staggered to his feet and stood swaying in the darkness. Once a yelp of pain shrilled through the shuttered silence as, unthinkingly, he brought his weight to bear upon the mangled forepaw. Burning with fever, shivering under his wet and matted coat, he was a pitiful object as he dragged himself to the mouth of the holt and peered uncertainly into the blackness of the night. The river was close at hand. Its murmur lured compellingly.

He reached the water's edge and thrust his muzzle into the refreshing flow, to drink with caution despite the almost overwhelming urge to lap—and lap—and lap. A long and painful journey loomed ahead; a journey beset with many risks. He must win back to his home on the face of Buckbarrow. That was the one set idea in his pain-dimmed consciousness. He did not realise that life up there might be much more hazardous than in the lowlands—that food was so scarce on the fell as to be practically unobtainable in his present condition. He gave no thought to that. The compelling urge was to gain the inviolate sanctuary of that hidden ledge.

His thirst assuaged, he lay awhile licking his wound. Then he set out on his long trail to the fell.

The way took him close by the duck-hull where he had been trapped: and there he went very warily, edging even into the ice-cold water, for the terror of the trap was strong upon him. Throughout he made slow progress. Brain and body reeled at times, so that perforce he had to drop in his tracks and lie, helpless, unable to rise till the spasm passed. There was not a fence or a wall he could leap; always must he find an opening through which to crawl. With drifted snow in ditch and dyke, this was a task almost beyond his feeble strength.

He had but crossed the dale and reached the foothills, when the night was spent. The twilight strengthened and the stars grew pale. A little dawn-wind fanned its frozen breath upon the crystal covering: and was gone. High overhead there swept a wedge of birds with long-stretched necks and beating wings, all white against the steel-grey sky. Swiftly they cut the still and frosty air, and as they went they called like hounds that hunted in full cry. The wild geese travelled to the south, and Grey Fox knew the portent of their travelling. He, too, was conscious of the impending blizzard. He must find shelter.

Day was at hand, and from the farmstead on the breast of the fell came sounds of life and movement. With dragging steps he made towards the ghyll, and had barely reached it when he heard the clamour of the pack. At that he went down to the stream and hobbled in and out among the boulders till he came to a pool into which there tumbled a waterfall. Here, with difficulty, he struggled up the slope towards a holly bush all glaucous green and full of berry that overhung the fall. There was an opening in among the roots. Into this Grey Fox crawled: and at once the hair bristled on neck and back.

The place reeked of fox—a vixen at that.

Slowly he advanced. He expected to be set upon for the intruder he was, yet this was his only hope now that the hunt was out. Fainter and fainter sounded the crying of the pack as he crept through the tortuous ways into the heart of the "borran"; stronger and stronger grew the evidence of occupancy. But none came to dispute his presence. Almost at his last gasp though he was, he was not content till he had reached the farthest point. There, in a narrow cleft, with the rock pressing and protecting on every side, his muzzle to the opening, he sank down.

The hours went by. Outside the blizzard raved and howled. Far off, amid the hanging crags and shelving screen, the scattered pack ran blindly. There was no longer scent or trail. All was blotted out by the storm that drove them to seek shelter where they could.

Through the driving snow a dim form slipped into the ghyll. From time to time it stopped and raised its head, straining every sense; then moved on confidently towards the holly by the fall. There it paused again, to stand revealed: a small red fox with bristling fur and lips drawn back to show its gleaming fangs. Furious was the vixen, knowing that her den had been invaded. Cautiously, soundlessly, she crawled through the opening.

Grey Fox was asleep. He had been barely conscious when he slumped down in the crevice. The struggle up the slope had taken the last ounce of his strength. He was alive, but little more. Then sleep had come to ease the torment of his racked and fevered body; yet in that sleep he whined at times as movement seared him anew.

The vixen heard such a whine as she crept through the twisting ways. She snarled in answer: and Grey Fox awoke. He tried to scramble to his feet, again forgetting the injured limb. The pain was too much. Yelping he fell, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as he could.

The vixen came in sight. Without a moment's hesitation, she rushed forward, slashed sideways with her fangs and sprang back. His cheek ripped open, Grey Fox strove once more to stand upright. In vain. It was the end. He knew it—and waited, watching cunningly withal.

But now the vixen did a curious thing. Her bristling fur sank down; her snarling lips closed on the whiteness of her fangs. She whined, softly, placatingly, and slowly crept towards the other. Grey Fox, suspicious, crouched. The vixen came almost within reach and herself lay down. So they watched one another. Then, without a sound, the vixen turned and ran.

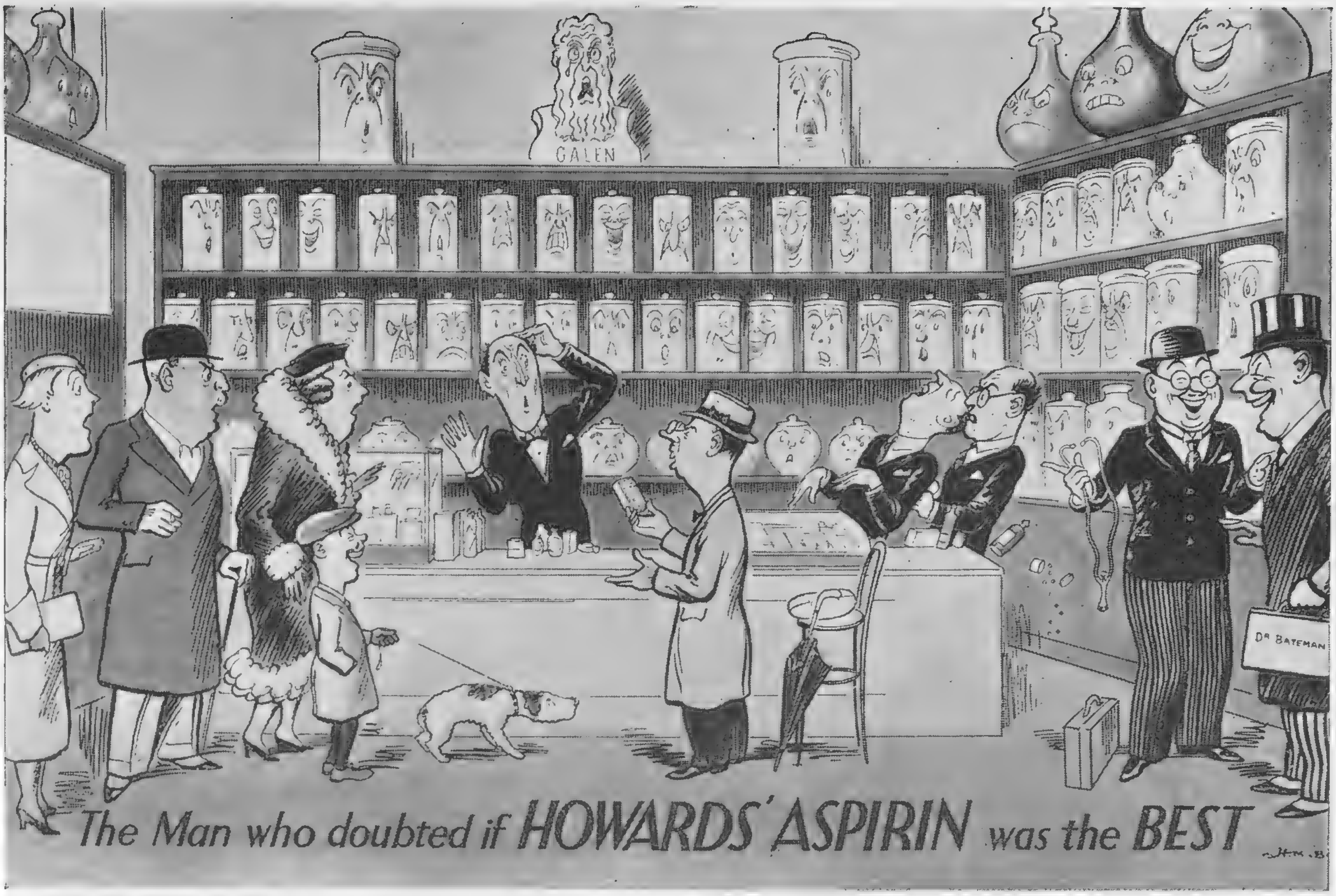
The storm still raged. Thick masses of snow whirled overhead, though in the deep of the gully there was shelter. The little fox, moving at a steady pace, her tongue lolling, trotted up the beck side. She was very tired after her long run before the hounds, and the fight back home through the blizzard: yet she kept on till opposite the farm. There she scrambled up the steep-pitched slope. The wind caught her cruelly as she topped the bank. She crouched. Crawling almost belly-flat, she made her way across the open.

In time she reached the yard. For long she lay under the lee of the wall, panting heavily, buffeted, half-blinded by the stinging, frozen flakes. She thrust her nose to an opening, but could scent neither man nor beast: they kept within, held prisoners by the storm. So she made towards the hen house. None had thought to fasten up the poultry when the blizzard swept down so suddenly. None thought that any fox would face such terrible conditions. The vixen therefore found the hole unstopped by which the hens came and went, and squeezed herself inside.

She killed.

The frantic hens flew and screamed and cackled. Blood lust filled the vixen and she slaughtered right and left, regardless for the moment of all save the presence of the birds and her own desire. Thanks to the howling of the wind, the pandemonium passed unheard. Eight birds were dead before the

(*Continued on page* 122)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vixen ceased her onslaught. The rest huddled, cackling, in a corner as the raider seized a carcase, dragged it to the hole and peered out. Still nothing stirred. She squeezed through.

The blast caught and flung her flat. She gathered herself and stumbled on, the weight of her booty dragging and delaying. It had been no easy matter to climb the fell unhampered; the return was doubly difficult. Her sides were heaving as she rolled into the shelter of the gully, yet she did not pause to rest; she went on, to reach the den and crawl inside.

Grey Fox was lying as she had left him. He heard her coming and his lips curled back, but he did not try to rise: he knew that was impossible. Then, as the scent of blood came to his nostrils, he felt his famishment and watched with ravenous eyes, his jaws slavering. The vixen broke up the fowl as she might have done for inexperienced cubs, and brought the bits and laid them by his muzzle, whining softly as she did so.

Feebly he snatched. Greedily he crunched and swallowed.

The vixen was close beside him now. She reached forward and touched him with her nose. He made no move. Again she touched him, then turned and went away.

Again she clambered up the ghyll. Again she reached the yard and crawled into the shambles of the hen house. Again she seized a bird and fought back through the blasts. Very slow was her progress on this second journey. Night had fallen when, sore and weary, battered and buffeted, her coat matted, her pads caked with snow, she reached the den. It was as much as she could do to clamber to the entrance. Wearily she crawled inside and dragged the second fowl to where the remnants of the first still lay. She ate and passed some more to Grey Fox.

Then both slept.

Fully a month went by before Michael Fletcher had the satisfaction of knowing how Grey Fox had fared. He had heard of the raid on the hen house in the storm. He had heard of a little red fox that was seen from time to time in various farmyards and had twice eluded the hunt on Buckbarrow. But of Grey Fox there was no sign. The old haunt on the ledge remained deserted.

There came a day when Michael and the shepherd climbed the fell behind the returning sheep. There were still odd patches on the heights and the ghylls and becks foamed nearly brink high with the "brash" of the melting snow; but the sun shone warmly despite the wind, and big white ragged clouds raced through the blueness of the sky, their purple shadows running before across valley and fellside: and the breath of the northern spring was in the air, clean and strong and invigorating. The sheep travelled eagerly, bleating their delight at being released from the confinement of the intakes, anxious to taste again the freedom of the heath. They needed no urging. They knew the way.

With the flock back on their fell-top pasture, Dick set his face for home. But Michael would not go. The lure of the heights was on him. He heard the call to solitude—that call which comes at times to every hillman, compelling him to tramp alone, to wander without purpose through the silence of the mountain peaks. The shepherd understood. He went with no more than a word of caution.

"It'll be gey cold when t' sun goes down."

"All right, Dick. I'll not be late."

Yet the sun was dropping to the distant sea horizon when Michael, tired but inexpressibly happy, followed the sheep-trod down the fell. The calm of the evening was his. He moved quietly with the easy stride and sure-footedness of the native, his glance ever roving to absorb the beauty of the scene, to catch a glimpse of any beast or bird. So it was that he spied the foxes moving up the ghyll. Two there were, a big one and a smaller. The wind was in his favour and he crouched down among some bracken-wrack to watch.

(*Continued on page* 123)

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Mr T P [redacted], city engineer of Capetown died here to-day from heart failure following a bout of coughing the result of a bad cold

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The foxes went slowly, the big one leading, the other hanging on its flank.

As he followed their movements a feeling of joyous excitement swept over Michael, for, despite the gloom of the gully, it dawned on him that the leader was Grey Fox. Eagerly he craned forward. The very slowness of their progress tended to confirm his belief. There was a stiffness, too—a sort of limp—that suggested a scarcely-healed foreleg.

At last there could be no doubt; the foremost of the two was Grey Fox, limping slightly yet otherwise strong and healthy-looking—very different from the pitiful creature that had staggered from the glade where a blood-smeared trap lay on trampled, blood-stained snow.

The other was a little red fox: the raider of the poultry yard: whose fearlessness and reckless daring were now made understandable. Grey Fox was taking her to his hidden ledge.

She was a worthy mate.

Irresistible

(Continued from page 15)

Few, indeed, survived to analyse her sanely, and perceive the fact that she was really no beauty at all.

Her hair was the colour, and had the shiny smooth surface of a band of copper. She wore it parted in the middle. Her dark eyes and straight, thick, paint-brush eyelashes stood out in startling contrast to the camellia petal whiteness of her skin . . . and then, just to surprise you still further, her mouth was full and wide and wicked looking, like a small bad boy's.

She was quite courteous to Mr. Duryea that first evening, saw to his bodily comforts, sat with them both a polite hour after dinner; but the door of the telephone closet in the hall inadvertently swung ajar, and her conversation, postponing several dinner parties she had planned to give, was distinctly audible.

"And if you *told* her that she was a snob," remarked Mr. Harden wryly, "she'd bite your head off!"

Gabrielle had breakfasted in bed the next morning, as usual, but she happened to wake up early. When she came downstairs to attend to the ordering, the flowers, the many incidentals of running a large establishment (which, by the way, she did very well) the two men were still in the dining-room. She was wearing very tailored brown satin lounging pyjamas with a yellow ascot.

Mr. Duryea looked as though he had been left overnight in a damp cellar. His second suit, chosen for the unpleasant biliousness of its hues, was just that—bilious. Dark green with mouldy overtones.

"'lo, darling. How's the mean ole toe? . . . Good morning, Mr. Duryea. Sleep well?"

"Good morning. Splendidly, thanks."

"Daddy, you'll be delighted to know that I've decided to be a good girl and let you two work in peace. No interruptions I promise, and I'm out for lunch and dinner both." She put her arms around her father's neck and kissed him. It was not purely perfunctory, there was real feeling in it. "Don't forget your medicine, lamb, and Doctor Banning's coming at five. Well—see you to-morrow."

Mr. Harden rubbed his hands together gleefully. He couldn't have been in better spirits. With everything working out so absolutely too, just the way he wanted it, he could afford to relax and boast a bit.

"Pretty good-looking, isn't she?"

"Pretty good." Kenneth was on the verge of elaborating, but caught himself.

"Pretty good little housekeeper, too."

"You don't find that often nowadays."

Their meal finished, they repaired to the study, and got to work in earnest.

At twelve-thirty Gabrielle opened the door. Kenneth and her father were bending over one of the two drafting tables. Rolls of tracing paper, manila paper, T squares, triangles, crayons, water-colours and a rough clay model in the first stages of creation, covered its surface.

Kenneth was saying: "Wouldn't it be advisable to increase the drum of the dome? Otherwise it seems to me it'll appear weak in perspective."

"Wouldn't it be advisable to lay off work for a while and have a cocktail with me?" Gabrielle walked in and gave him one of her certified, Grade A smiles.

"Come in," said her father with some irony. "I thought there were to be no interruptions."

"But aren't you glad I changed my mind? I'm sure *you* are, aren't you, Kenneth? You don't mind my calling you Kenneth, do you? This Mr. Duryea business is getting very boring. Daddy's awfully mean about offering drinks to other people when he's on the wagon. Don't you think you'd make much nicer sleeping quarters for the dear little boys if you had an old-fashioned first?"

"I'm sure of it." Kenneth was miserable in his shirt sleeves—a patterned affair it was.

"What are those little things, rosebuds?" Gabrielle walked over to him and fingered the sleeve. "How pretty."

A deep flush mounted to his forehead.

"Did I hear you say something about an old-fashioned?" Kenneth sought to get away from the distressing subject of his haberdashery. He turned away from her and plunged his arms into his green coat.

After luncheon she figured it was bad for them to go back to work immediately. When they thought hard the blood rushed to their heads, she said, and they needed it in their tummies. Besides, Mr. Harden's toe was simply crying for a rest, she assured him; and Kenneth really ought to see the orchard with the branches all weighted down with ice.

Mr. Harden began to have an uneasy sensation in the digestive tract. Clearly, things were not *(Continued on page 124)*

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running in the neat grooves he had so carefully prepared. At breakfast Gabrielle had been every bit as cool as he could have desired; now—suddenly, inexplicably, she was turning on the heat.

"I won't be long, sir," said his assistant without looking at him; there was a happy ring in his voice, a guilty ring that sounded the death-knell to Harden's well-laid plans.

They walked through the formal boxed garden, passed the tennis court, and the greenhouse upon whose steaming windows an under-gardener had drawn two hearts entwined, and through the little gate to where the fruit trees stood glistening like cellophane in the winter sun.

Gabrielle lowered her absurd paint-brush eyelashes and then raised them slowly, turning her head so as to let him have the full force of her meaning glance.

"I want to apologise for the way I behaved last evening, I must've seemed awfully—distrait. . . . And this morning, too. There was something on my mind, but it's all straightened out now. . . . Please say you like me."

Kenneth stared hard at the apple trees.

"Now is the time for all good countries to come to the aid of their men. Gabrielle, you must leave me alone." He removed her hand. "I'm here to work. I'm creating a chapel and my thoughts must remain on an extremely high plane. Yes, I do like you. Very much indeed, as a matter of fact."

A small frown disturbed the alabaster of her brow. She said, "But you see you're laughing about it, and I'm not. You know the way people say: 'It was just one of those things,' well that's the way it is with me. I've the absurd feeling that I've known you for years—that we can jump right into the middle and not bother with the beginning."

With a final stab at loyalty, Kenneth essayed the light touch.

"Well, that's all right, you'll need a start. I travel fast once I get going."

"Have you—started?" faintly.

"Gabrielle, I appeal to your finer instincts. Let me create my chapel in peace."

But the light touch died a violent death. Gabrielle moved away from him; bent and picked up a handful of snow.

"I had so hoped that you and I could have fun together," she said, in a small voice, her eyes cast down. "I do so admire people . . . well, who want something a little better than average and are willing to work hard and go after it. F'r instance, you could have been a bond salesman with much less time and trouble."

With his heart thumping Kenneth admitted that that was so.

"All the *young* men I know either do nothing, or else the easiest work they can find. The interesting people are all Daddy's age . . . but you're a combination of both. That's why I'd hoped we could plunge into the middle." And then in a still smaller voice: "That's why I gave up my party to-night."

It was awful.

"You know sometimes I think Daddy has the idea I'm just a lightweight. Heartless, or something . . . because one or two young men seem to feel I've wrecked their lives for them. All I've tried to do is not lead them on. I hate the siren type, don't you?"

Kenneth was worse than no help at all during the afternoon and at five o'clock Mr. Harden was treated to a little lecture.

It seemed as how he had made a big mistake about his own daughter.

"Well, yes, no doubt." Mr. Harden peered at his designer with near venom. "I've only lived with her for nineteen years, so probably I wouldn't know."

"But don't you see, sir, that's just it. Take a model you're working on. You're so close to it, for so long that sometimes it takes a fresh viewpoint to show you what's wrong."

"How soon are you going to tell me you want to get back into your own clothes?"

"It does seem like rather a dirty trick to have pulled on her—and especially in view of the fact that my get-up hasn't affected her opinion of me. That may sound rather conceited, but I mean she doesn't like me any less because of it."

Mr. Harden guffawed.

"And I thought you knew your way around, son! Did she or did she not postpone two dinner parties until after you'd gone back to town? Has she or has she not suggested introducing you to some of her friends? I'll back down and admit I'm wrong about her the day she displays you in public."

He should have backed down the very next afternoon—but, of course, he didn't.

With a good deal of elaborate psychology he explained to Kenneth that the reason Gabrielle gave a cocktail party in his honour, was because he was something in the nature of a novelty. His daughter was a sensation-seeker, he said.

Kenneth had lived through torture during the afternoon's fete—in fact, gone all goose-pimply with horror. He proceeded to go rapidly downhill. His work and his peace of mind were a shambles.

The morning that Mr. Harden limped into his workroom early and actually *did* find Gabrielle's profile not only all over the dormitories but perching atop the chapel dome, there was a scene and a proper one.

Mr. Harden became maniacal.

"What've you been doing to yourself, Francis?" Doctor Banning wanted to know. "Getting all riled up about something? How many times have I told you that disturbances of psychic balance are the worst thing in the world for you?"

"It's that designer of mine . . . the young whipper-snapper!"

Doctor Banning chuckled. "Well, my dear chap, I really can't say I blame you. I've wondered all along how you, with your æsthetic eye, could stand his sartorial effects. Why don't you cover him up with a smock?"

ON Sunday, after skating with Gabrielle for three hours that were nothing short of delirious, Kenneth descended to the living-room and found several people of Mr. Harden's age sitting about the open fire. One, he recognised. A fellow architect of considerable standing, and he could feel the

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skin crawl between his shoulder blades. Instinctively, he put a hand up to cover his tie.

"Oh, there you are!" Gabrielle came toward him all sweetness and light. "Here he is, people. Daddy's been hiding him under a bushel. I think he must be afraid somebody'll take him away, he's so good." She dashed off the necessary introductions.

The architect, Mr. Lawton-Smith, tried hard not to show his amazement: "I've had the pleasure," but he sounded as though it were a doubtful one.

Mr. Harden was in a diabolical mood. It was one thing to have Gabrielle spring a surprise party of her own friends on Kenneth, but quite another to have her spring one on *him*. His assistant looked as though he ought to be cutting capers on the stage of the Palace instead of designing chapels, and Mr. Harden did not like it.

"Well, Francis old boy, you'll have to turn on the steam a bit," Lawton-Smith chuckled. "We're 'en cheret' already, on that University job."

Harden gave Kenneth an unpleasant look. "I haven't been able to devote my time to it steadily. There've been—interruptions."

THE party wasn't a howling success. When Gabrielle finally had the elder people settled at two tables of bridge, Kenneth breathed a sigh of relief. When she took him by the hand and led him to the library, he breathed a sigh of ecstasy.

There was a roaring fire, and though the lights had been burning as they passed to the dining-room, some thoughtful hand had extinguished them since. A sofa had been pulled up close to the blaze. The silver bowl of winter roses that Kenneth had admired at dinner now stood on a table nearby, their fragrance accentuated by the warmth from the fire, till it seemed to fill the room.

Kenneth, poor fellow—or possibly one should say lucky fellow—had not been there two minutes before he knew he was going to do something fatal—or possibly one should say wonderful.

Gabrielle merely gave him a look; but, like grandmother's trunk, into it she put a great number of things.

Kenneth murmured something utterly puerile and took her into his arms.

She was all soft and yielding; but within a half-inch of a kiss she hesitated.

"Say it, darling. Don't go incoherent."

"I'm crazy about you. I'm in love with you; it's the most tremendous . . ."

Gabrielle burst out laughing.

Within a half-inch—no, a mere quarter by row—of what was to be the most epic moment of his life, she laughed at him. Nastily, unrestrainedly, and she went on getting worse—louder.

Kenneth made it a matter of feet in no time.

There was cold fury in his voice. "*What* is the—big—idea?"

Gabrielle settled back in her corner. She tucked her knees up under her, folded her arms, and appeared to be drawing herself as far away from him as possible.

"And now, little children, Auntie Gabrielle will tell you the story of the baby boy who was born with too many fairy godmothers. They didn't get together properly and each one endowed him with the same thing: beauty. He grew up to be so absolutely irresistible that, being a kind hearted little boy, it began to be a responsibility. He felt that he really ought to protect the young girls against himself. So he went out and bought a lot of awful clothes. . . ."

"Gabrielle! I . . ."

"But one day he made a mistake, and tried to save the heart of a maiden whose heart was in no danger of breaking at all. She didn't like his collar-ad type in the first place. And when she went into his room to see if everything was comfortable for him, and saw his dressing gown, pyjamas and slippers, all from very good places and in good taste, and realised it was all a put-up job, she liked him even less. In fact, she hated him. . . ."

"And decided

(*Continued on page* 126)

BY APPOINTMENT

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"CAN'T I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE FOR BREAKFAST?"
"MARY IS VERY TIRESOME SHE WONT TOUCH BREAKFAST-FOODS NOW"
"WELL THERE'S 'GOLDEN SHRED' ON THE TABLE LET HER TRY THIS JELLY MARMALADE WITH THEM"
"I'LL HAVE SOME MORE PLEASE MUMMIE WITH THIS LOVELY JELLY MARMALADE"
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to make a fool of him." In his anger Kenneth forgot that she was only voicing his own thoughts. "She decided to lie, and lead him on until he fell in love with her—because she thought she was pretty hot herself—and then she was going to put him in her little black cigarette box with the skull and cross-bones on top, along with all the other little boys she made fools of."

"You and father. He ought to be ashamed of himself. Well, I fixed him to-night, all right, and he's in for a little talk later on, too." Gabrielle got up, shook out her skirt and brushed her hands together. "Well, that's that, I guess. Remind me some time, I have the address of a wigmaker who makes elegant false noses."

Kenneth got in the last word, but it was to an empty room.

A new arrangement went into effect immediately. Kenneth took up residence again at his club in town and commuted to Westchester. That very night he gave his loathsome wardrobe to an enraptured elevator boy and contemplated the resumption of his own clothes with delight.

In the morning he ate an enormous breakfast so that when Parks should announce luncheon he would not be hungry.

He took a taxi from the station and, when he reached the house, found Mr. Harden already at work.

The boss looked up, grunted, and waited.

"I didn't go into things in my note last night, sir. I guess you know that Gabrielle and I had a show-down."

Mr. Harden looked amused.

"I got mine, too. Well, now that the decks are cleared for action let's go to it and get that job." He laid a huge hand on Kenneth's shoulder. "After this, maybe, you'll realise I know what I'm talking about, eh son ?"

Kenneth took the hand and wrung it heartily. "Is this out of office hours ?" he asked. "Good. Then let me enlarge a bit. She's probably the *most* obnoxious, *worst* little cocksure siren I've ever run up against."

They laughed. The one, with more merriment—the other, a trifle acidly.

Kenneth saw Gabrielle twice. Once she said: "You can come out to-day, I've a luncheon engagement"; and once she said, "I'll have Parks leave the side-door unlocked for you, if you're afraid of running into me." Each time Kenneth replied, "Thank you very much, Gabrielle," with a stiff military bow, and they went their separate, childish ways.

Mr. Harden's psychic balance having been somewhat restored, his toe improved so that he returned to the office on the Monday of the third week.

He took his secretary's word for it that it was a nice day.

"Send in Duryea."

"Happy anniversary, sir." Kenneth grinned. "The last time I came in here to see you we hatched some pretty chaotic plans."

"Yes. Have a cigarette. Sit down. That's why I sent for you. Kenneth—I'm afraid you treated my little girl pretty badly."

"*I* treated your little *girl* pretty . . ."

He jumped to his feet, his eyes blazing. Instantly, Mr. Harden caught fire.

"You heard me. You led her to believe you were crazy about her, and then walked out on her. I'll have you know she's not used to being . . ."

"*I* led *her* on !"

"Stop repeating after me like a parrot." Mr. Harden's psychic balance toppled. "Yes, you led her on. And then just because she was smart enough to see through your little trick, and confronted you with it . . ."

"Hey—wait a minute. Did you say *my* little trick ?" And without waiting for a reply; "Because if you did, if you think you can shove that asinine idea on to my shoulders, you're crazy !"

Mr. Harden pulled in his stomach as best he could and elevated his chins. "I shall have to remind you, young man, that you're speaking to your employer."

"That's right, drag in the office. This has all been strictly out of hours up to now." Kenneth was fully aware that the gentleman whom he was addressing would, in all probability, not be his employer for long; but it didn't stop him. "If anybody's been treated badly in this situation, I have. At your suggestion I agree to make an ass of myself. I find myself falling in love with your unprincipled daughter and try not to, so I can give you my best work. Finally, she puts a bowl of roses on the table, turns out the lights, gets me just where she wants me and then bursts out laughing. Sure. Sure. She's the one with a grievance."

"Er . . . I've no way of knowing what went on behind my back "(here, his assistant put in the fact that he had just told him)—" but I do know the results. In spite of your treatment of her, Gabrielle seems to be really devoted to you and she's wandering about at loose ends, quite heartbroken."

Kenneth sat down abruptly.

"I suggest, or rather I think, I've the right to demand," continued Mr. Harden, "that you make an apology. Here. Call her up." He shoved forward the telephone.

"Mm-mm. Oh, no, I don't." Kenneth did not elaborate.

Mr. Harden pulled the telephone back again. "There are, of course, other firms in the City that enjoy as good a reputation as this one. But I doubt very much if a young man, with no great experience, would receive the recognition and friendly attention you have had here." The telephone began its journey back to Kenneth again, slowly. "Naturally, if this means nothing to you . ."

"Sorry, sir. Your subtlety is baffling, but I think I touch bottom. Practically out the front door though I be, I cannot apologise."

The telephone went back to Mr. Harden, and it looked as though it were going to stay there.

Someone knocked at the door and a young man stuck his head in.

"The young lady's waiting, sir, and she says she's sorry to be late."

Neither Mr. Harden nor Kenneth paid any attention, each thinking it was for the other.

"Mr. Duryea, the young lady is waiting and she says she's sorry to be late." The young man had a faint smirk on his face which he was trying to keep under control.

"I'll go out, but it must be some mistake. I'll be back, sir, that is if . . ."

"Don't bother." And Mr. Harden was already telling them to send in Clarkson before Kenneth reached the door.

Through the faintly cathedral hall he went to the decidedly cathedral reception room. The young lady standing by the window was its only jarring note.

In a variety of hues, best calculated to clash with her hair and each other, Gabrielle turned to greet him.

An entire lipstick appeared to be smeared over her mouth. False eyelashes thrust themselves at him alarmingly. Great bows adorned and entirely hid the toes of her high-heeled slippers. She was chewing gum and smoking a cigarette at the same time.

"Where's the feather boa?" He was rather proud of that: the mot nonchalant, at a time when the strength of his emotions was threatening to unman him.

"Hello, Kenneth. Want to take me to lunch?"

He glanced down at his conservative grey herring-bone.

"Er . . I hardly feel that I'm dressed properly."

"Oh, that's all right. The Ritz will do me fine."

She giggled, and at the nervousness therein Kenneth's heart beat high. He took her by the arms and shook her.

"Listen, my dove, you'll have a ham roll in my office and like it. There's a harsh northern light, the radiator knocks and there are no flowers—but we're going to take things up where we left off. See?"

"Yes, Kenneth"—meekly.

"And, this time, if there's any laughing to be done—I'll do it!"

END

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Organising a Sick Room

(*Continued from page 56*)

As food is cooked only in small quantities, it will be found that a buttered plate, covered with a paper and pan-lid and then placed over a pan of hot water, will steam fish, breasts of chicken and other light forms of meat, to perfection.

At the beginning of an illness, the patient is generally kept on fluids, such as Benger's food, barley water or orange juice.

Beef tea, which is of great value during most illnesses, has wonderful restorative qualities, and calf's foot or chicken jelly or Brand's beef or chicken essence are delicious and very sustaining.

Then gradually the patient is worked on to a light diet. This is generally understood to include eggs, fish, chicken, and perhaps a milk pudding.

In convalescence, a further stage is reached, and as the digestive powers are re-established, a normal diet is gradually introduced. A cup of Oxo, beef tea or soup is exceedingly comforting during the forenoon, while Allenbury's, Benger's, Horlick's, or hot milk soothes the nervous system and encourages a deep, refreshing sleep at bed time.

Meat in its more solid form is seldom given to invalids unless during the later stages of convalescence, but chicken, mutton, tripe and sweetbreads are delicate and easily digested, if properly cooked.

Vegetables must be tried out with caution, as many of the stronger variety are inclined to cause digestive disturbances.

The recipes given here can be easily carried out by the amateur nurse, and are most nourishing during both sickness and convalescence.

Beef Tea

Remove all skin and fat from half a pound of lean beef and wipe thoroughly. Shred finely and put it into a thick jar with half a pint of cold water and a pinch of salt. Cover tightly with a lid or greased paper and let it stand for half an hour.

Stir up well and place the covered jar in a pan with sufficient cold water to come halfway up the jar. Bring slowly to the boil and cook gently for two or three hours. Strain and remove any fat floating on top by passing small pieces of kitchen or blotting paper lightly over it.

Stewed Sweetbread

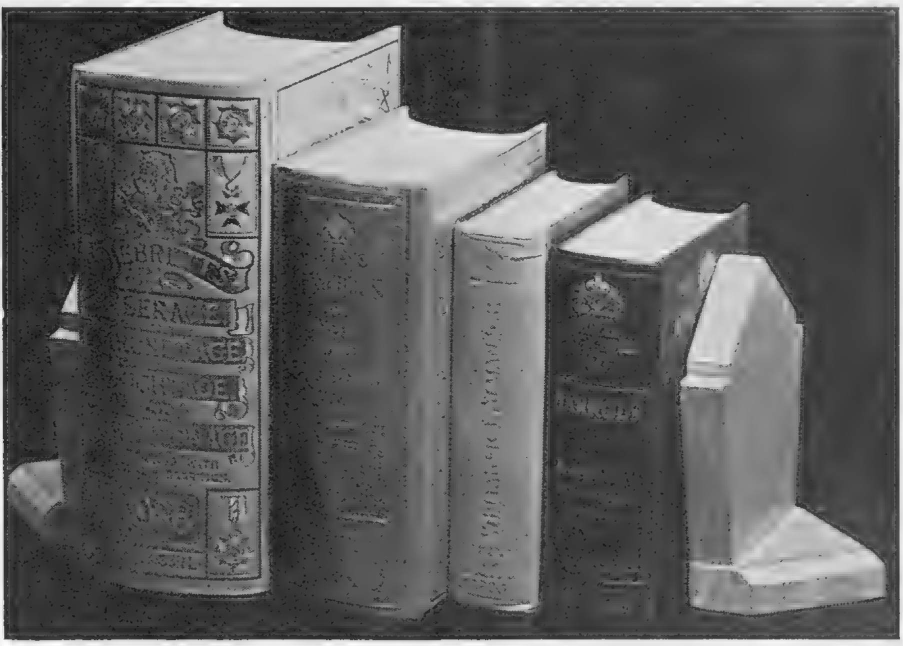
Soak half a pound of lambs' sweetbreads in cold water and a little salt for one hour, then blanch it by putting in hot water and bringing to the boil. Lift the sweetbread into a bowl of cold water and, with the fingers, pull away any fat or gristle. Place in a stewpan and cover with hot stock or milk. Simmer gently for one hour.

When the sweetbread feels tender, lift it out and keep it hot. Break a teaspoonful of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold milk, strain it into the stock in the pan, bring to the boil and cook for a few minutes. Add pepper, salt, lemon juice and a tablespoonful of cream (if allowed), and pour the sauce over the sweetbread.

Orange Jelly

Put half a pint of water, three ounces of loaf sugar, the rind of two oranges and three-quarters of an ounce powdered gelatine into a saucepan and stir until dissolved. Cover and allow to infuse for ten minutes, then strain it into a basin.

Add half a pint of orange juice, the juice of two lemons, then pour the jelly into small rinsed moulds and, when set, turn out and serve individually. This is not a clear jelly, but it is deliciously refreshing.



A "foursome" of excellent reference books

FREQUENTLY in the course of business or everyday conversation the need for reference books crops up, and it is easy to understand why such volumes as the four illustrated above are to be found in so many offices and libraries throughout the country. *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* (Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., 84s. net), records events within the scope of the volume up to as recent a date as November 30th, 1935.—*Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 40s.), includes this year a new Hunting Section of sixteen pages, in which you can find the most useful hunting information more quickly than you thought possible. Thirty thousand biographies, many thousands of which are not to be found in any similar publication. A handbook to the best people and to every side of their lives.—*Whitaker's Almanack*, which this year reaches its sixty-eighth birthday, is another very essential reference book.

The complete edition, of 1,000 pages and bound in cloth, is 6s., while the shorter edition in paper covers is priced at 3s.—Kelly's *Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide* (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 7s. 6d.) has been issued for over a century, and gives among its other most useful information, the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western districts of London.

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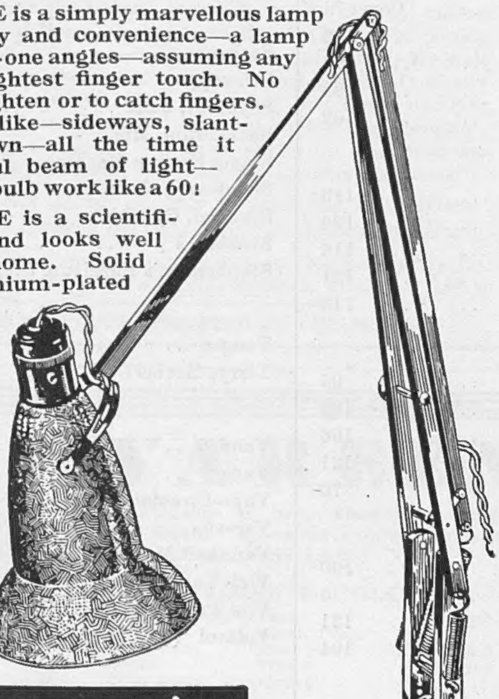

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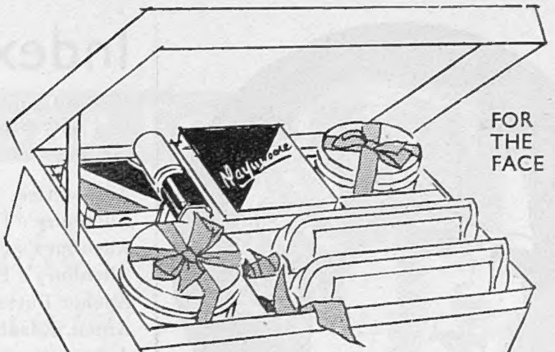

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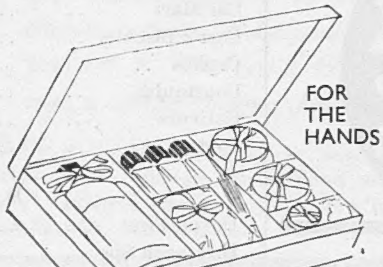

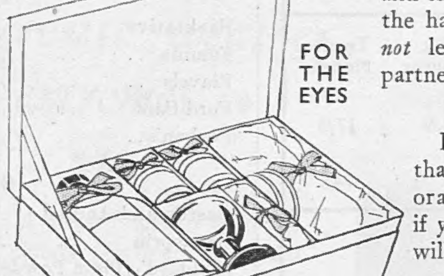

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Index to Advertisers FEBRUARY, 1936

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A
Adiposettes .. 5
Allenbury's Diet .. 102
Allenbury's Food .. 123
Allenbury's Pastilles .. 116
Anchor Butter .. 118
Arden, Elizabeth .. 101
Aristoc Stockings .. 107
Atora .. Cover iv
Austin Motors .. 91

B
Basildon Bond .. 116
Benger's Food .. Cover iii
Bentley Motors .. 99
Bird's Custard .. 110
Black and White .. 115
Boulton and Paul .. Cover iii
Brand's Essence .. 4
Bread .. 126

C
Car Mart .. 78
Carr's Biscuits .. Cover ii
Cephos .. 112
Courtaulds .. 1
Cuticura .. 105
Cystex .. 125

D
Devon Fire .. Cover ii
Droitwich Spa .. 4

E
Eccles Caravans .. Cover ii
Eno's Fruit Salt .. 111
Esse Cooker Co. .. 78

F
Facktative .. Cover iii
Femina .. 103
Flavels .. 74
Ford Cars .. 93
Forhan's .. 103

G
Gaston and Andree .. 118
Genasprin .. 126
Goddard's Plate Powder .. 118
Green Label Chutney .. 121
Grey, Adelaide .. 119

H
Haig, John .. 95
Hoare, Marguerite .. 129
Horlick's .. 106
Howard's Aspirin .. 121
Humber .. 76

K
Kellogg's All-Bran .. 100
Kensitas .. 6
Kleenoff .. 121
Kolynos .. 104

L
Larola .. 4
Leichner .. 117
Lilla .. 114
Listerine Antiseptic .. 78
Listerine Tooth Brush .. 114
Little Victor .. 127

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder .. 119
Mansion Polish .. 97
Maybelline .. 122
Mercolized Wax .. 120
Met. College of Journalism .. 128
Min Cream .. Cover ii
Minty .. 85
Morris Motors .. 89

N
Nell Gwynn Candles .. 116
Nestol .. 125
Newey Bros. .. 118
New Zealand Butter .. 124
North Bucks Trading Co. .. 125
Novopine .. 121

O
One-O-One .. 112
Oxo .. 4

P
Palmolive .. 127
Park Ward .. 99
Phœnix Glass .. 109
Phosferine .. 122
Player's .. 87
Pond's .. 83
Potter and Clarke .. 122

R
Robertson's Marmalade .. 125
Rudloph-Riddell, Francis O. .. 5

S
Sashena .. 116
Schweppes .. 81
Seymour, Jane .. 108
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 121
Singer Sewing Machines .. 118
Slendene-Valetta .. 117
Stafford, Cynthia .. 128
Stebbings .. 128
Stephenson's Furniture Cream .. 112

T
Tangee .. 114
Terry, Herbert .. 129

V
Vandré .. 120
Vapex .. 130
Vapo-Cresolene .. 121
Vareen .. Cover iii
Vauxhall Motors .. 2
Vick Vapour Rub .. 119
Vita Products .. 113
Volatol .. 128

W
Wolseley Motors .. 73

Y
Yoga Exerciser .. 119

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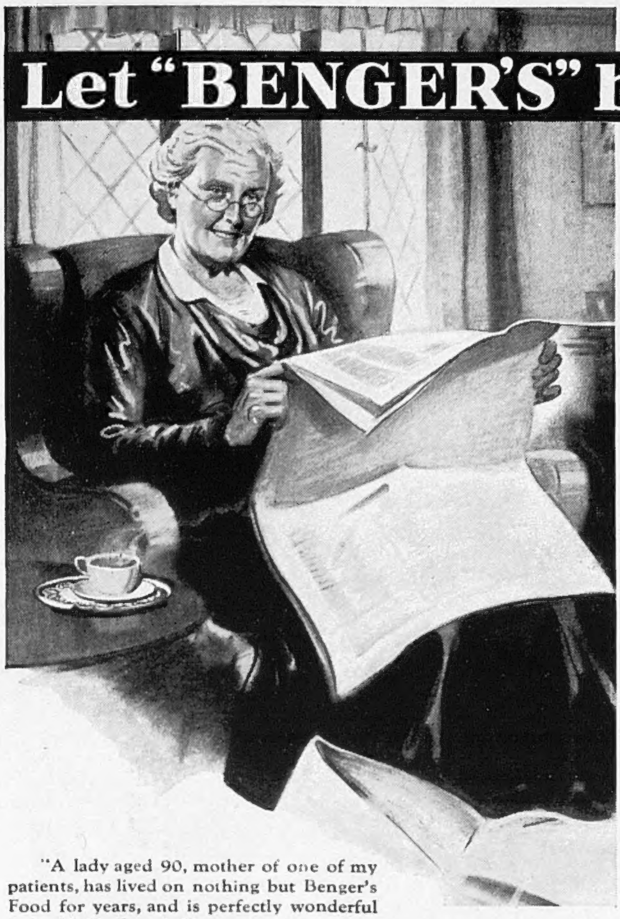

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